January 14, 1939

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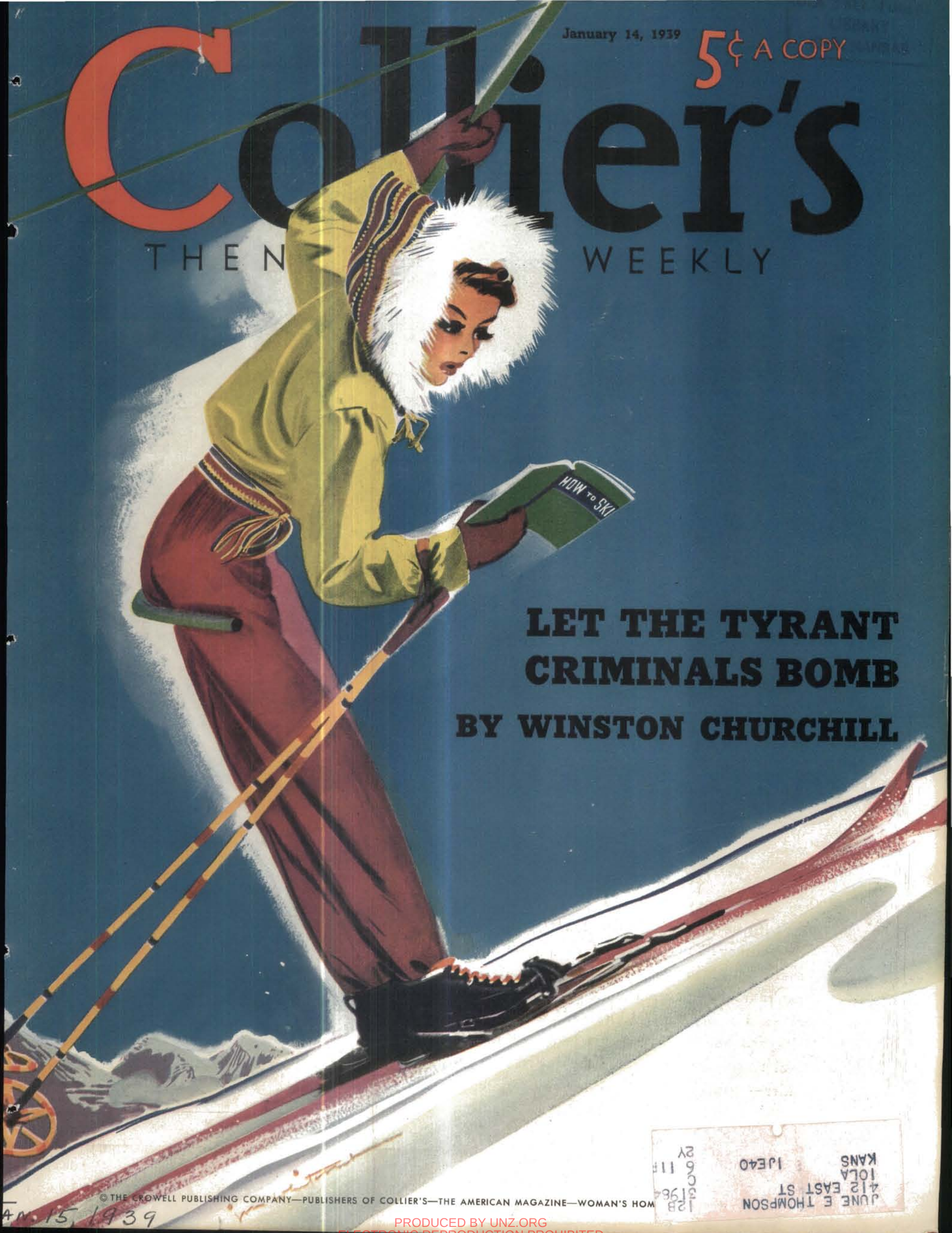
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



LET THE TYRANT CRIMINALS BOMB

BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

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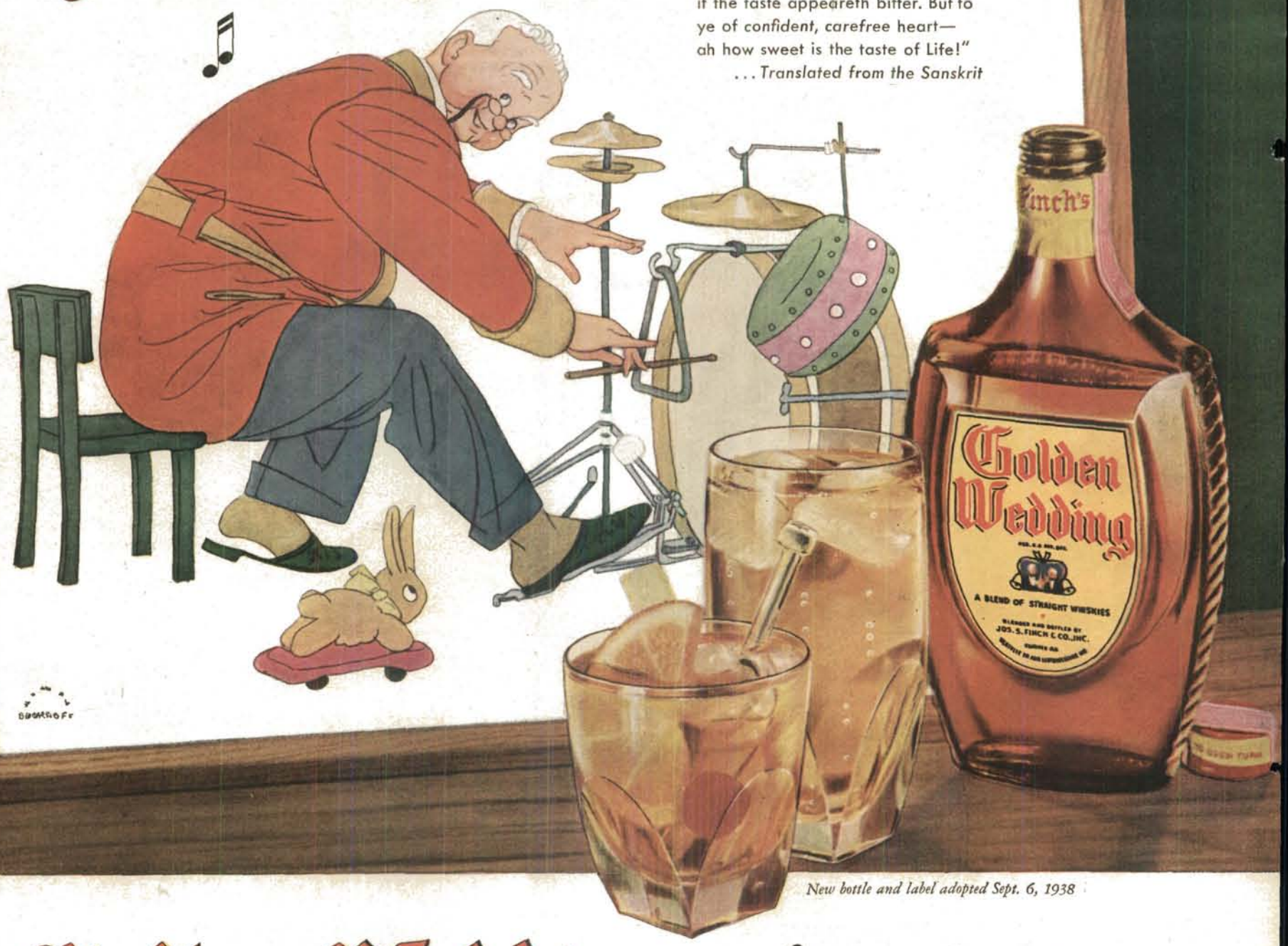
Confident and Carefree!

"Verily the Life of Man is a bittersweet potion—and to some who drink of it the taste appeareth bitter. But to ye of confident, carefree heart—ah how sweet is the taste of Life!"

... Translated from the Sanskrit



New bottle and label adopted Sept. 6, 1938

Golden Wedding *the whiskey you feel good about!*

Isn't it true you enjoy a drink more, if you feel good about the whiskey? You glow with the JOY of anticipation, when you specify "Golden Wedding!" You glow with the KNOWLEDGE you're treating yourself to the finest the House of Finch offers. A blend of straight whiskies—ALL whiskey... whiskey that's rich and has idled for years in the barrel. You glow with real PRIDE—and justly. For the brand of your choosing is older—considerably older—than necessity requires. Even the youngest whiskey is 4 years old in Finch's Golden Wedding!

AND AT THE BAR–

When you see this tall bottle at the bar you're in a place that gives you ALL whiskey ... Finch's very finest. 90 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 4 years or more old!

FINCH'S GOLDEN WEDDING

A Blend of Straight Whiskies—As you prefer in BOURBON or RYE

COPR. 1938, JOS. S. FINCH & CO., INC., SCHENLEY, PA.

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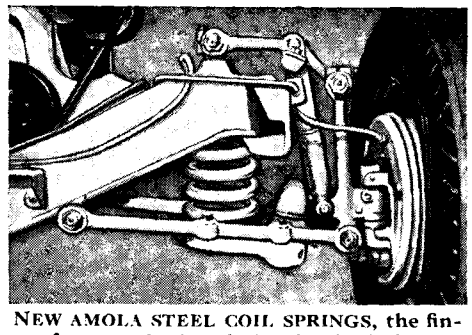
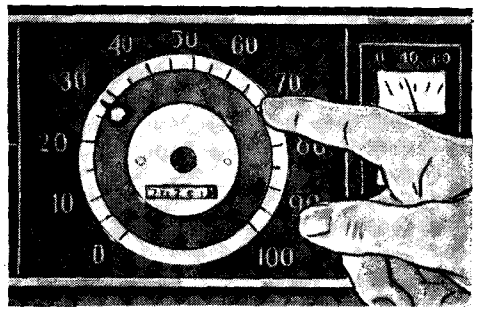
Detroit delivered prices" include front and ar bumpers, bumper guards, spare wheel, re and tube, foot control for headlight beam ith indicator on instrument panel, ashay in front and rear, sun visor, safety glass d big trunk space (19.6 cubic feet). Plymch "Roadking" models start at $645; "De uxe" models slightly higher. Prices include l federal taxes. Transportation and state, al taxes, if any, not included. See your ymouth dealer for local delivered prices. YMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORRATION, Detroit, Michigan.

NE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C. B. S. TWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. S. T.

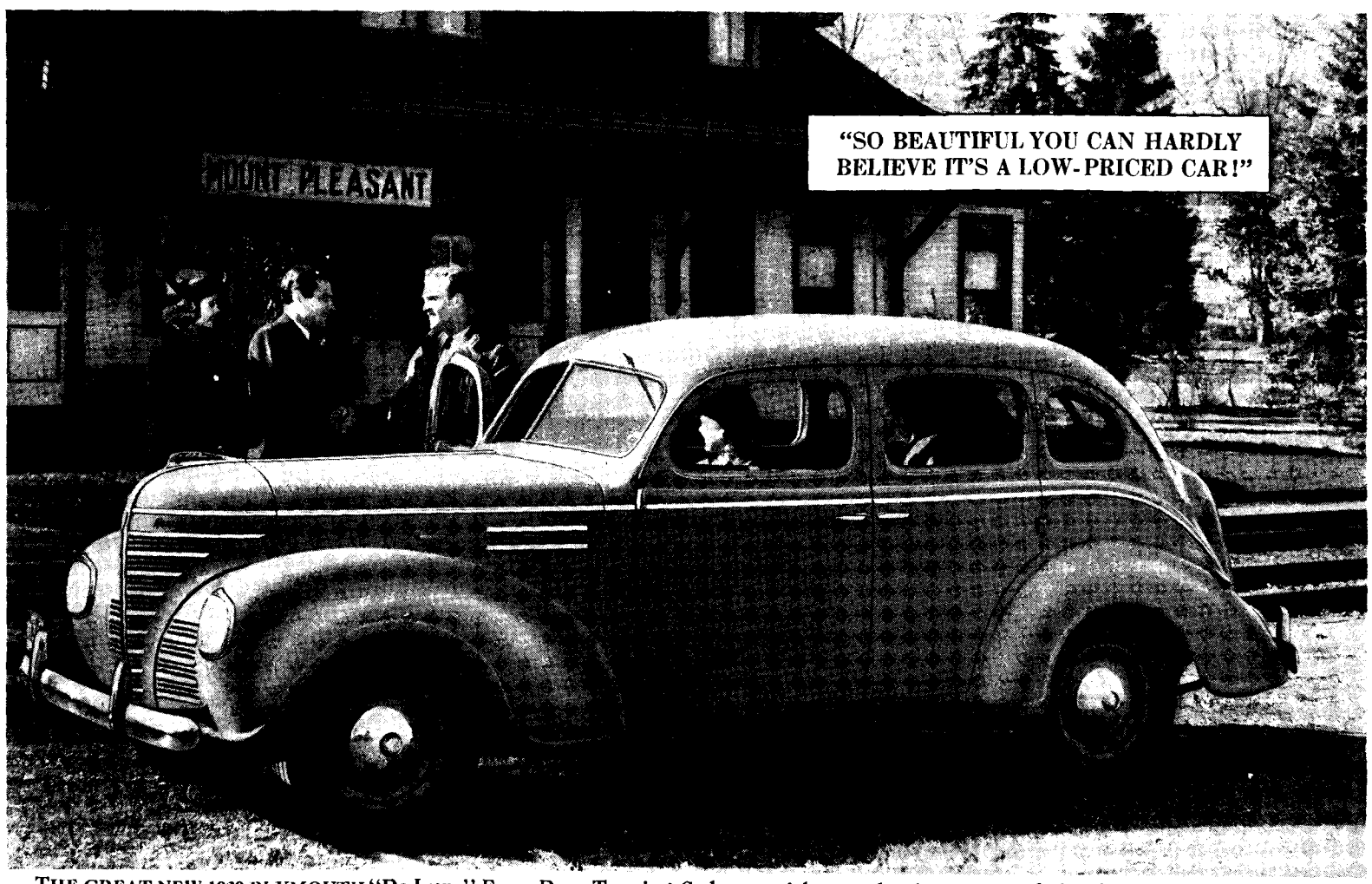
STANDARD EQUIPMENT on "DeLuxe" models at no extra cost—Perfected Remote Control Shifting with All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission. Much easier...nothing new to learn.



NEW AMOLA STEEL COIL SPRINGS, the finest front springing design in the industry, give a marvelous new ride. Standard equipment on "Roadking" and "De Luxe" models.



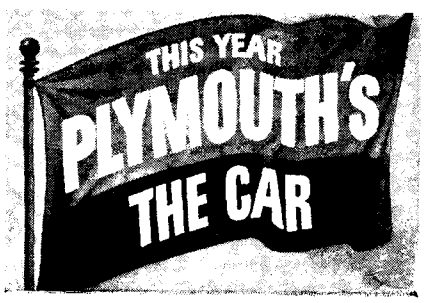
NEW "SAFETY SIGNAL" SPEEDOMETER. Indicator light on dial shows green, amber, or a warning red, according to your speed. It's another Plymouth "Safety First."



THE GREAT NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH "De Luxe" Four-Door Touring Sedan...with completely rust-proofed Safety-Steel body.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

NEW "ROADKING"
NEW "DE LUXE"



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Collier's

January 14, 1939

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QUENTIN REYNOLDS Sports
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JAMES N. YOUNG Fiction
IFOR THOMAS Photographs
MAX WILKINSON Fiction
JIM MARSHALL The Orient
JOHN T. FLYNN Associate Editor

Next Week

THE first time Walter Lane kissed Muriel, someone hidden on the other side of the Rio Sangre took a shot at him. Walter found it disturbing. He chose the second time carefully, but not carefully enough to keep a corpse from bobbing up and getting him suspected of murder. Walter found this disconcerting. Muriel seemed to be such a nice girl.

Of course anyone easily disconcerted had no business with Lane's job. He had come to Central America to investigate the murder of a friend and incidentally to find out how the Germans happened to be so successful in blotting out all short-wave radio communication except their own. You will read his adventures in "The Resounding Skies," by Laurence G. Blochman, the brilliant new serial.

THE impetus received by the Republican party in the last election has now had time to take form in a definite program. Collier's asked Bruce Barton, congressman from New York, to describe the plans and principles by which his party intends to oppose the New Deal and lay the groundwork for the presidential campaign of 1940. In a direct and lucid article Mr. Barton makes clear what the Republicans have in mind.

TAKE a front runner, a man with the beat of the grandstand in his heart. Ask him to pace a rival to the dream achievement of every miler. What happens? Beth Corringer had the answer to that, because the tradition of the track was in her blood. But Larry Gorman had another answer. It took a blazing, desperate assault on time and distance to prove each of them wrong. "Four-Minute Mile" is by Stanley Paul.

BLIZ Boffs Buff, says Variety, and in show business that means Buffalo theaters are empty because of bad weather. Each week this journal of the entertainment world enriches our language with such vigorous usage, while purists howl. In "Mr. Broadway," Abel Green tells you how it all came about.

IN THE brief meeting between the brigantine Golden Hind and the Confederate raider Alabama the only casualty was young Lieutenant Merryfield: he came away with a broken heart. D. C. O'Flaherty tells how it was mended.

IN ADDITION you will find stories and articles by John Hawkins, Robert S. Mansfield, Octavus Roy Cohen, Freling Foster and others.

This Week

SHORT STORIES

RICHARD CONNELL
There Are Frenchmen and Frenchmen. Introducing M. LaPucelle to the Indians of Oklahoma. Page 9

STRUTHERS BURT
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HARLAN WARE
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Tradition, by Georges Surdez. Page 11

SERIAL STORIES

AGATHA CHRISTIE
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OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Strange Honeymoon. The sixth of ten parts. Exit the villain. Page 22

ARTICLES

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J. D. RATCLIFF
Winter Garden. The man who grows your fresh vegetables. Page 14

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
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HANNAH LEES
Bedtime Story. What science can tell you about the way you sleep. Page 30

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Grist for your mill. Page 6

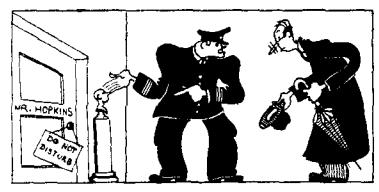
EDITORIALS
Live and Love It.
More Dollars for Dies. Page 50

COVER JON WHITCOMB

Any Week

WE WERE pretty concerned when we saw Mr. Donald F. Dearness of Cincinnati, Ohio. He looked ill. However, he was merely overamazed. Frankly, we thought Mr. Dearness too old a hand to be surprised by anything. Getting a firm grip on his emotions, Mr. Dearness told us that a writing friend of his who yearned for work, an old-time journalist of the prejournalism-school era, consulted him. There was a vacancy in the WPA writers' project. Mr. Dearness recommended his friend strongly, having known him for years as an able writer, a diligent research fellow and a hound for accuracy. But Mr. Dearness' friend didn't get the job because, they said, he was not a graduate of a school of journalism. Things like this, sighed Mr. Dearness, added substance to the rumors that there is a great deal of foolishness popping out here and there in our government.

NEVERTHELESS, Mr. Joseph B. Willow of Richmond, Virginia, has evidence that Mr. Harry Hopkins, the WPA boss, is not responsible. It was while Mr. Hopkins was consecrating a week to denying that famous "Spend, spend, tax, tax, elect, elect" story that Mr. Willow called on him. Mr. Willow was unable to see Mr. Hopkins, who was, they told him, overwhelmed, overburdened, overwrought and overquoted. Mr. Willow did not understand. "Don't you realize," said one of Mr. Hopkins' guards, "that that little giant in there is eating his heart out for the patriotic poor. He's at it twelve hours a day."



IN THE meantime we're wondering where Mrs. Colin J. Keppey of Pasadena, California, got the idea that we're guilty of having said that "two fifths of the population of California are nuts and the rest people." We said nothing of the sort and are no hand at figures anyway. "California has more sane, thinking, highly educated people per capita," says Mrs. Keppey, "than any other state in the Union. There is not a man, woman or child in California who has not got a good, firm grip on economics. We've got wiser people in our insane hospitals than the average state has in its seats of government. Apologize or lose a reader."

IF MRS. KEPPEY quits us, Mr. D. Rentschler of Duluth, Minnesota, may have her place. Mr. Rentschler says that "I read a copy of your magazine by mistake and think you've got something. I am a bachelor and have a friend (lady) who buys a great many magazines. I will ask her to include yours."

BEING somewhat familiar with the difficulty in being a hero to one's children, our sympathies went immediately to Mr. Alton F. Johnson of Little Rock, Arkansas. Mr. Johnson wrote to us some time ago asking us to send him evidence that, in 1898, he was an All-America football player, picked by the late Caspar Whitney. "I am now sixty-one years old," writes Mr. Johnson.

"I never saved a clipping of any kind. Football to me then was just fun. I never dreamed that such things would become important. Now it comes. I have a bragging daughter who has a small son and she boasts about my being All-America. One of these days somebody is going to call her hand, particularly her son. . . ." Well, we looked it up. We find that Mr. Johnson played football at Northwestern. He weighed exactly 128 pounds. Apparently every ounce of it was earthquake. Johnny Johnson of Northwestern was so fast that even the referee couldn't follow him. Rumors of his prowess reached the East. And Mr. Whitney, having been convinced that there were colleges and football teams west of the Alleghenies, defied tradition by placing 128 pounds of Mr. Johnson on that All-America squad. As far as we know he was the smallest man ever to achieve such deathless honor. Mr. Johnson now digs oil wells, but he does it with the help of machinery, not being quite as explosive as he was in 1898.

IT IS the firm conviction of Mrs. William B. Jessowary of Charleston, South Carolina, that "if they will not let a trained politician like the Honorable James A. Farley run the Democratic party, the last elections show us that the least they could do is to let some woman try her hand at it. Please give this idea your attention and if possible make a nomination."

MISS Shirley Temple. W. D.

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An amazing new book—THE MIRACLE OF LIFE—has just been published in America. It reveals, for the first time, in plain language and pictures, all that modern science knows about the eternal riddle of life—its many forms and manifestations; its beginning, its development and destiny. Reading it, you will see as clearly as in a mirror the machinery of your body and brain—the way it works—how it was created—how it controls your conduct and emotions. And along with these vital revelations that intimately concern yourself, you will learn about the wonders of life around you; about the amazing family "instincts" of the animal world and the marvels of all Nature. Much of this knowledge has remained a closed book to the general public up to this very day!

To own *The Miracle of Life* is to possess the key to a thousand personal questions about *yourself;* but more than that, you will have in your hands one of the most important knowledge books of our time, representing the latest findings of scientific research and the lengthy labors of distinguished editor-authorities, artists and photographers who spared no effort to make everything in this work crystal-clear.

THE MIRACLE OF LIFE contains over 500 expensive illustrations, over 200,000 words and nearly 500 pages. It is bound in de luxe morocco-grained cloth, with title stamped in gilt. Its size, 10 by 7½ inches, is almost 50% greater than that of the average book. Judged by ordinary standards, this book should sell for $10.00. But it is *not for sale.* It is yours FREE—a gift to you from the Literary Guild of America if you accept the special membership offer outlined below.

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Guild members receive free each month a copy of the famous Guild magazine WINGS, which contains, among other features, articles about the current selection and its author, and includes a special contribution by the author. It is profusely illustrated. In addition, WINGS is an invaluable guide to all important current reading, for each month it reviews about 30 new books, any of which may be purchased through the Guild at the established retail price.

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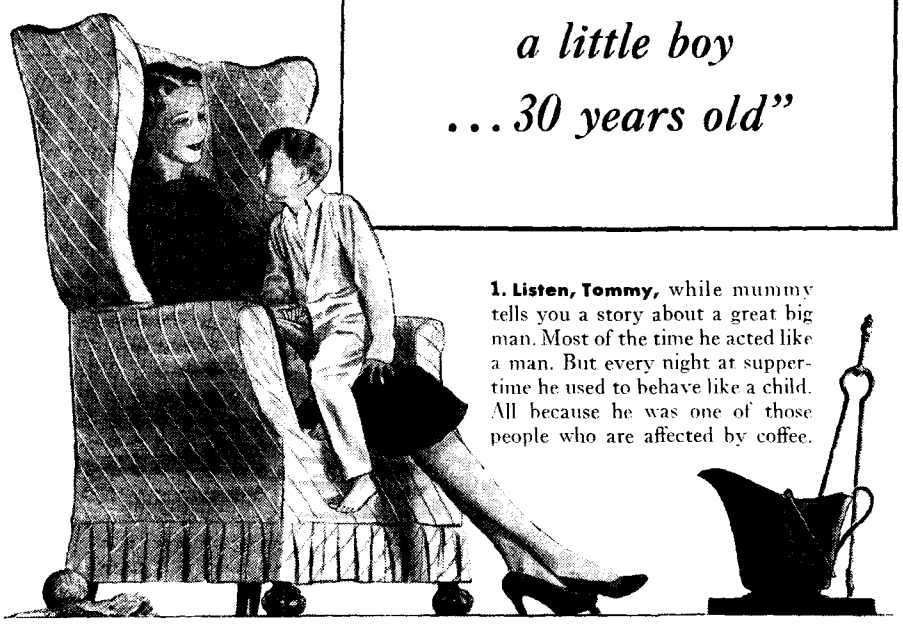
"Once there was a little boy ...30 years old"

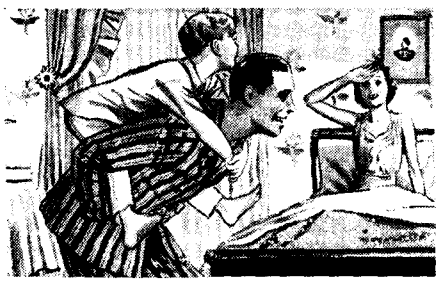


1. Listen, Tommy, while mummy tells you a story about a great big man. Most of the time he acted like a man. But every night at supper-time he used to behave like a child. All because he was one of those people who are affected by coffee.

2. Of course, he loved coffee very, very much. But the caffein in it always kept him awake. Every night his wife would say: "You simply mustn't drink any coffee tonight!" And every night he'd drink his coffee, just the same.

3. So finally his wife became so discouraged she asked a wise neighbor what to do. And the neighbor said: "Give him Sanka Coffee. 97% of the caffein has been taken out. And *only* the caffein comes out . . . *all* the flavor *stays in!*"

4. That night the wife made her husband some Sanka Coffee. "My stars," he said, "this is the best coffee I've had in years!" Then she said: "It's Sanka Coffee and can't keep you awake."



5. Yes, dear, the man was daddy. And that's why he drinks Sanka Coffee every night and never, never loses any sleep. And that's why daddy isn't cross in the morning any more, too.

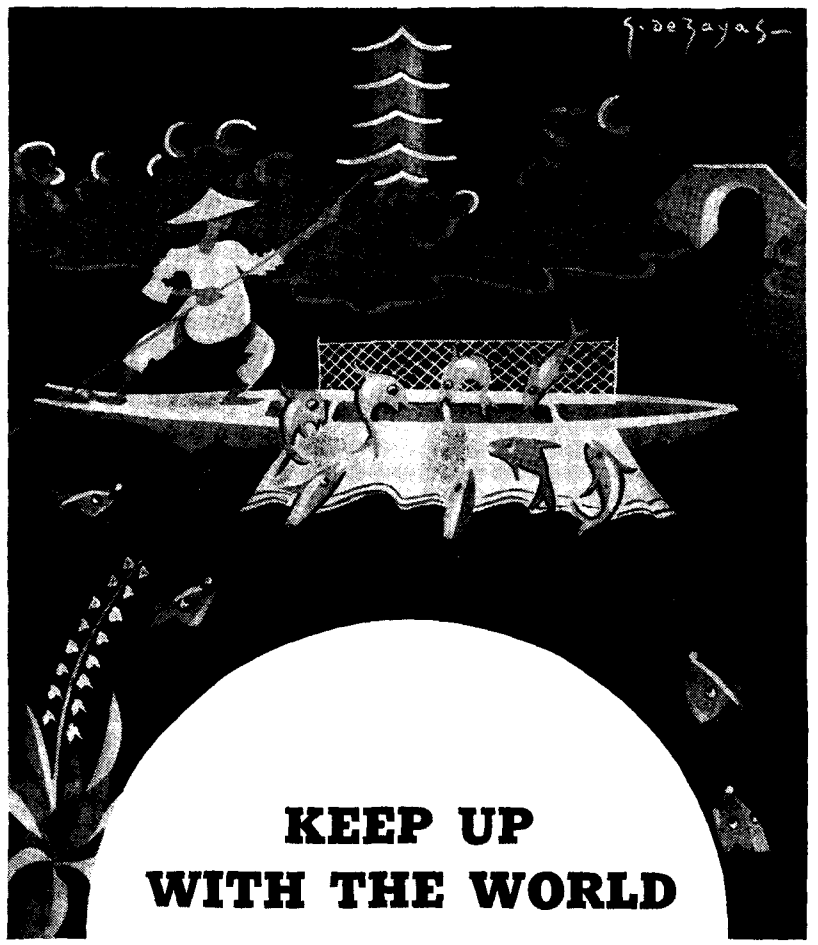
6. But, Mummy—how did the wise neighbor know about Sanka? Her doctor told her, Tommy...told her that the American Medical Association says: "Sanka Coffee is free from caffein effect and can be used when other coffee has been forbidden."

Sanka Coffee is REAL coffee... nothing but coffee! 97% caffein-free... drink it and sleep!

SANKA COFFEE

DRIP OR REGULAR GRIND. A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS

TUNE IN "WE, THE PEOPLE"...laughs, pathos, thrills, drama, as real people tell true experiences! —Tuesday evening—*Columbia* Network—see your local paper for time and station.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The Chinese use 120 different methods of fishing, the most ingenious being accomplished by the use of a boat with a white board hanging over one side and a net propped up on the other. For some unknown reason the fish leap at this board, gleaming in the moonlight, and land in the boat. Powerful leapers that would clear it are stopped by the net.

The eggs of the little fruit fly, *Drosophila melanogaster*, are so robust that they have developed and hatched in alcohol, formaldehyde and acetic acid.—*By Edward Brewer, New York City.*

Triple Divide Peak in Glacier National Park is believed to be the only mountain in the world that divides its streams so they flow into three oceans. These waters drain through the Missouri-Mississippi system into the Gulf of Mexico or the Atlantic, through the Columbia River system into the Pacific and through the Saskatchewan system into Hudson Bay or the Arctic.—*By A. H. Raymond, Great Falls, Montana.*

The cathedral in Bath, England, has a giant Jacob's Ladder built on each side of its façade, with angels ascending to heaven on one and descending on the other. Those going up are climbing in the usual manner, while those coming down are descending head first.—*By Arline Herbert, Pacific Palisades, California.*

A megaparsec is the longest unit of measure for interstellar space. It represents a distance of 3,260,000 light years, or more than nineteen quintillion miles. —*By Lewis John Swartz, Altoona, Pennsylvania.*

Only two men have access to the books that contain the records of the British Secret Service. One is their past keeper, Sir Robert Vansittart; the other is their present holder, Sir Warren Fisher, who makes all entries in his own hand. Thus the names of agents, their activities and details concerning the department's annual expenditure of $2,500,000 are kept from even the Prime Minister.

On one night recently, seven "world's heavyweight wrestling champions" defended their fictitious titles in seven American cities: Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Tampa, Wichita, Bridgeport, Houston and St. Louis.—*By Harris T. Fitzgibbons, Winnipeg, Manitoba.*

Today many oil tankers plying the West Coast do not have to "come in" for loading. They get their cargoes through a buoy-marked flexible hose attached to a huge pipe line that runs out into the Pacific from a point near San Luis Obispo.—*By Mrs. Raymond Pierce, Elfers, Florida.*

The famous Campo Santo Cemetery in Genoa, Italy, is now so crowded that even the flat and unprotected roof of its great public mausoleum is packed with rows of marble tombs.

Five men have the distinction of being mentioned by name in the body of the Treaty of Versailles. Two, still living, are the ex-Kaiser and Sir Eric Drummond, now known as Lord Perth, the present British ambassador to Rome. The others, deceased, were the Caliph Othman; M. Rouher, a former French minister; and Mkwawa, once the Sultan of Zanzibar.

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Our national shame

LOUDER than the riotous welcome of a New Year, above the tumult of the joyous celebration, comes the shocking news of the shameful need of sanitation in our country today.

Surveys just completed by the United States Government of 8,000,000 homes in 203 cities show 15 out of every 100 have no private water closets — 20 out of every 100 have no private baths. This average applied to our entire country means there are 4,500,000 dwelling units *without* water closets — 6,000,000 *without* baths.

More startling are the figures showing that half the homes in some communities lack these primary sanitary facilities. And when you consider the dangers of faulty, old fashioned plumbing in daily use, you can appreciate the grave menace such conditions present to public health.

Why should *you* be concerned about these deplorable conditions instead of allowing medical authorities and public health officials to shoulder the whole responsibility?

Polluted water, swiftly spreading disease, is no respecter of persons. The same water and sewage mains that serve the slums serve the finest residential districts.

The health of our whole population depends upon an adequate supply of pure water and the prompt, safe removal of dangerous waste. And both pure water and safe waste removal depend upon good plumbing.

It is not enough to insist upon plumbing fixtures of excellent quality. It is of vital importance that they be installed *correctly!* And safe, economical plumbing service cannot be sold over the counter.

That is why "Standard" Plumbing Fixtures are marketed through recognized Wholesale Distributors to Master Plumbers. Only the Master Plumbers have the knowledge, experience and skill necessary to protect the health of the nation by correct installation.

Henry W. Reed.
President

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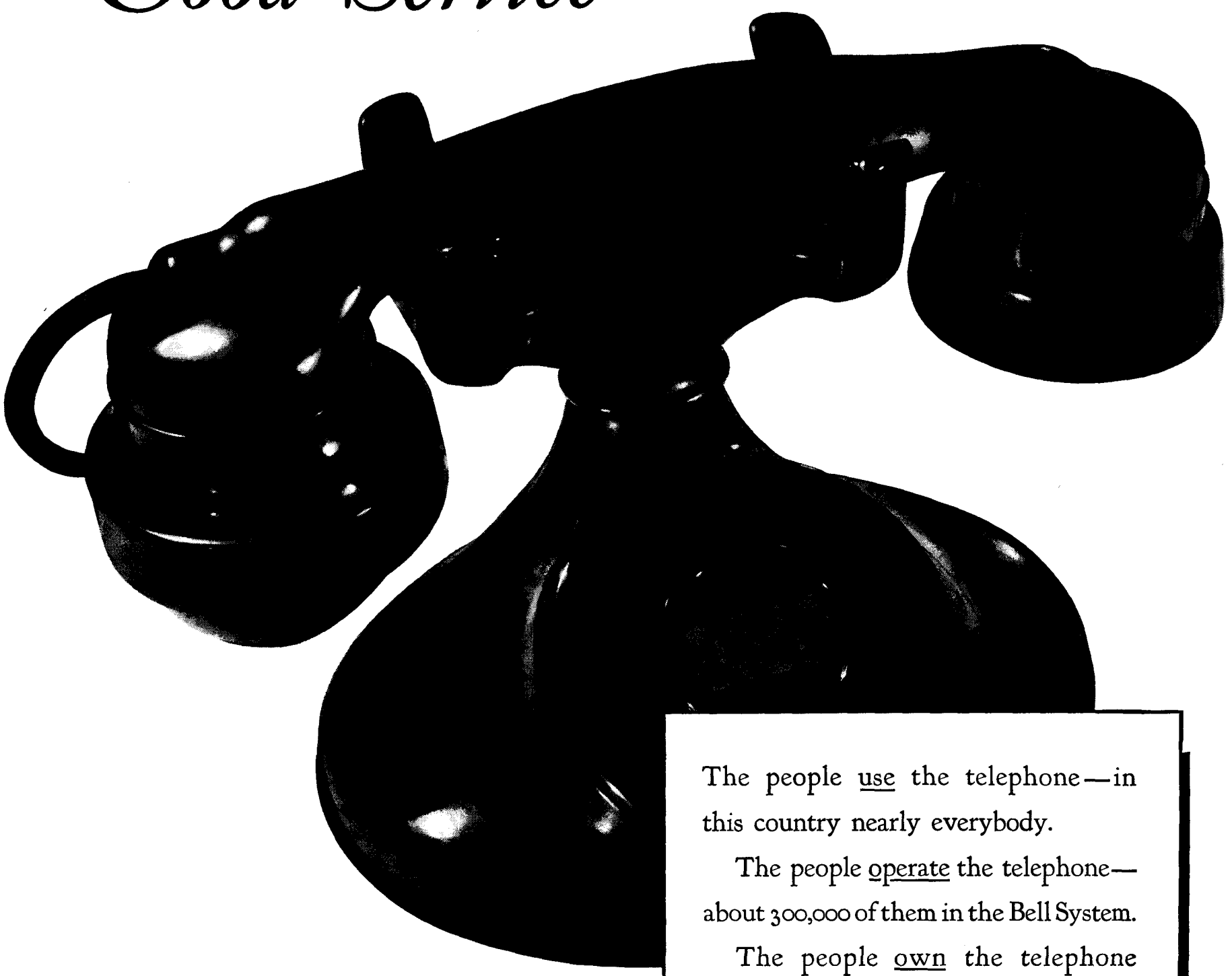

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"Permit that I remind you that this is a college, mademoiselle," I said. "Your conduct is that of a naughty child who should be spanked"

There are Frenchmen and Frenchmen

By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

The perils of Monsieur LaPucelle, who was afraid of Indians—but not of ladies. He learned

PERMIT, messieurs, mesdames, that I present you with myself. Me, I am Achille LaPucelle, teacher, College of St. Ambroix, in Provence. I was resting content there when my chief, M. Boncheval, came to me and said:

"Would you like to go to the States United?"

One could have felled me with an éclair.

"Monsieur, I am a Frenchman," I said simply.

He ran up me and down me, his eyes cold and green as absinthe frappés.

"That makes itself evident," he said.

"One so fortunate as to be a son of France," I said, "would be an imbecile to wish to go elsewhere, especially to the States United."

He had to admit I had reason.

"But," he said, "it is necessary one of our faculty must go. An exchanging of professors has been arranged."

"Must I be traded like a goose at a fair?"

"You have no wife," he replied, "no family—"

"Even so," I said, "it would not amuse me to depart from here."

He made at me the worldly leer.

"Ah, one comprehends. Certain unofficial attachments exist—"

"You are of Paris, is it not?" I said. "I am of a village in the Midi. You of Paris seem to see life as a farce in which one runs in and out of doors, pursued by husbands. Let me tell you, monsieur, that in the country exist men who live a life which is all that there is of the most respectable. There are Frenchmen and Frenchmen."

"Now I am sure you are the one to send to the States United," he said. "You are a serious young man. One

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sees you will not give France a blackness in the eye."

"Send M. Tourbillon," I urged. "He is a man of the world. I am not."

"Attend, then," said Boncheval. "This Heartwell University is an institution of coeducation. Young ladies are there, two thousand of them."

"Then Jacques Tourbillon would feel very much at home there," I said.

M. Boncheval shuddered. "Too much," he said. "Much too much. There would ensue scandals; possibly lynchings. No, my dear colleague, I must insist that you go. You are a bachelor and—"

"And so is Tourbillon," I argued.

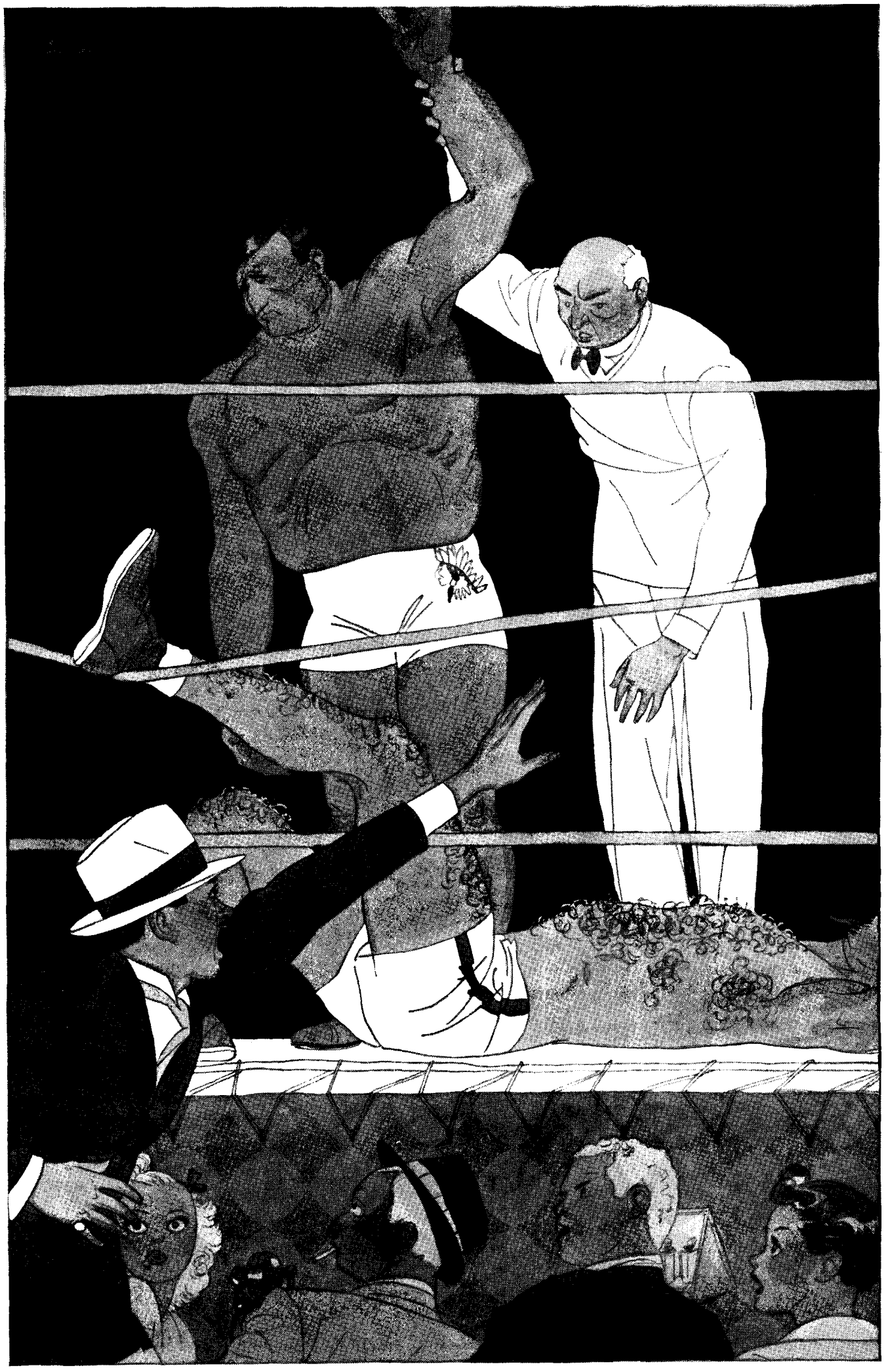
"There are bachelors and bachelors," he remarked. "Some are bachelors in name only. You mean it. Besides you know the English."

"Not to use," I said. "Only well enough to teach."

But my objections were but crumbs to be brushed from his beard.

"It is your duty to go," he said. "It is for France," he said.

To that what can one say?



A man ran down the aisle toward the ring. He was shouting, "Courage, my brave. You are not quite alone"

"Where is this Punch-and-Judy show?" I inquired dully.

"In one of the States United called 'Auquel Homard,' " he told me.

"They are droll, these Americans, to call a state 'What lobsters,' " I observed. I opened my atlas, searched the map.

"I cannot find it," I said.

"*Voila!*" he said, pointing to a pinkness shaped like a tomahawk. "There she is—your future home—Auquel Homard." Pointing to Oklahoma.

When he had left, I read about this place. It did not cheer me to learn that not so long ago it was Indian Territory.

I must now bare a secret. Like most men I have a private fear. Within me dwells an illogical, a primitive dread of Red Indians. It began, I think, when, as a small boy, to learn the English I read the tales of M. Fenimore Cooper. My infant dreams were crowded with painted savages, who almost nightly held massacres and scalpings in my little bedroom. Sometimes, though I am nearing thirty, these fiends return, and I wake, screaming for succor, and covered with goose flesh.

I did not suddenly materialize in this Oklahoma. I am, *hélas,* no jinni. First there was the purgatory of a passage over and up and down a discontented sea; then a prodigious journey by train across a land whose immensity made me shrink as I went west. In New York I was a dwarf, in the Midwest a midget, and by the time I reached the city of Heartwell I was a molecule. I debouched from the train. There bounded at me a tallish figure, in trousers and an easily seen red sweater. My hand was squeezed like a grape in a wine press, and I was welcomed in a mellow alto.

"I'm Ona Birdsong, acting dean," this person said.

I fear I showed none of the traditional *savoir-faire* of my race. I stared at her as Adam must have stared when he woke to behold Eve. Ordinarily I am not of those who notice women. To me women are an admirable institution, like the law. I respect them, but do not wish to be entangled with them, but this one called herself to my attention. Her figure struck the eye with its superbness. Here was a goddess, straight from a bronze coin of ancient Greece. I bent and kissed her tan hand.

"COME with me," she said. She led me to a motorcar, which she called a "sedan," a name unpleasant to a Frenchman. I ventured a courtesy.

"Mademoiselle is very young to be a dean," I said.

"Oh, I'm just pinch-hitting while the regular dean is on his sabbatical," she said. "My real job is instructor in physical education. Now I'll show you round the shop."

She hurled the car through traffic like a javelin.

"First you must see our new golf course. Best in the West," she said. "What's your handicap, moosoo?"

"Timidity," I said.

"Cracking smart already, eh?" She smiled. Then, and later, I was to find that these natives used patois phrases not to be found in the works of the American writers I had studied to prepare myself for this adventure, namely, Messieurs Emerson, Thoreau, Poe and Henri James.

"Kidding aside, don't you play golf?"

"I do not." She seemed as appalled as if I had said I did not wash.

"Is tennis your game?" she asked.

"I have never so much as touched a tennis mallet," I replied.

"Do you ride? Or row? Ski?" She was frowning now. "Climb mountains?"

"A thousand nevers," I said. She was like an alp, herself, so majestic, so superior, with glaciers for eyes.

"What do you do for exercise?"

(Continued on page 42)

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Tradition

By Georges Surdez

"Mon capitaine," the crisp voice continued, "we usually get sniped at there"

THE small room, a cube of whitewashed walls, seemed to have become very still, the Saharan heat to have grown more oppressive. Captain Gressard, recently appointed to command the 10th Squadron, First Foreign Regiment of Cavalry, watched the lieutenant's finger resting on the black and white designs of the large-scale regional map.

"From there we go to the Mensif Pass, *mon capitaine,*" the crisp voice continued. "We usually get sniped at there, as they somehow contrive to dodge our point scouts and lurk in wait for officers." Involuntarily, Gressard's eyes lifted. But there had been no irony intended; the smooth-faced young fellow was looking down at the map. "We're big game for those chaps, you know. Obviously, we cannot blame them."

"Naturally not," Gressard admitted.

His trained eye scanned the map.

"Unless I am mistaken, Lieutenant," he observed casually, "that is where my predecessor was killed."

"Right, Captain. On our last patrol in that direction." The young officer paused, resumed: "Two shots, head and throat. He was the third in eighteen months to go out within a stretch of four or five hundred yards. There had been Captain Mongarret, then there was Captain Chaupas. Yes, Captain Roubaux was the third. You see, he would not wear a kepi cover like the rest of us. I argued with him again and again, but he was an old Legionnaire, you see, and as long as the others had not covered their braid, he wouldn't."

"Three officers, almost in the same spot," Gressard repeated. "And all for want of a bit of khaki cloth over their kepis, eh?"

"Precisely, Captain. Foolishness, isn't it?" The lieutenant's voice was lightened by a ring of humor. "Imagine yourself a sniper, Captain, lying hidden somewhere. You see a file of cavalrymen coming along. Naturally, you aim at the one who attracts your attention first—"

"Naturally."

Without looking up, Gressard knew that his subordinate had cast a glance toward the captain's kepi, suspended from a hook stuck in the plaster. That kepi was covered by a khaki hood.

"That will be all the information I shall need now, Lieutenant. Thank you. Have the men ready in ten minutes."

"All right, Captain."

The door opened and closed. The young man was gone; Gressard was left alone.

"Mensif Pass," he mused. "Unhealthy spot for this squadron's commanders. Three in eighteen months. I am the fourth. And just because some ass—that poor devil of a Chaupas probably—set the style for discarding the cover, I am supposed to—nonsense!"

He, Gressard, was not a middle-aged schoolboy in uniform, anxious to parade his courage. He was thirty-six, with a long life ahead, a career. Courage? The palms and stars on his War Cross should be a guarantee. And even these Legionnaires must suspect that he had not picked up the red ribbon for valuable contributions to French arts!

Gressard was a temporary Legionnaire. With any luck, he would pick up the grade of major out here. Unless designated for bullets by a glistening kepi, a man did not run much risk. There would be almost one hundred targets to pick from, and he was enough of a gambler to risk such odds carelessly.

He folded and cased the map, glanced a last time at the reports on forage, water and ammunition. This was a patrol, an ordinary patrol, like any other, he kept repeating. Perhaps the ghosts of Chaupas, Mongarret, Roubaux would be somewhat shocked that he did not imitate his predecessors.

He knew that the Legionnaires would be disappointed. They dearly loved a dose of elegant foolishness in their chiefs.

But why accept their standards? They were lost men—good soldiers, surely; but vainglorious, childish fellows. Gressard would not risk his life for their admiration.

"I'm no sucker," he grumbled.

THEN he passed a hand over his eyes. The heat must be affecting him, for he experienced a sort of vision: He saw a half-naked, bearded, brown-skinned man stretched in the lee of a boulder, three hundred yards above Mensif Pass. He was peering down at a long file of mounted men on the trail below, his eyes seeking, seeking, as he unwound oiled rags from the breech of his rifle. And Gressard saw him grin, saw him whisper to a comrade behind him:

"They have a new leader. One not of the Legion."

For the sniper would know that at once. Not of the Legion, for a captain replacing the three who had died would not have worn a kepi cover. Gressard shook himself together with an effort.

He buckled on his pistol holster, reached for his kepi and moved toward the door. It would open and he would see the squadron assembled before him, men standing by the heads of their horses, ready to start. To start toward the Mensif Pass, where three captains had been killed in eighteen months. And all of them would look at his head immediately!

"Fools," he murmured. His hand was on the handle.

Then he was outside, in the full light, and he saw their eyes centering upon him. And he saw their expectant anxiety melt, saw them relax into confidence, saw his young officers smile. He crossed toward the horse that his orderly held for him, hastily stuffing a khaki cloth into a pocket.

On his head, the only patch of brilliant color in the assembled detachment, he wore his full-dress kepi, shorn of any covering. It was tilted at a rakish angle, the broad leather peak shone, and around the black and red crown circled the triple loops of braid that branded him as the chief and the target; puerile, defiant braid that glittered in the dazzling light.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE • ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

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This ultramodern bomber is one of the 4,000 fighting units that make up Germany's present first-line Air Force

BLACK STAR

Let the Tyrant Criminals Bomb!

By Winston Churchill

IT IS no exaggeration to say that the dangers and disquietude of Europe at the present time are due mainly to air power. Germany, brooding in defeat, bound by treaty not to have a large army or navy or military aviation, prepared with infinite thought and labor a vast system of armament production, and especially for the making of airplanes. At the same time, her daring youth saw in "the air sport," as it was called, the means by which they could reverse the terrible judgment of the World War. Their preparations were known to the intelligence services both of France and Britain. But the governments of Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Baldwin did not desire to believe such reports, and the French deferred to British opinion.

I gathered from many sources, foreign and British, the true facts, and in July, 1934, I declared in the House of Commons that Germany had already, in violation of the treaty, created a military air force that was nearly two thirds of the British Home Defense Air Force; that by the end of 1935 the German air force would be nearly equal in numbers and efficiency to the British; and that, unless a great effort was made, Germany would be substantially stronger in the air than Great Britain. Finally, that once they had gained their lead we might never be able to overtake them.

These statements were contradicted by Mr. Baldwin and derided by public opinion. I therefore proceeded to give further figures, and on November 28, 1934, asserted that Germany already had a military air force in existence that only awaited the order to assemble in full open combination; that this illegal air force was rapidly approaching equality with our own, and that in 1937 it would be nearly double our own. Mr. Baldwin in reply admitted for the first time that the Germans had a military air force, but he said: "It is not the case that Germany is rapidly approaching equality with us . . . her real strength is not fifty per cent of our strength in Europe today. As for the position this time next year (1935) . . . so far from the German military air force being at least as strong as and probably stronger than our own, we estimate that we shall still have a margin in Europe alone of nearly fifty per cent."

This grievous blunder, incredible in a minister with all the resources of the British intelligence service at his disposal, misled the nation for six months. Everyone naturally accepted the very positive categorical assertions of a minister who, though not at the head of the government, was in fact its ruler. In May, 1935, the truth could no longer be denied, and we heard Mr. Baldwin confess: "Where I was wrong was in my estimate of the future. There I was completely wrong. We were completely misled on that subject. . . . We are all responsible, and we are all to blame." But what astonished me more than the confession was the fact that it produced so little reaction. The government, supported by its enormous tame press and majority, was even able to make a virtue of Mr. Baldwin's honesty and candor in so boldly admitting his error. For this supine apathy Great Britain and the world have paid much and may pay a fearful price.

There is great difficulty in comparing the relative air strengths of different countries, because there is no generally accepted standard of measurement. The method I have always employed has been what is called "First Line Air Strength"; that is to say, the number of airplanes that a country has organized in regular squadrons and can put into the air on a given day and maintain continuously in action. This means that there lies behind the numbers maintained all the reserves, all the training schools, all the necessary equipment of every kind, and that the factories are capable of producing new machines in time of war at a rate sufficient to meet war wastage, which may well be estimated at sixty or seventy per cent a month. Upon this basis the figures now

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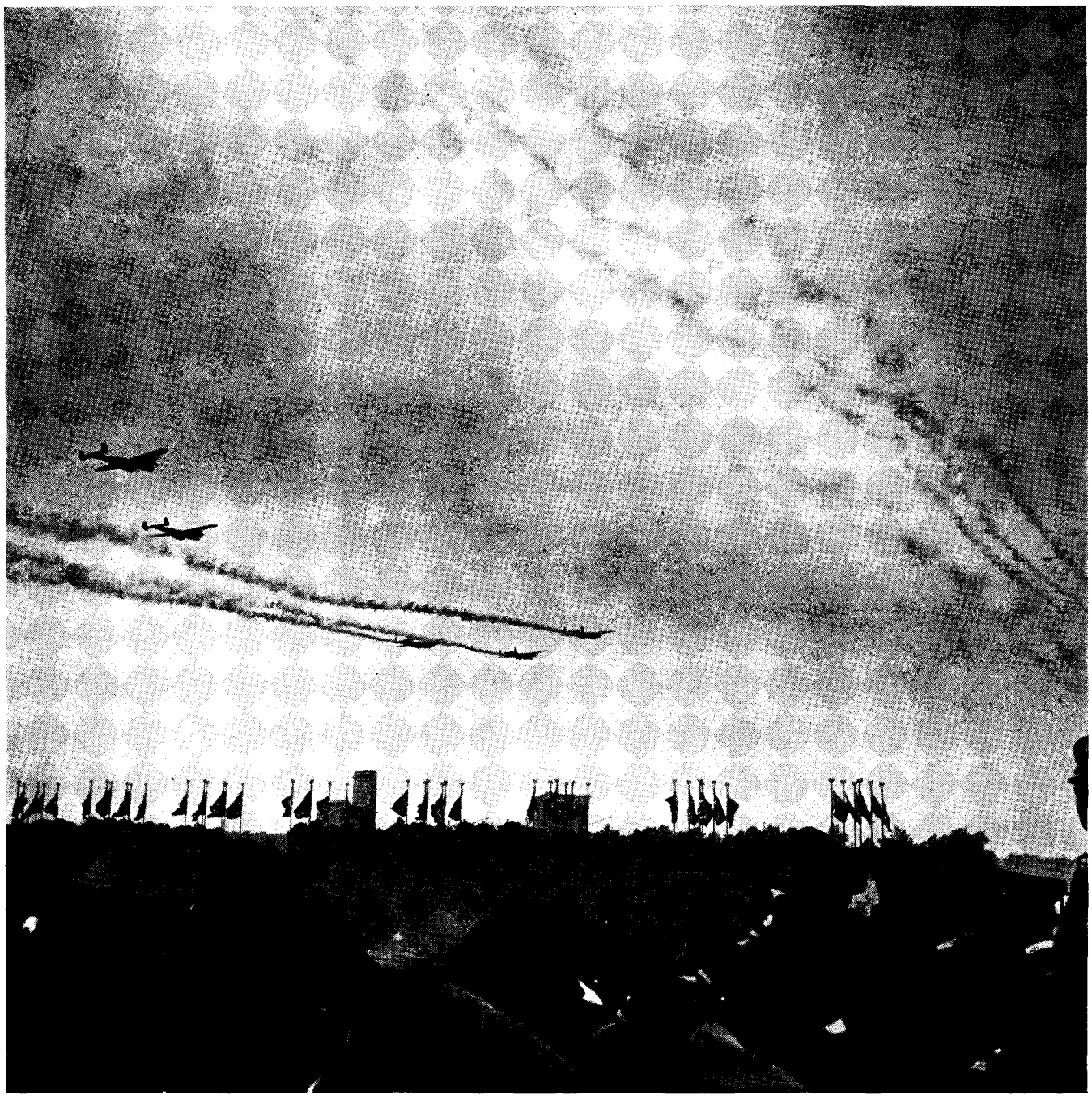
broadly accepted are: First-line air strength—Germany nearly 4,000, Italy about 1,250, France about 1,750 (but her power of maintenance is below this) and the official figure for Great Britain is 1,500. But these figures are subject to serious analysis. In every air force there are at any moment machines of varying quality, from the newest design to those that may be four or five years old. The proportion of new machines in the German air force is far higher than in either of the two Western democracies. Moreover, the German industry has been organized with such thoroughness that the rate of supply in war would fully maintain in continuous action their whole first-line strength, and would enable a steady increase to be made in spite of casualties.

The Sole Measure of Air Power

To carry a first-line air strength of 3,000 would, no doubt, imply the possession of nearly three times that number of serviceable planes. When I was Minister of Munitions in the last of the war we were making aircraft—no doubt of a much simpler form—at the rate of 24,000 a year, and the plans for 1919 contemplated almost double this production. But during all that time we never maintained in action against the enemy more than 2,500–3,000 machines. Therefore it only confuses the discussion to talk about the number of machines possessed by any country at any time. For war purposes, machines formed into organized squadrons and capable of being kept in action are the sole test.

Herr Hitler has now ordered the German air force to be doubled by 1942, and as he possesses at this moment more than sufficient aircraft to do this, even well-informed people jump to the conclusion that quite soon he will have an air force of 6,000. Actually, the process of building up the new air squadrons and bringing them to full efficiency would seem to require the three years specified in the new German plan. Having made the mistake of underestimating the German strength, it would be a pity to rush to the other extreme and overestimate it. It is quite bad enough as it is.



PIX

A new headache for Europe was Germany's display of air power at the great Nuremberg maneuvers

What is the power of this new arm? Is it a decisive weapon or not? That is the question upon which much turns today. Can a nation be so harried from the air that it will be broken and unable to continue its daily life or the waging of war? We are entitled to look to Spain for some guidance in this all-important matter. The whole course of the war in Spain has seemed to show the limitation rather than the strength of the air weapon. The extravagant claims of a certain section of air experts have not yet been fulfilled. Take first the case of warships—a matter of exceptional interest to the United States, where the controversy between the battleship and the bomb has been maintained with great vigor on both sides. There is no navy in the world that has developed in such an efficient manner as the American air weapon as an adjunct to naval action. We were assured, some time ago, that navies were obsolete, and that great battleships costing many millions of pounds would be easily destroyed by airplanes costing only a few thousand pounds. Ingenious calculations are made to show how many large bombing airplanes can be made for the cost of one single battleship; and two years ago there was a very strong movement against the building of any new great capital ships.

How do we stand today? I asked in the House of Commons eighteen months ago why it was that no Spanish warships on either side had been sunk by aircraft. The Spanish fleets are not well fitted with antiaircraft protection or equipment, yet we see them cruising about the coast of Spain month after month, often in full view from the shore, and apparently as immune from danger as if aircraft had never been invented. All the time each side in the Spanish war has possessed hundreds of airplanes of powerful modern type, manned not only by Spanish, but even in the main by pilots from Italy, Germany and Russia. There have been many occasions when it would have taken only a few minutes' flying from the shore airdrome to reach the hostile ship. Not only have they not been destroyed, but it has apparently been thought hardly worth while to risk trying to destroy them. Yet the prize would be of great worth; the incentive is enormous. Why, we are entitled to ask insistently in this controversy, has the air power in the Spanish war not sunk any fighting ship?

Everyone knows that at the time of the Abyssinian dispute between Great Britain and Italy the British government was deeply alarmed by tales of how easy it would be for Mussolini's air force to blow the British fleet out of the water. The mere prospect of such a trial was sufficient for Mr. Baldwin. The whole policy based upon the League of Nations, to which fifty separate foreign states had given their adherence, crumbled away under this threat. It now looks as if this danger were greatly exaggerated. But since then an enormous work of antiaircraft defense, both active and passive, has been done upon the ships of the British Navy, and of course, also on ships of the United States Navy.

Whatever the original danger was three years ago, it is certainly much less today, when British and American warships have received such vast new protection.

I therefore continue to adhere to my general view that aircraft will not be a mortal danger to properly equipped modern war fleets. Even a single well-armed vessel will hold its own against aircraft; still more a squadron or a fleet of modernized warships, whether at sea or in harbor, will be able to endure aerial attack. This does not mean that they may not suffer damage, but ships of war are meant to suffer damage: that is why they are given thousands of tons of the hardest steel armor. A ship that can stand up to the plunging fire of 15-inch and 16-inch guns, hurling projectiles of over a ton, should not be seriously disconcerted by the dropping of bombs weighing half or a quarter of a ton and striking by mere force of gravity.

The Democracies Rule the Waves

This conclusion is extremely important for the British and American people, both of whom have developed naval power to its height and who rely upon their fleets to hold many forms of danger far away from their shores.

The attack on undefended merchant ships is more disquieting; but here again the Spanish experience, after making all the necessary discounts, should be noted. Even so far as merchant ships are concerned, where the gallant airmen run no risk and can come down as low as they like with impunity, it is said that in Spain six hundred attacks have resulted in the sinking of only a dozen vessels. But the arming of all merchant ships with antiaircraft artillery and the development of the convoy system, with escorting vessels well armed with antiaircraft batteries, should reduce this danger to manageable proportions.

It would seem to follow, therefore, that sea power rising from possessing a superior line of battleships still rules on salt water. The view both of the British and American naval authorities has been justified. The command of the seas would appear to rest unimpaired with either the navies of Great Britain or the United States. It may be added that the undoubted obsolescence of the submarine as a decisive war weapon should give further confidence to the English-speaking democracies so far as the "sea-affair" is concerned.

What is the power of the air arm on land? Here, again, we must look to Spain as the chief field where these matters have been tested, albeit imperfectly and on a small scale. Can anyone say that the operations of the Spanish armies have been decisively affected by the air weapon? The Republicans have been at a marked inferiority in the air: have had

(Continued on page 36)

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Winter Garden

By J. D. Ratcliff

This is the biggest vegetable patch in the world—10,000 acres in the valley of the Rio Grande. It's run by a man who knows more about what you're going to eat than you do

MR. FRED VAHLSING is big, silent and somewhat grim. You probably know nothing of this gentleman who has offices in a four-story New York building that appears to be on the verge of collapse. But he knows you—in so far as you represent a person who likes three good meals a day. And he can tell you things about your eating habits you never suspected. He knows that if it is unseasonably warm you will have a craving for tomatoes. If a cold wave strikes, you will want cabbage.

Furthermore, his guess as to what you will eat for dinner this day next week will probably be far more accurate than your own. Probably you will go to the grocery store intending to buy string beans. They are expensive. Almost automatically you switch to cauliflower or broccoli. Why? Vahlsing doesn't know. He only knows that these three vegetables group themselves together. If one is high-priced, trade will shift to the others.

Mr. Vahlsing is one of the pioneers in the business of getting out-of-season vegetables to market. Largely due to his good work, we now accept peas, broccoli and carrots in mid-January as a matter of course. The idea of any vegetable having a "season" is gone. Somewhere within shipping distance of even frigid Winnipeg there is enough hot sunshine to keep vegetables growing. The business of getting them to market is a precision operation as neatly timed as any fast spinner play you ever saw on a football field. Things haven't always been this way.

Until a few years ago the vegetable counter in the average American grocery store all but ceased operations from October to May. There was a bin of potatoes and a few heads of cabbage. Some morbid-looking carrots and turnips and a dozen or so stray beets someone had thoughtfully put in the cellar the previous September rounded out the picture. Altogether, the display looked like the preserved remains of the stuff raked out of the sawdust in the vegetable tent when the county fair ended.

Today? You'll find every vegetable you ever heard of tastefully arranged to look as pretty as any flower-store display. Tricky atomizers spray water over finochio, curly endive and escarole—articles generally unknown until half a dozen years ago. Grand Forks, N. D., must have its spring onions and Boise, Idaho, fresh green peas while snow swirls and the mercury puts on a disappearing act. Vegetable counters are no longer conscious of the weather man.

The United States demands and gets a steady stream of fresh greens: lettuce from California, beans from the Florida Everglades and broccoli from Texas. The business of supplying this winter produce is as risky as any in the world.

Too many string beans will go to Detroit and someone will go broke. Meanwhile a cauliflower shortage in Chicago has made another man rich. Railroad cars bound for Kansas City are frantically re-routed to Boston, and vegetable shipments are watched as carefully as the secret service watches the movements of the President. Jiggs of the comic strip has a meal of corned beef and cabbage. Incredible as it sounds, that will sell tons of cabbage. If Popeye gets strength from spinach to win a free-for-all with a pack of demons, ten thousand kids will demand spinach.

Vahlsing is the biggest shipper of winter vegetables in the United States. Where a housewife orders vegetables by the pound, he orders by the trainload. Instead of the telephone to do his marketing, he uses the teletype.

In an average year he ships 2,500 carloads of potatoes. He supplies half the parsley used in the United States during the winter and is responsible for the general introduction of broccoli. He has shipping offices strung from Wasco, Oregon, to Limestone, Maine, and has the largest single vegetable patch in the world: 10,000 acres in the lower Rio Grande Valley of Texas. Everyone is accustomed to Texas doing things on a large scale. Still, 10,000 acres of vegetables is a right smart kitchen garden.

A Man-Made Paradise

Look at this Rio Grande truck farm, which the United States is eating out of at present. Vahlsing's farm, and scores of smaller ones like it, are all comfortably packed in a space eighty miles long and forty miles wide. This man-made Eden begins where the Rio Grande empties into the Gulf of Mexico. Its rough boundaries are old Mexico on one side, and the fabulous, million-acre King Ranch on the other.

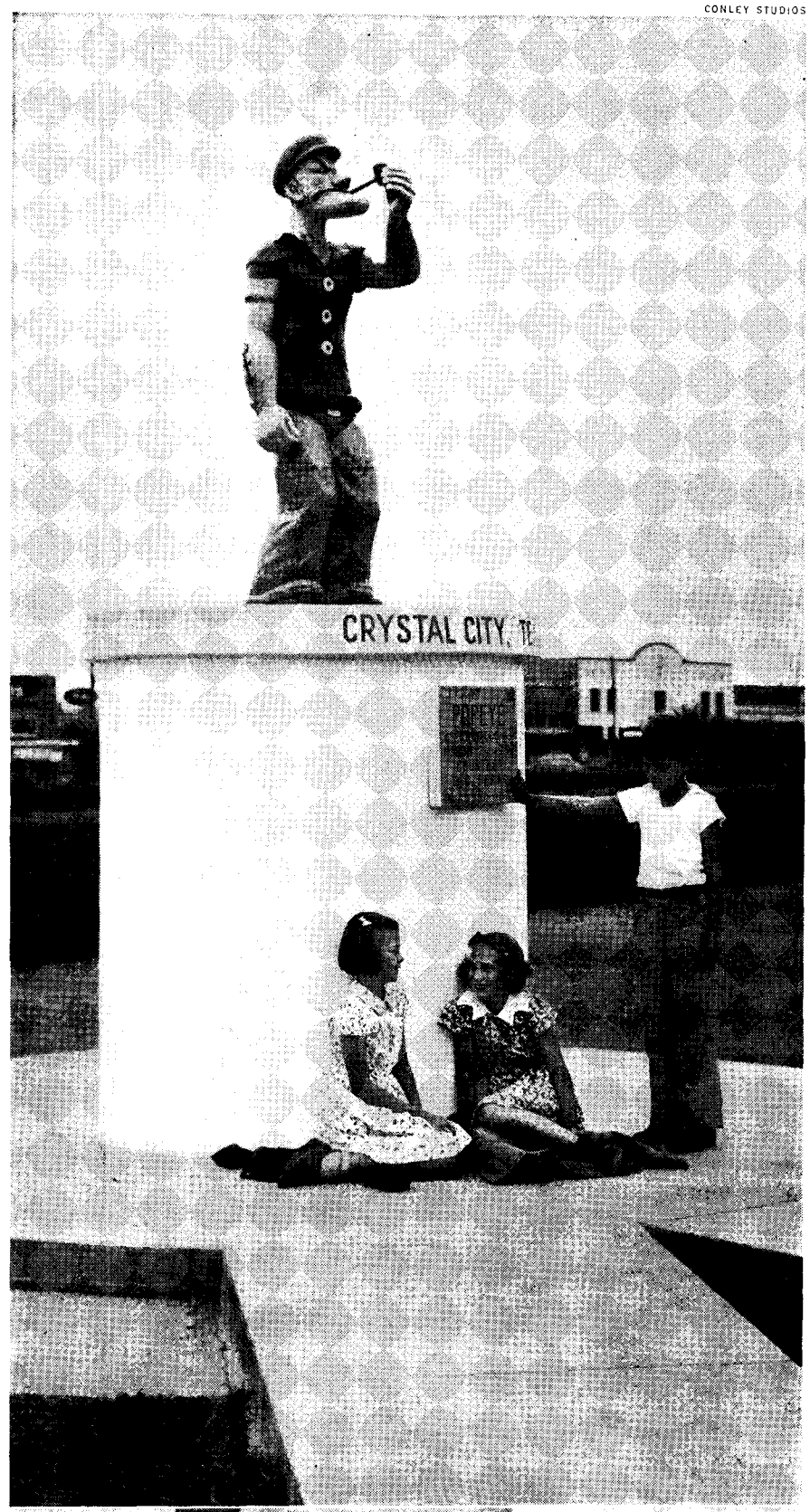
The average farmer considers himself fortunate if his land has a foot of topsoil on it. In the great alluvial plain of the lower Rio Grande there are three to fifty feet of topsoil. The year-round average temperature is slightly over 73 degrees F., and the lower valley hasn't seen frost for two years. Tropical fruits—papayas, bananas, tangerines, oranges, grapefruit and huge ponderosa lemons—grow like weeds in the heavy, black gumbo soil. Stick a broomstraw in the earth, local boosters say, and you'll have a broom growing next day.

There are wild ducks, geese, quail and turkeys by the million and the near-by Gulf supplies more oysters than can be consumed. Farmed the year round, the soil can—and does—produce three crops every twelve months. Yet only a few years ago it was a barren plain of scrubby mesquite, ebony and cactus. This was before the irrigation ditches were dug.

Last century farmers tried unsuccessfully to raise rice. Salt water seeped in and ruined their ground. The last rice mill burned only a few weeks ago. Louisiana planters tried to introduce sugar cane and this, too, was a failure. So the land, worth $1 to $2 an acre, was devoted principally to cattle raising. Lacking transportation, ranchers skinned their cattle and dumped carcasses in the Gulf

(Continued on page 34)

CONLEY STUDIOS



PAUL PETERS

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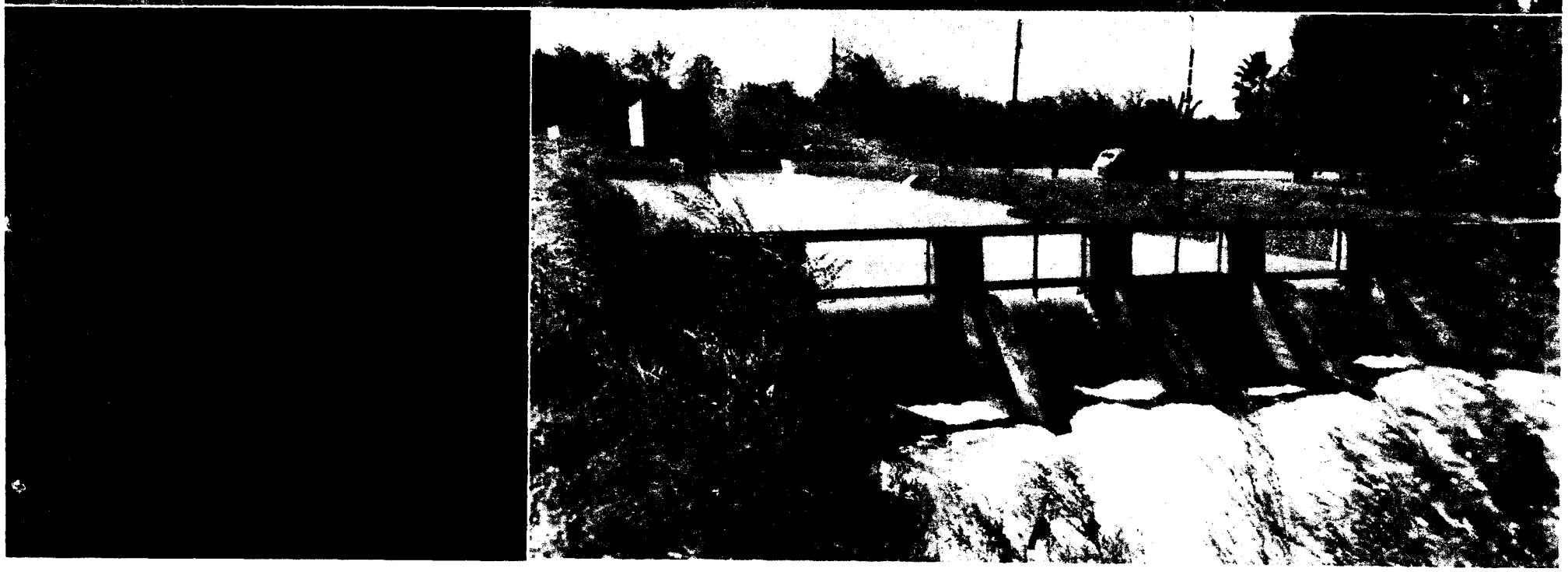

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Guns to the South

By Struthers Burt

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

Sometimes the quiet voice of wisdom may be heard clearly even above the clamorous thunder of guns

LOOKING back upon it, Robin Carter realized it was Juan Davila's going away that set in train the circumstances that were to follow. But at the moment he had been preoccupied with his dislike for Kurt von Hagen. With his depreciation, no longer amused, of the countess. With the edged unrest that troubled him every time he thought of Constance.

Edged unrest? It was more than that. Robin dared not think of the misery that would soon be his. He tried to keep away from his mind the premonition of vacancy that was there, the vision of himself on the train staring somberly out at the somber French night.

Once he said goodby to Constance he would never see her again, except by accident, and then undoubtedly she would be the wife of Kurt.

Well, he must try to make the best of it. Such things happened to a man. He must continue to tell himself that he was, in reality, glad. Glad that at last he was doing something definite. Glad that he was getting away from this senseless and disturbing place and the senseless and disturbing people who frequented it. Glad that tonight he was taking the midnight train back to Tours and his quiet writing of the history of Henry IV.

He looked across the strip of lawn to where Constance was lying in her long chair facing the sea, her eyes half closed, the bronze lashes almost touching the brown of her cheeks. And he was glad, too, he decided, that he had met Constance. It was always worth while meeting lovely people even if pain accompanied it. He knew now that all his life there would be moments when he would remember Constance:

Her slim, compact body in its white bathing suit, as she swam with him before breakfast and afterward from the small crescent beach at the foot of the cliffs. Her bronze head coming up out of the water encased in a bathing cap of white rubber so that it looked like the head of some young Greek warrior in a tight-fitting casque. Her laugh—he would remember that. And the small gay lift she sometimes had in her voice. And the slight slurring accent she had when she used her mother's tongue. And the way she looked at you, steadily, questioningly, without saying anything.

That dead and forgotten Austrian, her father, must have been a charming man. From him undoubtedly she had got the racial white warmth of skin under her summer tan, her amiability; from some American ancestor her clear, candid, dark blue American eyes—from one of those reckless American ancestors Robin's mother had mentioned.

Constance was as simply dressed as her mother was overdressed: a short tennis frock, sandals. Her brown legs were as hard as a boy's, and beautiful. No one, Robin reflected, but the countess would have thought of putting so much lace on a tea gown. Indeed, not many people but the countess would have thought any longer of wearing tea gowns.

He looked at that lady as she sat behind her twinkling tea table, and was once more astonished that anyone could so solidly paint her cheeks. With her round face, her expressionless, bulging eyes, the countess looked like a squirrel. She gestured with the long, ornate, amber cigarette holder she affected.

There wasn't much of those reckless American ancestors about her, was there? Not a trace. Nothing lean nor two-fisted nor impetuous. Describing them, Robin's mother had said, "They had the bluest eyes imaginable!" The countess' father and grandfather, that is. Profane men, apparently, who had dug a fortune out of the Rockies. Despite the countess' habitual stare of slightly insolent amazement, most of the time you had little impression of her eyes except that they were faded. You were too interested in the folds of years of good living that ran from her brow to her chin, too distracted by the flaming glory of her cheeks.

JUAN, dark, slim, laughing easily, only nineteen years old, was going over the Pyrenees to fight—you could see them from where you sat—and the countess had taken it badly. To Robin, watching her here in the garden, her attitude seemed altogether in keeping with the idea he had built up of her in the two weeks he had been her guest. Her inconsequential gaieties and petulances, her insensitiveness, her complete absorption in herself and the busy shallow circle in which she lived. An absorption broken only by her fanatical maternal solicitude for Constance, the child of her old age. The only child left of the three the countess, in her large, international, absent-minded fashion, had presented to the world.

Robin felt that for two weeks he had been listening to a combination of a cascading brook, the Almanach de Gotha and a mother lioness, the latter shown by perpetual if silent vigilance.

And yet, he reflected, you couldn't help liking the countess in a way. Her good humor if you didn't interfere with her. Her sly and gossiping wit. Her almost medieval hospitality. No sooner had he dispatched from Tours the letter his mother had given him, than back had come an answer in the countess' sprawling hand: The son of her dearest friend at school! Her beloved Isobel, whom she hadn't seen for years! Robin—and what a pretty name it was!—must come down at once and stay for as long as he could. Biarritz . . . St.-Jean-de-Luz . . . were particularly gay this summer. More than the usual number of amusing people.

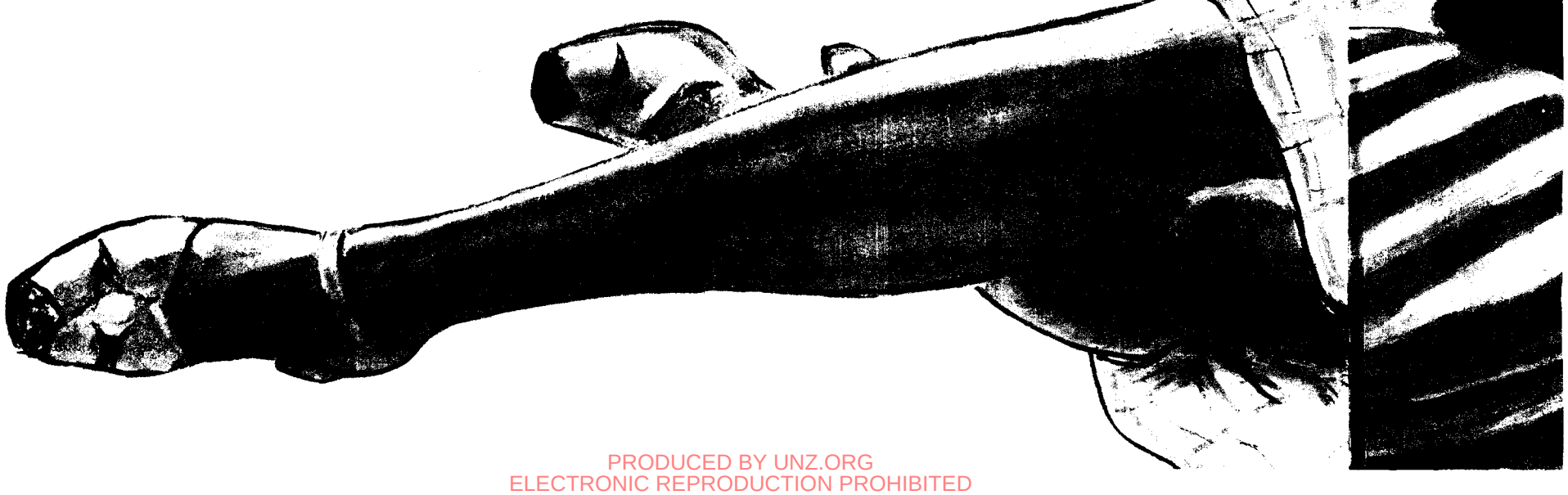
ROBIN had been amused, but not in the way the countess intended. His amusement, carefully guarded, was as sharp as a scythe. These people went about their business of backless bathing suits and orchestras and flirtations and perpetual cocktails as if death were not parading just below the border, half ready to march across the world. These childish, powerful, cynical people from every country in Europe, from South America, from North America! Someone's divorce was more important to them than a stricken crimson city. Someone's unfaithfulness. Their winter plans for Switzerland, their autumn plans for Paris. Robin was not in love with this part of the human race. Often in the blue sky airplanes circled like vultures. And along the roads—everywhere—you saw the wreckage of war. Quiet people; bewildered people, dusky, dirty, homeless; nice people; peasants; little townspeople, who had never done anyone any harm.

And now in this fantastic red-haired woman's attitude—the red, of course, was not the red of nature—was exactly what so appalled him.

You wouldn't think that the countess had lost both her sons twenty years before on the Italian front, would you?

She seemed to regard Juan's decision as a bit of thoughtlessness on his part, as if he had broken a dinner engagement or had stepped on the gown following her into a room. Juan was disarranging her summer.

To the countess he had said, "Goodby, dear Godmamma. I will be back when it is over." To Robin and Kurt, "I shall miss our tennis." To Constance, his dark eyes laughing wickedly at Kurt, "When we win, I will have my estates again, and I will then be in a position to ask more formally for your hand."



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Robin held Kurt down by the throat. "If you move," he said, "until we leave, you will never be able to go back to that dinner party. Remember this"

Constance had smiled back, but only with her lips.

"See-lee! I am twenty-seven!"

"We Spaniards age rapidly nowadays," he had said and was gone.

For a moment the garden was silent, so silent that you felt there had never been anything there but the sound of the waves at the foot of the cliffs and the smell of the yellow and white roses on the sea wall, strong in the salt air. On the moving blue of the Atlantic, the sun, down toward the horizon, touched the water with silver. You could imagine no end to the Atlantic. And then, suddenly, you became aware, as you did at intervals during the day, of a faint underlying throbbing and pulsing that traveled along the ground . . . traveled at about the level of a man's heart. The guns to the south!

Robin frowned. That was another thing! Always when you listened you heard that throbbing!

Nineteen years before, Robin had known that trembling, that sound—he had been little older than Juan—had known them for many months, but nearer and vastly multiplied. And when they had ceased he had hoped that he would never feel or hear them again.

The countess broke the silence.

"I wish," she said in the fluting, helpless tones she used when complaining, "they'd move their war farther away. It was nicer when it wasn't so noisy."

Kurt was leaning forward in his wicker chair, smiling at the countess. The sun glittered in his monocle so that he looked like a blond, rigid, streamlined Cyclops, blind save in one eye, pale blue and cold.

"Don't worry, *Gnaedige*," he said, mucous satisfaction in his precise, guttural English. "It won't last long. It is like shooting wild fowl."

"The Basques!" thought Robin scornfully but said nothing. There was no use arguing with Kurt. Kurt's mind moved in an inhuman medium beyond the realm of ordinary reason. Besides, Robin had noticed recently a growing tendency in Kurt's arguments, a hidden, and not too hidden at that, direction.

A little cold wind ran up the back of Robin's neck. He wished that he were master of cool, silencing rebuke. Some people were. But he hated quarreling, verbal or otherwise. He was really a timid man, he told himself. He was glad that, a little while before, he had beaten Kurt thoroughly at tennis. Had outswum him, too. Childish but satisfactory.

SINCE Robin would not argue with him, Kurt was adopting another form of insult, much more indirect. He was symbolizing, without mentioning him, Robin as a representative of all that Kurt despised, a representative of what Kurt called "the great, sprawling, individualistic, soon-to-be-done-away-with democracies." Kurt was appealing to the supposed traditions of Constance and the countess. He was demeaning Robin in their eyes. Not that Kurt was jealous. He would have thought it laughable, beneath his notice, to be jealous of a man in Robin's position: a mere scholar, a teacher, a man without title and fortune. *(Continued on page 24)*

He looked across the strip of lawn to where Constance was lying in her long chair facing the sea. And he was glad, he decided, that he had met Constance

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"When Mademoiselle Estravados was playing with a balloon I saw the truth"

Murder for Christmas

By Agatha Christie

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

WEALTHY old Simeon Lee notifies the police by telephone of the disappearance of some valuable rough diamonds that, for years, he had kept in a safe at his estate, Gorston Hall. A short time later, while he is alone in his bedroom, someone slips in and cuts his throat—when the door and the windows are locked.

Superintendent of Police Sugden reaches the house immediately after the murder. He is followed by Colonel Johnson, chief constable of the county, and Hercule Poirot, a distinguished Belgian detective who happens to be in England. The three men interrogate everyone in the house. Assembled around the dead man are Mr. Lee's son, Alfred, and Alfred's wife, Lydia (who have presided over Gorston Hall for years); and Mr. Lee's two other married sons and their wives: David, an artist, and Hilda; George, a member of Parliament, and Magdalene. Also, Harry Lee, who is regarded by his brothers as a useless wanderer; Pilar Estravados, old Simeon's granddaughter; and Stephen Farr, a chance guest who claims to be the son of Mr. Lee's one-time partner in the diamond business in South Africa, Ebenezer Farr.

Everyone professes to know nothing of the crime, and—although Horbury, Mr. Lee's valet, is for a time strongly suspect—Johnson, Sugden and Poirot fail to find the killer. . . . Poirot leaves a small package on a hall table. Magdalene, unable to control her curiosity, opens it. The package contains a false mustache. And Poirot already sports a beautiful mustache! *Why should he need another?*

A heavy stone ball—one of two flanking an entrance to the house—disappears. Whereupon, Poirot informs Pilar Estravados that she is in great peril; he warns the girl to be on her guard, every minute. . . . Sugden receives a cablegram. He shows it to Poirot. It reads: "Ebenezer Farr's only son died two years ago." The message does not seem to surprise Poirot. . . .

As Pilar enters her room, a heavy object—the missing ball—falls from the top of her door, and narrowly misses her. She screams, and everyone near by rushes to her. In answer to Poirot's insistent questioning, she admits (at last) that, at the time of the murder, she had been near Mr. Lee's bedroom door, and that she had seen someone standing before the door. "Whom did you see?" Poirot asks. "I don't know," the girl replies. "It was too dark to see. But it was—*it was a woman.*"

Conclusion

SUPERINTENDENT SUGDEN looked round at the circle of faces. He said with something as near irritation as he had yet shown, "This is very irregular, Mr. Poirot."

Poirot said, "It is a little idea of mine. I wish to share with everyone the knowledge that I have acquired. I shall then invite their co-operation, and so we shall get at the truth."

Sugden murmured under his breath, "Monkey tricks."

He leaned back in his chair.

Poirot said, "To begin with, you have, I think, an explanation to ask of Mr. Farr."

Sugden's mouth tightened. "I should have chosen a less public moment," he said. "However, I've no objection." He handed the cable to Stephen Farr. "Now, Mr. *Farr,* as you call yourself, perhaps you can explain *this?*"

Stephen Farr took it. Raising his eyebrows, he read it slowly out loud. Then, with a bow, he handed it back to the superintendent.

"Yes," he said. "It's pretty damning, isn't it?"

Sugden said, "Is that all you've got to say about it? You quite understand there is no obligation on you to make a statement—"

Stephen Farr interrupted. He said, "You needn't caution me, Superintendent. I can see it trembling on your tongue! Yes, I'll give you an explanation. It's not a very good one, but it's the truth."

He paused. Then he began:

"I'm not Ebenezer Farr's son. But I knew both father and son quite well. Now try and put yourself in my place (my name is Stephen Grant, by the way). I arrived in this country for the first time in my life. I was disappointed. Everything and everybody seemed drab and lifeless. Then I was traveling by train and I saw a girl. I've got to say it straight out! I fell for that girl! She was the loveliest and most unlikely creature in the world! I talked to her for a while in the train and I made up my mind then and there not to lose sight of her.

"As I was leaving the compartment I caught sight of the label on her suitcase. Her name meant nothing to me, but the address to which she was traveling did. I'd heard of Gorston Hall and I knew all about its owner. He was Ebenezer Farr's one-time partner and old Eb often talked about him and said what a personality he was.

"WELL, the idea came to me to go to Gorston Hall and pretend I was Eb's son. He had died, as this cable says, two years ago, but I remembered old Eb saying that he had not heard from Simeon Lee now for many years and I judged that Lee would not know of the death of Eb's son. Anyway, I felt it was worth trying."

Sugden said, "You didn't try it at once, though. You stayed in the King's Arms at Addlesfield for two days."

Stephen said, "I was thinking it over—whether to try it or not. At last I made up my mind I would. It appealed to me as a bit of an adventure. Well, it worked like a charm! The old man greeted me in the friendliest manner and at once asked me to come and stay in the house. I accepted. There you are, Superintendent, there's my explanation. If you don't fancy it, cast your mind back to your courting days and see if you don't remember some bit of foolishness you indulged in then. As for my real name, as I say, it's Stephen Grant. You can cable to South Africa and check up on me, but I'll tell you this—you'll find I'm a perfectly respectable citizen. I'm not a crook or a jewel thief."

Poirot said softly, "I never believed you were."

Superintendent Sugden stroked his jaw cautiously.

He said, "I'll have to check up on that story. What I'd like to know is this: Why didn't you come clean after the murder instead of telling a pack of lies?"

Stephen said disarmingly, "Because I

(Continued on page 37)

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Court Marshal

By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE A. MONAHAN
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

That man with the basketball is Ned Irish, reformed newspaperman, who pumped up the cage game to major-sport dimensions

GIVE me them Stanfords for my money," the tall gentleman without the tie said, reaching for another tall one.

"A bunch of heavers. A bunch of chuckers," the short man said scornfully, and the bartender nodded his head in agreement.

"I'll take that St. John's team of 1930, the Wonder Team they called 'em," the bartender said. "Them babies could throw a ball through a needle and they was so fast that they could pass the ball and then run down and catch it."

"I'll still take them Stanfords," the tall man without the tie said.

The short man sniffed contemptuously. "You should've stayed in bed."

It is like that now in the saloons that dot Eighth Avenue and the sinful side streets near New York's Madison Square Garden, the present capital of basketball in the United States and foreign possessions. The scrambled-eared gentry who once talked nothing but fights over their tall beers now discourse more or less learnedly on this thing called basketball.

They will talk as long as the sawdust on the floor holds out on such subjects as "picking off" of players and the present liberal interpretation of the rule in regard to blocking. They will discuss the long-shot system used by Long Island University, the closely knit defense used by New York University, the quick break used by Stanford, and the one-hand toss used so devastatingly by the Western teams. Ask them about Henry Armstrong or John Henry Lewis and they will look bored and counter by asking you whether you think Hank Luisetti of Stanford was as good as Buck Freeman of St. John's was in his prime.

It is like that because a youngster named Ned Irish graduated from the University of Pennsylvania a few years ago and then went to New York town in search of fish and chips. His pursuit led him to the sports department of the World-Telegram. During the winter months his assignment was to cover basketball. It was not much fun covering basketball because even with your press ticket it was very difficult sometimes to jam your way into the small gymnasiums where the games were held. It took a very robust sports writer to go through a whole winter season without losing at least two coats, a dozen shirts and as many ties.

The day after a game young Ned Irish would pick up the paper to look at his story and invariably his eye would be caught by the headline, "Capacity Crowd Watches St. John's Beat Fordham," or "Crowd Riots as N. Y. U. Bows to City College." Always that word "crowd" was prominent in the headline.

Everyone Liked the Game

For three years young Ned Irish trudged to the gymnasiums or to equally inadequate armories to report the doings of New York's basketball teams. He noticed that during the basketball season the copy boys were especially polite and always on the day of a game he would hear them ask, "Got one for tonight, Mr. Irish?" He noticed that the phone kept ringing in the office and people he hadn't seen for years would be asking him to dinner. They would always add with just the right tone of casualness, "By the way, Ned, have you an extra ducat for tonight's game?"

It seemed as if everyone in New York wanted to see the basketball games between the local colleges. Yet only a very few could be accommodated in the small basketball emporiums. Why, reasoned the astute Mr. Irish, couldn't the colleges play in an arena that was large enough to seat everyone who wanted to see (and pay to see) the games?

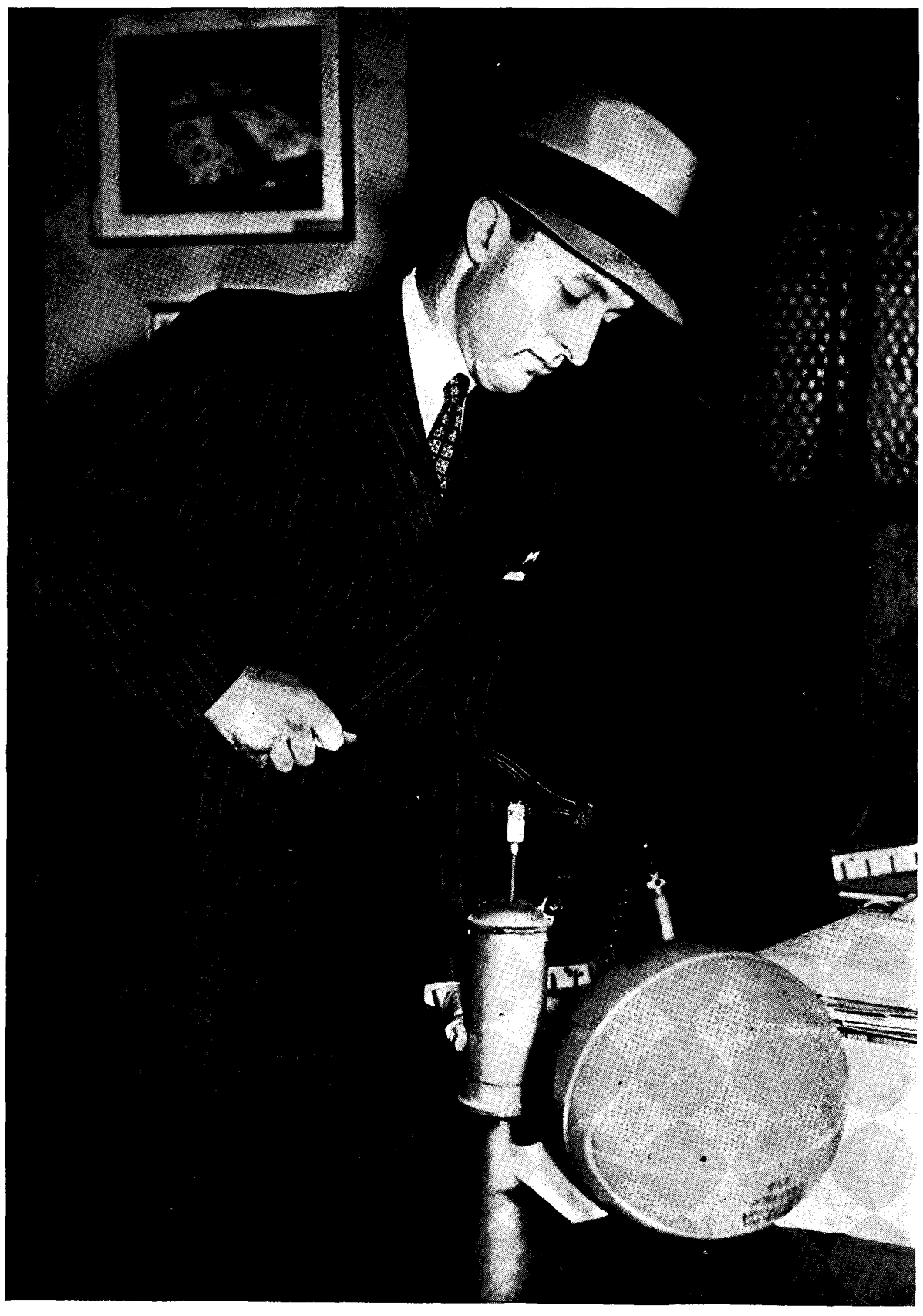
"It seemed very silly to me," Mr. Irish says now. "Thousands of people wanted to see every game and only hundreds could be taken care of."

This was in 1931 and they were running post-season football games for charity. Someone thought it would be a good idea to run a basketball game for charity. But where? Madison Square Garden was suggested but at first the college authorities put their pretty little hands over their eyes in horror and consternation. The thought of holding a college basketball game in this temple of fistiana that was dedicated to professional sport seemed a dreadful thing. However, there was a breadline on the Bowery that winter three blocks long and another at Times Square and there were others at Chatham Square and Park Row. There were hungry men in New York that winter.

The sports writers rolled up their sleeves and went to work. Men like Dan Daniel, Bill Corum, Grantland Rice, Joe Williams, the vitriolic Dan Parker—all pleaded that the college authorities stop their nonsense. There were hungry men in New York and that game would feed a lot of them. Finally it was arranged. Fordham played St. John's and when the two teams trotted out on the Garden floor there wasn't an empty seat in the arena and police were holding back thousands who were trying to get in.

When he woke up the next morning Ned Irish wasn't just another sports writer. He was a man with an idea. It was going to take some time to sell his idea but he was confident that he could do it. He would sign up the Garden (if someone would lend him a fountain pen) and then he'd go after the big Midwestern teams (if he could wire them collect) and sign them up for games to be played in the Garden against New York teams. Fortunately New York has always had top-flight basketball teams. N. Y. U., Fordham, St. John's, Long Island University, Columbia were consistently good. All of them but Columbia fell in line with Ned's idea.

The first show Irish ran brought Notre Dame against New York University in one game and Westminster (Pennsylvania) College against St. John's in another. Irish, before the game, had said with a bit of false confidence that he expected ten thousand paying customers. But he missed it by nearly seven thousand. He forgot that Notre Dame is a magic name in New York. The subway alumni turned out in force to see the basketball players of Notre Dame just as a few weeks before *(Continued on page 35)*



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Two for the Money

By Harlan Ware

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL CORDREY

The story of a Hollywood man whose wife was a much cleverer person than he was

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THEY had two of everything now. Two homes, one in Hollywood and another in Palm Springs. Two cars for each home and two chauffeurs for the cars. They had two children and two nurses for the children and both sets of in-laws living with them. They had two bank accounts—neither very healthy—and two English sheep dogs and two boats, the ketch and the motor launch. They had two separate master bedrooms in each of the two houses and they had had two bitter, serious quarrels in a single day.

Two of everything, thought Lorna Culver suddenly, making a list in her mind. She was in shorts and halter bra, sitting near the shallow swimming pool, which was on the lower terrace, below the big one. From the tennis courts, beyond the high wire fence with its abundant overpouring of purple bougainvillea, she had heard Jim's voice as he said: "Wait, Georgina. I'll get my other racket."

Joy, the three-year-old, and little Jimmie, seven and infinitely older, having heard their father's voice, were now blinking water from their eyes as they climbed hopefully from the pool.

"Hi, Daddy," said the little one, waving.

Lorna tensed as her husband came through the arbor. He paused beside the children. She was sure that he would look up at her now—smile, perhaps—and make another effort to recover what they were losing. But he didn't. He kissed the top of Joy's blue swimming cap, put his tan, hard arm briefly around young Jimmie's shoulders, said, avoiding her: "You kids having fun?"

Then he hurried on. . . .

"My, my!" said Mother Culver, who was having a dish of ice cream on the upper terrace, "Lorna and Jim are quarreling again."

She didn't say such things to be annoying, Lorna knew; but then, she didn't say them with alarm, either. She merely commented, without malice and without humor.

Jim inherited his sense of humor from his father, Lorna thought. Then she wondered: What sense of humor? After a moment decided: The one he used to have.

Dad Culver was doing something with a rake in the bushes near the barbecue wall. He was trying to dislodge a badminton shuttlecock from the pepper tree.

"Get me the other rake, Hoto," he said to the gardener. "This one ain't long enough."

Mother Barton said: "What can we do about their quarreling?"

"We can all mess around in it," suggested Dad Culver, "and try to make it worse."

The gardener ambled up with the other rake; but just then Dad Barton walked off the badminton court.

"I've had too much sunshine," he said. His face was very red.

Dad Culver, in immediate agreement, sat down on the garden bench and mopped his brow.

"Let's go fishing," he suggested.

"I've fished," said Dad Barton, loudly, pulling up a chair of his own, "until I hate the smell of 'em. That's one trouble I never expected to have," he said. "You know, sir, one thing—back home, in Illinois, it seemed to me that if I could retire and sit somewhere with a fish pole in my hand and let the rest of the world go by, why, there couldn't be a heaven above comparable to that. And when I come off the all-day boat yestiddy, I knew I'd got all through with it. I give my pole to little Jimmie—that seventy-five-dollar pole!—and I says to myself, 'Nuts to that from now on!' "

"Don't I know!" said Dad Culver. "One of the reasons I wanted to retire was so's I could get enough badminton. By golly, now I got too much."

"I'll never get enough ice cream, though," Mother Culver said, clicking her spoon busily against the dish.

LORNA, drying the children now, under the pergola, asked: "Jimmie, did Grandpa Barton give you his fish pole, really?"

"Sure," said Jimmie. "So did Dad. Now I got two fish poles, but nobody to take me fishing."

"Gimme one," said Joy. "Gimme one fish pole, Jimmie-Jimmie."

"Just call me one Jimmie," he said, sternly. "Mom, what's this habit she's got calling me Jimmie-Jimmie?"

"It's something in the air," Lorna said.

She snuggled them into their towel robes.

"Get dressed now, you kids," she said, giving them each a spank. "Run along."

Joy danced on her toes.

"We'll go find our nurse-nurse," she said. "Come on, Jimmie-Jimmie."

"Look *you,*" said little Jim. "You got two nurses but only one brother." He sighed heavily, taking her hand. "Mom, she can't get figures through her head yet. She's confused, she is."

The four grandparents smothered them with kisses when they reached the upper terrace. They struggled free, and ran. Long after they'd gone into the house, Lorna still stood watching.

We're mad, she thought. We're out of our minds.

SHE walked along the flagstone path, through the profusely flowering garden, toward the tennis courts. She was thinking: Now I know what's wrong. She opened the gate, passed thoughtfully around the court, toward the benches.

The usual people were there; the usual, gleaming people. Here all the women were glamorous and all the men were handsome; here were the loveliest voices, the pleasantest personalities. Here were only lean, hard bodies.

"Hi, Lorna! Where've you been?"

"Darling!"

"How *are* you?"

It was always as if you'd been away for months and had just come back, and they were giving you a surprise party. Their cordiality was one degree above normal. They were always actors and actresses, not merely people. Some of them she admired, though; some had high courage, and wisdom, were thoughtful and generous. But—it seemed to her today—they were too generous, and too wise—

I'm jumpy, she thought. They're really swell.

She greeted them all, matching their warmth. Then she sat down between Buddy Boyden and the gorgeous Georgina. Georgina Sewell, in her shorts and peasant scarf, with her famous legs, her rounded, lovely, schoolgirl shoulders.

"Jim's putting up a whale of a game these days," said Buddy, admiringly. "Championship stuff."

Suppressing her admiration, she watched Jim. He volleyed sharply from mid-court, won the point. A thrilling play.

Georgina breathed: "He's quite good, really."

What's this? Why, Georgina, darling, that's an understatement. That's not like you.

Hadn't it always been "Magnificent"—or "Terrific"—or "Superb!" She studied Georgina. The extra-special admiration wasn't on her face today. She watched the play with detachment, almost indifference. Why, how odd! And as if it had been published in Winchell's column, Lorna knew, then.

Jim served. He tossed the ball high, the racket smashed down, the drive sizzled not an inch above the net and landed in the far corner of the service court for an ace.

"Very nice," murmured Georgina.

BENNY GOLDMAN was a hard-muscled, deeply tanned little man, with a mordant sense of humor. When he came to sit beside Lorna during the doubles game she knew that he was preparing to say something that would hurt—and he knew it would hurt. He was gentle in his greeting; there was premature sympathy in his voice.

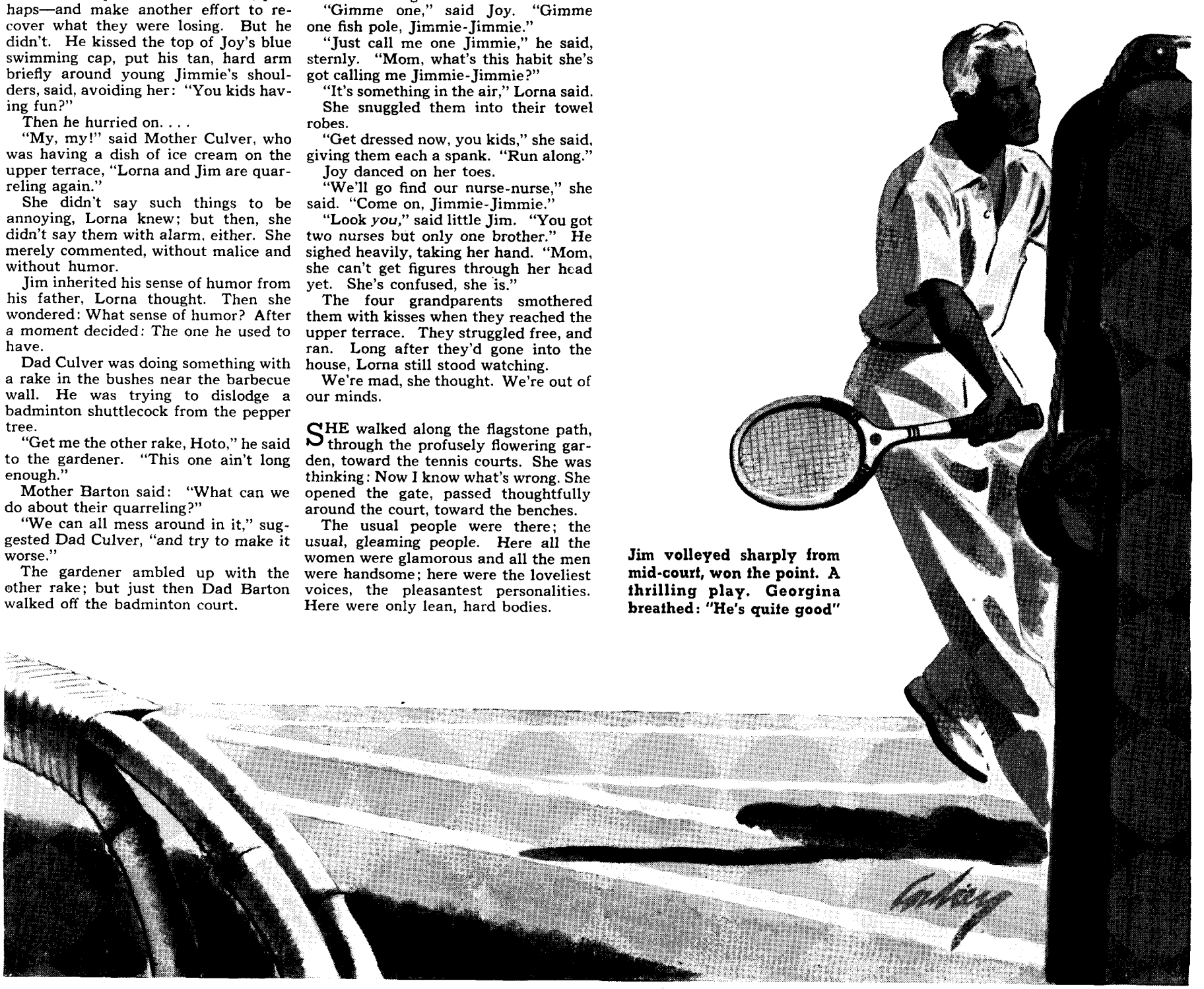
"If you're going to talk about Georgina," Lorna said, "you needn't bother, Benny."

He shot her a quick, admiring glance.

"Maybe you're joking," he said, solemnly. "You know me better than that, my lovely."

But they both measured Georgina; she had finished her service before Benny went on: "I was going to talk

(Continued on page 48)



Jim volleyed sharply from mid-court, won the point. A thrilling play. Georgina breathed: "He's quite good"

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Gene said harshly, "You're crazy. He can't be dead"

The Story Thus Far:

JUDITH CLAYTON'S wealthy father dies. His will provides that his brother-in-law, Jonas Morgan, be the sole executor, and that the entire estate be turned over to Judith, when she is twenty-one—*but only if she is married.*

Morgan, it so happens, is a crook. Learning this, Judith (more than twenty-one, and still single) realizes that she must either bring suit against the man (and so create a scandal) or find a husband.

She finds a husband: Alan Hughes. Alan—a loyal old friend who, although in financial difficulties, has no desire to live off any woman—marries her, on the understanding that the marriage is to be simply a business arrangement, a stratagem to get around the will. Alan owns a home. There they spend their "strange honeymoon"—Judith occupying her suite of rooms, Alan occupying his, both as free as they have ever been!

Two of Alan's friends—Angel Fremont and Gene Lyons—warn Alan that Joe Carter (whom Alan has exposed as a crooked gambler) is planning to injure him, to get revenge. Alan does not take the warnings seriously. Then, late one night—when Alan is motoring with Angel on a lonely Long Island road—Carter follows him and so maneuvers his car that Alan is forced to leave the road. Unable to control his car, Alan runs into some obstacle and is injured. And when Angel brings Alan home Judith knows (or thinks she knows) that Alan and Angel are in love!

Judith takes possession of her estate. Feeling that his presence is a source of annoyance to his "wife," Alan moves out of the house, takes quarters elsewhere. And when Gene Lyons, who owns an escort bureau, offers him a job as office manager, Alan takes it. Busy with his work and not suspecting the truth—that Judith has fallen in love with him and longs for his return—he lets several weeks pass without even telephoning to the girl he has "married." At last, however—after Judith has phoned him—he calls on her. They dine at a restaurant. They go to a movie. They return to Judith's home. There, at the front door, they say good night.

Judith snaps off the light in the vestibule, and moves toward the stairway. She hears a sharp explosion—outside. She rushes to the door, flings it open.

Strange Honeymoon

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

VI

ALAN was still there. Judith had known instinctively that he would be. He was standing on the steps, cigarette in hand, his eyes wide. There was a humorless smile on his lips. She put out one hand and said, "Alan! What was that?"

"What was what?" She thought his voice trembled slightly, but she couldn't be sure.

"That explosion."

"Oh . . . *that?*" He shrugged. "Car backfired."

She felt that he was lying, that his debonair manner was a pose; but he was so quiet and casual about it that she said good night again and turned to go in. She stepped again into the vestibule and as she reached for the knob she saw something.

Inexpert as she was in such matters, Judith needed no second guess. And she was suddenly calm—now that she knew. She asked, quietly, "Who shot at you, Alan?"

He answered with equal calm, "Joe Carter, I presume."

She motioned him inside, closed both doors and followed him into the library. She was tight all over, physically and mentally. She asked, "That was the backfire?"

"Yes."

"Tell me what happened."

The beads of perspiration on his forehead furnished the only evidence of his own fright. "I was standing there lighting a cigarette and wondering whether to walk or grab the bus. A car came along. I think it had been parked up the street, but I'm not sure. As it got opposite here, it slowed down. There was a shot, and I dropped. Instinct of self-preservation, I reckon. The car jumped ahead and disappeared around the corner—uptown."

"You—you weren't touched?"

"I've got nine charmed lives. That's becoming increasingly obvious." He sank down on the couch. "Lady, I can't play the hero any longer. I'm limp as a rag."

She said, "This can't go on indefinitely, Alan. Carter won't fail every time."

"Persistent cuss, isn't he?"

"You've got to do something, Alan."

"Yes . . ." His eyes were hard and there was a new squareness to his jaw. "I *am* going to do something about Mr. Carter. I'm not certain what it'll be, but I'm going to do it. And soon."

ALAN'S office memo said: "Dinner party—Skytop (2); Dinner, theater, supper, Marvel (1); Supper, dancing, Wow Club, Wee Sma', Franklin, Bower (6); Gene Lyons, Tunisia, 2 A. M. (about); Tux."

It was all routine to Alan by now: the spots where the very proper young gentlemen of the Gotham Escort Bureau were to take their ladies, the hours they were supposed to be there, and the numbers in parenthesis indicating the number of escorts on duty at each particular spot.

The dinner at the Skytop, of course, the most important affair. The social eminence of the hostess marked the occasion as a long step in the right direction for the bureau, one that would have been impossible of achievement without the social managership of Alan Hughes.

Looking back over the negotiations, he recalled with some amusement the perturbation of the hostess—not to mention her embarrassment—at resorting to such an institution as an escort bureau. But she had been desperate, since attractive single men were at a premium in New York, and an appalling number of them had been unavailable for her party. Alan could have told her the answer—which was that most affairs given by her were excruciatingly stuffy, and attractive gentlemen avoided them with enthusiasm.

He recalled her doubts, and then her surprise when he showed her, confidentially, the list of available escorts. She said, "Oh, my goodness, I didn't think . . ." at which point she might well have stopped without injury to truth; and then she gasped, "Why, they're really from very nice families."

(Continued on page 45)

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THE MAN AND THE TRUCK

rking Partners of the Highway

MILLIONS of loads of merchandise travel by truck each year—wheels on the road and a driver in the cab. And now that it's winter, the traveling is tough. Pleasure traffic heads for cover, but trucks—*and a man for every truck*—must stick to the job! Man and truck go all the way together, cross-town or cross-country—a close and intimate partnership that means a great deal for America.

Here's a fact that won't surprise truck drivers, but it may be news to you: *More heavy-duty trucks are purchased from INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER than from the next three manufacturers combined* . . . There are plenty of sound and practical reasons why the man in this man-and-truck partnership is so often teamed with an International. Hundreds of thousands of International drivers sum it up something like this: "It's a great go-getting truck that you can depend on from every angle and for any need, and that goes for the service too!"

So much for the partners on the highway. Of course the *owner* belongs in the picture too—and how! He's the BOSS. He buys the truck to start with, *and that means he and the driver feel the same way about it.*

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago, Illinois

INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER sells more heavy-duty trucks than the next three manufacturers combined.

Heavy-duty Internationals range from 2-ton up to big 6-wheelers . . . The same owner-driver satisfaction applies to Internationals of ½-ton to 1½-ton capacities. See any International Company-owned branch or dealer about *quality trucks* and *low-cost hauling.*

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

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Guns to the South

Continued from page 17

But he was fiercely possessive. Over and beyond what Robin represented, Kurt resented his presence in the house, especially as during this leave Kurt was visiting someone else.

And it was funny, too, when you came to think of it: Kurt's arguments, Robin's silence. An observer would have found it even funnier.

Robin with his spare height and powerful shoulders; his grave, aquiline, easily fierce American face; his gray, eager eyes. Robin, who had actually been a soldier, although he hated it, and this pink-and-white, slender, cruel young man, with his almost feminine gestures, down from his embassy in Paris! A diplomat who, so far as Robin knew, couldn't do squads right.

Kurt had been exactly eleven years old when the guns had cooled along the French frontier.

Abruptly Constance stirred in her chair. Sat up. Got to her feet. "I'm going een to the house," she said remotely and hurriedly. "I'll see you all at dinner."

The countess watched her as she crossed the garden.

"She feels very bad about Juan," she said. "He was like a brother to her. I have practically brought him up since his parents died. A cocktail, Kurt?"

"Heavens, no, *Gnaedige!* I must go off to dress. What time is dinner?"

"Eight o'clock."

KURT kissed her hand, wheeled upon Robin, clicked his heels and bowed. His monocle glittered sardonically. The gravel of the walk crunched under his heels.

"He's so sweet!" sighed the countess. She was fitting another cigarette into her holder. Robin lit a match for her. She looked up at him. "Tell me, Robin —I have come to trust your judgment so much. Don't you think he will make an excellent husband for Constance? He will bring her out. Form her character. He is so direct. He knows so much what he thinks. And he'll take care of her in these dangerous times. That's very important, isn't it? I'm so glad you had a chance to meet him."

Robin went back to his chair.

"You'll have a cocktail, won't you? You won't desert me?"

"Yes," said Robin somberly. He laughed. "At least two."

The countess raised her head and looked at him.

"You are sad at leaving?"

"Yes."

"But you like your work, don't you? You are glad to get back to it. I remember so well the town where you teach. I used to go down to it from Chicago when I was a girl. Gracious, how long ago that was! And how simple and quiet life seemed! I've almost forgotten what it was like, being an American."

She peered at Robin with one of her absurd, screwed-up looks of concentration, so at variance with her usual scatterbrainedness. "Robin, I want to thank you, now that you are going away. I want to thank you deeply. You have been more than honorable. You are a true son of your mother. I remember that it was she who first taught me not to cheat at school. You have been wonderful, Robin. Almost unmodern. A— what do you call it? I can't remember my classics. A Sir Galahad. That's it! You haven't given me a moment's worry.

"Between ourselves, you're the first young man that hasn't. Even Eric Stratton, English gentleman that he is and officially engaged as he is to a girl in London, hasn't been half as honorable. No, not one half. You have made me proud again of the United States. And you're very good-looking, Robin. Very impressive, and, with a great future, I hear. You and Constance must have so much in common. She's a very studious girl, you know. Very studious underneath. And as for titles and things like that, the world is too uncertain nowadays for them to count any longer. No, Robin, you've been exceptional, and I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart. I feel almost as if I had discovered a son. I am sorry you are going away."

ROBIN was touched. He had never heard the countess speak this way before. And then, abruptly, obliterating the warmth that was stirring in him, she ran off on her accustomed high horse. He had never met such a woman! So unaware of what other people were thinking and feeling! So blind! Anyone else would have known he hated Kurt; that Kurt hated him. A really intuitive person might even have suspected how he felt toward Constance. He had been sardonically amused at the countess' gratitude for his behavior, especially since she had been so much responsible for it, but her real affection for him had soothed him. He wasn't soothed now. He felt as if a gimlet with an interrogation point on its end was boring into his brain. The countess was insisting that he tell her what he thought of Kurt, but —a good deal more than that—she was insisting that he admire Kurt. Well, that was altogether in keeping with her bubbling tyranny.

"Would you like to see it under artificial light?" C. W. ANDERSON

You see, the countess explained, she couldn't talk to Constance. Not a word. Not about anything serious. Robin might not believe it, but she was really afraid of Constance. Robin admitted that probably she spoke the truth. He had noticed that gently, amusedly, dutifully, but none the less consistently, Constance treated her mother like a child.

Robin felt as if a load of rocks had been lifted from his chest when the countess announced that it was time that they, too, got ready for dinner. He went soberly up to his room.

The silly old fool! What a curious two weeks of intimate unintimacy it had been! He felt as if he knew every inch of Constance, as if she had become a part of his life, except for the really important area in which she thought deeply, desired and decided. That was partly her fault. She was a very implicit person. You took her as she was or not at all. "I am an Austrian," she had said. "We are a beaten people. Eef we try to pull life to pieces, to analyze eet, we shall go mad." She would not even discuss the fracas below the border. "Do not spoil our time together," she had said. "Who knows? Leave eet alone."

Robin could not decide whether she had resigned herself utterly to what circumstances intended for her, or whether he was intended for her, or whether she was in smoldering revolt.

Very early in his visit the countess had explained the situation, her voice elaborately casual.

KURT and Constance had grown up together. Kurt's father and her husband—the countess' husband—had been devoted friends, although of different nationality. It had been understood long ago that one day Kurt and Constance would marry. A pledge had been given. Moreover, three people involved in the pledge were now dead. The countess was the sole custodian. You couldn't break a pledge, could you? Especially to dead people?

Robin had been amused and mildly flattered. At any rate, the countess considered him potentially dangerous, which was more than most of her friends would have done. He put that down to vestiges of an American youth. But she needn't have worried. He had no intention of making love to a girl like Constance. When he had chosen to be a teacher, a scholar, he had realized there were certain things he would have to forgo: girls like Constance, for instance. Imagine asking Constance to leave Berlin and Vienna and Paris, and Biarritz, to be the wife of a professor in a small Midwestern university town!

Robin in his undershirt and shorts leaned on his window sill. The big muscles of his baseball and wrestling arms stood out. Below him in a moon-darkened tree a nightingale burst into song. A series of trills; an incredible, unceasing aria.

"Like the countess put to music!" thought Robin. And suddenly once more, beneath that singing in the garden, he heard the trembling and the pulsing to the south.

"Evening hate!" he said to himself. Usually at night the guns were silent. Juan's friends were taking advantage of the moonlight. Strange to hear that sound of death and above it, clear and undisturbed, this small ceaseless song that all through the ages had symbolized the first impulses toward new life! "Pretty soon," thought Robin, "between bombardments, there will be no time either for love or birth. Women will have to live in caves."

Abruptly Robin was homesick—homesick for dark, quiet, elm-shaded streets where the lights shone out from houses set in trees and you heard the sound of passing footsteps and distant, amiable voices. He wanted to get back to people who, whatever their faults, still took good will for granted. He wanted to get back to that smaller group who, dauntless, still regarded the truth as something important.

He dressed soberly and went down into the garden.

THE round table with its silver candelabra had been set in a corner near the sea wall, and in the near-by trees had been strung Japanese lanterns. Pedro, the countess' Spanish butler, moved about the table touching a piece of silver here and there, studying the arrangement of the yellow roses. Pedro moved like a bullfighter. Robin smiled at him and walked to the sea wall and lit a cigarette and looked at the Atlantic, the moon high above it. It was the fourth of July, he remembered. "Very nice and appropriate," the countess had said, "for your farewell party!" And Robin had been uneasy. He did not trust the countess' taste. He felt relieved. The countess had not even succumbed to little flags. Presently Robin turned to find Constance beside him.

In her shimmering white evening gown, with her small bronze head, she looked like a shaft of moonlight. This was the last night, Robin told himself. The last time, perhaps, he would ever speak to her alone. He felt sorry for her, leaving her here so near to those guns. Leaving her here with Kurt. Like Ajax he wanted to shake his fist at heaven. What difference did his pride make? What harm could it do to tell her? Perhaps, later on, it might help her to remember.

"They will not leave you alone, those guns, will they?" she said, staring at the sea. "Now, they even make the moonlight frighteneeng." It was the first time she had mentioned them. She spoke again in the same level, absent-minded voice. "My father was a soldier but a gentle one. I wish you could have met him, Robin. He would not have bombed women and children and old people and peasants. Curious—just before he died he said, 'Pretty soon they weell leave nothing but what makes life eetself. That they cannot keel. Pretty soon they

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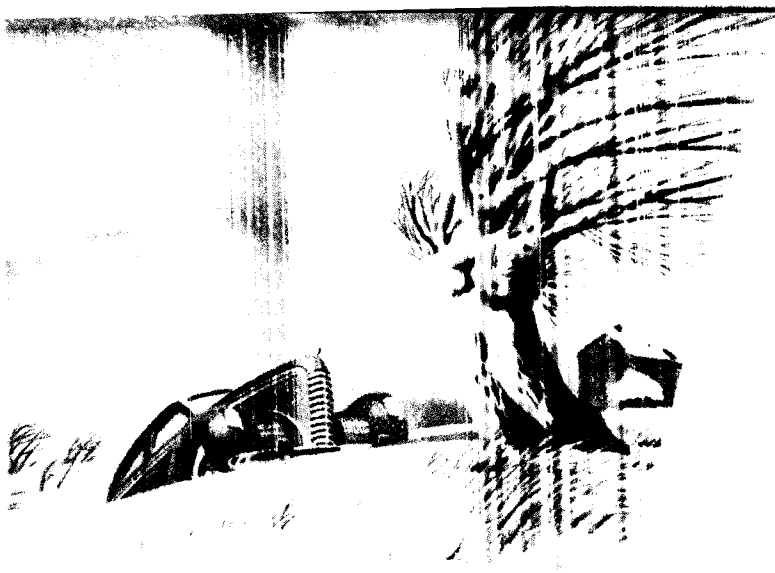
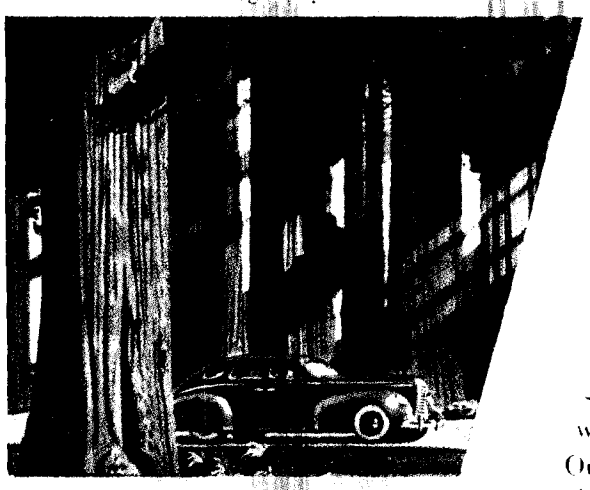


IT'S *Ho!* FOR STORMY WEATHER!

DON'T BE a "stay-at-home"! New exclusive "Weather Eye"* works magic with Nash Conditioned Air System . . . a turn of a dial floods the interior with fresh air, kept warm as June automatically. No more cold-breeding stuffy air or window-steam.



SILENT AS A FOREST . . . the most restful ride in your whole driving experience . . . with Sand-Mortex Soundproofing, and new 40% longer Super Shock-absorbers.

PICK OUT A DAY when there's murder in the sky, and only hardy souls dare venture out of doors.

Make that the day you learn about a Nash.

Without overcoats, mufflers, or gloves, you slide into the big, wide seat. You point that proud hood into the teeth of the gale and *let yourself go!*

There's a mysterious little dial at your knee. Just "tune it" like a radio.

Quick as a wink, January turns into June!

With all windows closed, there's a flood of fresh, invigorating, clean air—exactly heated, and circulated without drafts.

Stuffy air—the moisture of your breath—the smoke of your cigarette—whisk away. The wide windshield does not fog.

Outside, the mercury tumbles to zero—the wind and your speed vary. *But you never feel it!* For this uncanny Nash "Weather Eye"* also *outguesses* the weather! Maintains your comfort automatically.

Like a moving picture, the storm battles outside . . . while you sit in your shirt sleeves, chatting . . . relaxed . . . enjoying every minute.

• • •

Hate winter? You'll love it in a Nash! Want to know more? Then touch that throttle—learn what we mean by "a hurricane of power"! Try that wheel . . . those brakes . . . the new steering post gear shift.* (Every control seems to read your mind.)

See the bed-in-a-car, look at the appointments . . . then, *quick*, ask the price.

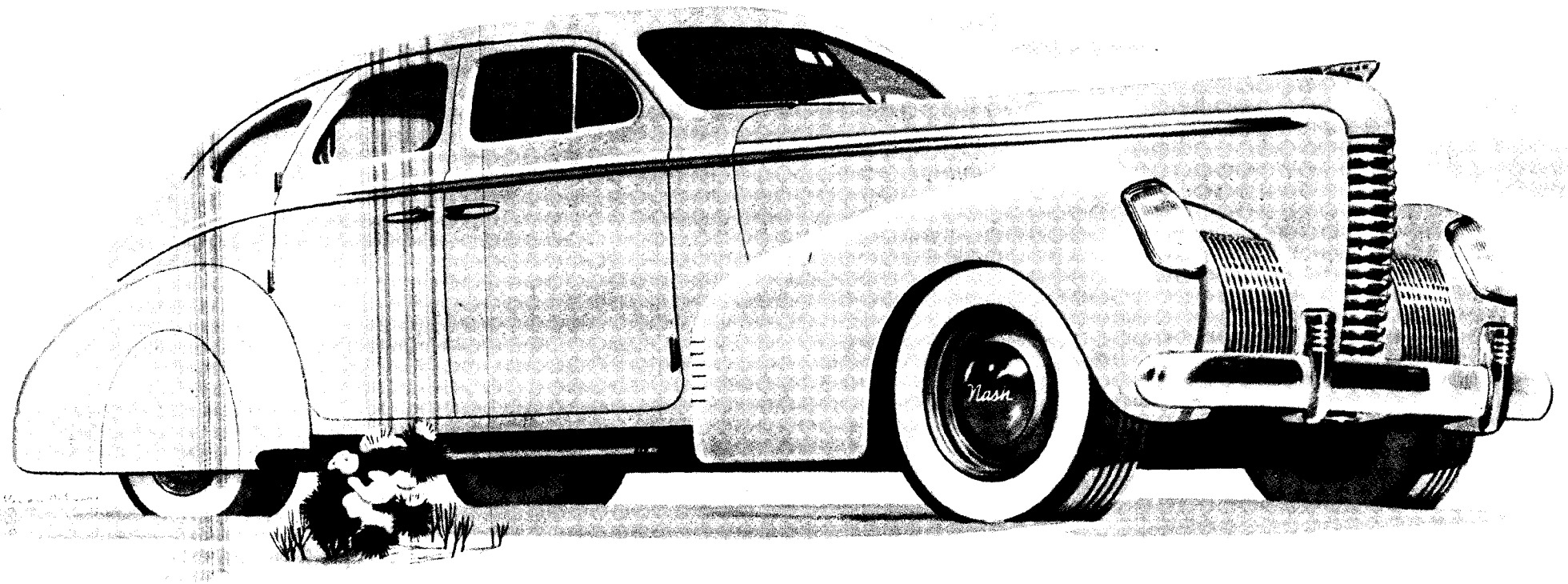
For once in your life, it's good news! *Ten* models are now priced next to the lowest!

You pick the day—we'll furnish the car. Over 1800 Nash dealers from Maine to California offer nation-wide service. NASH MOTORS DIV., Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Michigan.

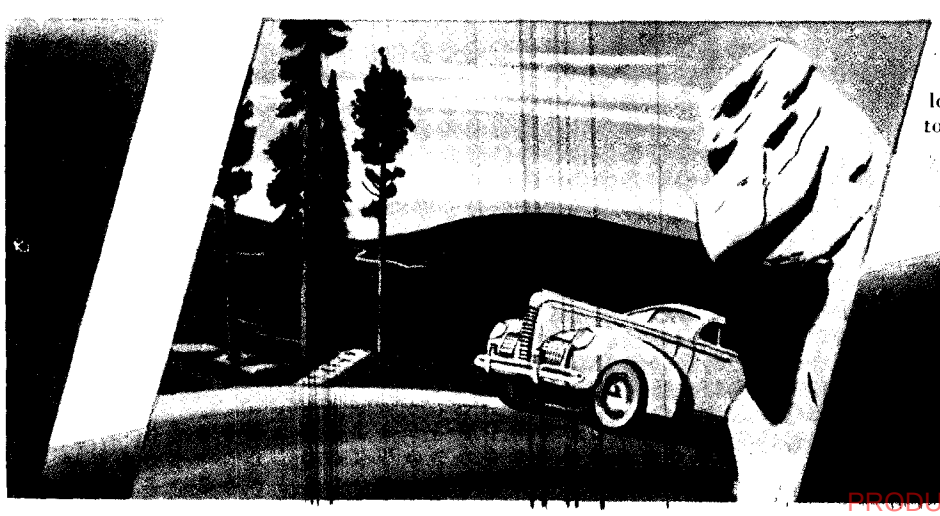
Four Series of Great Cars. 22 Models . . . 10 Priced Next to the lowest . . . Delivered at Factory, as low as $770. Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included.

$770

(*Optional Equipment Slight Extra Charge)



Car illustrated . . . 4-Door Sedan, 117-inch wheelbase . . . $840 delivered at Factory . . . Standard Equipment and Federal Taxes Included . . . White Sidewall Tires and Rear Wheel-Shields are optional at Extra Cost.



LIKE NOISELESS WINGS, an Automatic Fourth Speed Forward* (combined with terrific power), buoys you over the miles. Even in lowest-priced models you flash from 15 to 50 m.p.h. in 13 seconds, *high* gear!

It's That New NASH

THE CAR THAT EVERYBODY LIKES

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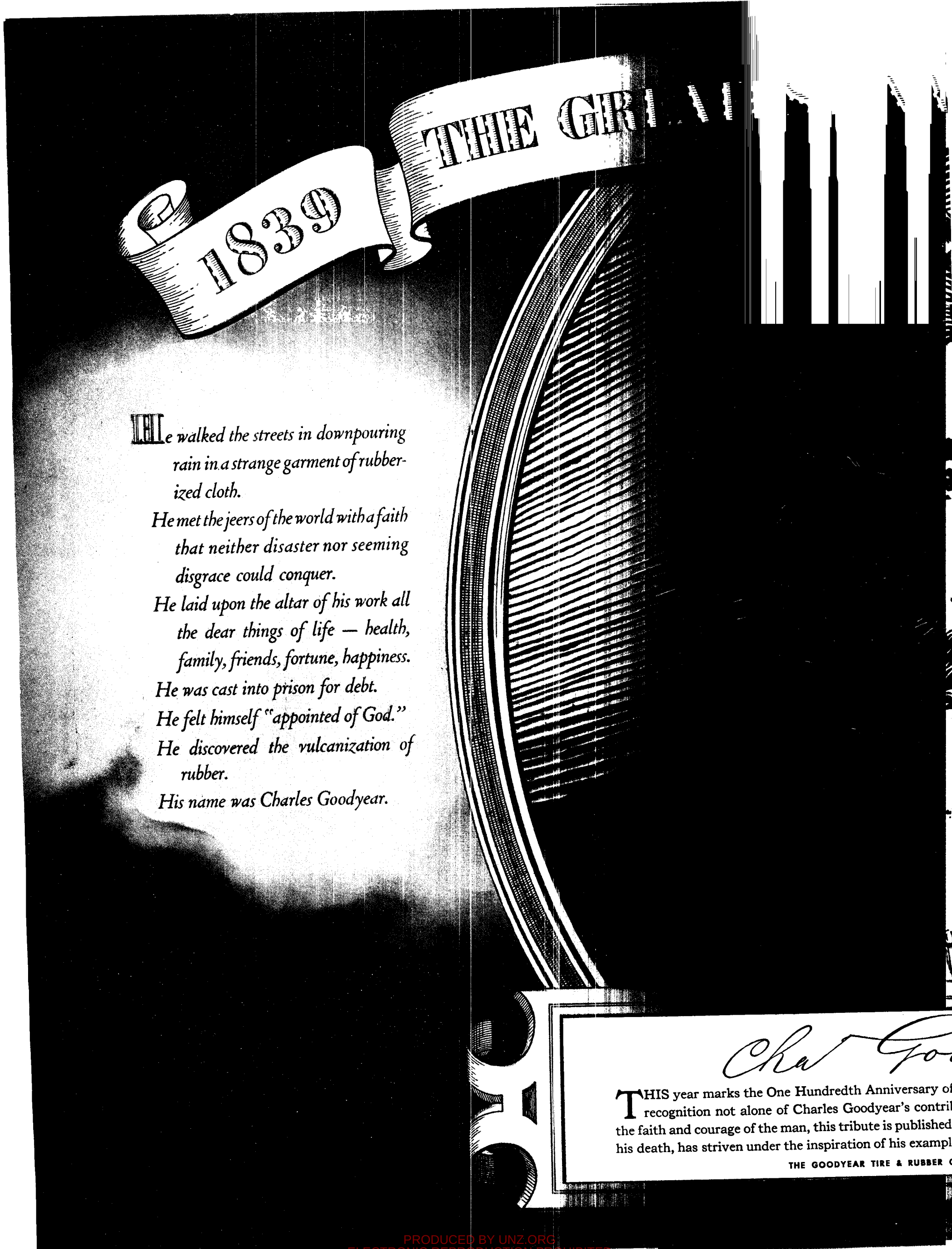

He walked the streets in downpouring rain in a strange garment of rubberized cloth.

He met the jeers of the world with a faith that neither disaster nor seeming disgrace could conquer.

He laid upon the altar of his work all the dear things of life — health, family, friends, fortune, happiness.

He was cast into prison for debt.

He felt himself "appointed of God."

He discovered the vulcanization of rubber.

His name was Charles Goodyear.

Char Goo

THIS year marks the One Hundredth Anniversary of th
recognition not alone of Charles Goodyear's contribut
the faith and courage of the man, this tribute is published by
his death, has striven under the inspiration of his example, a

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COM

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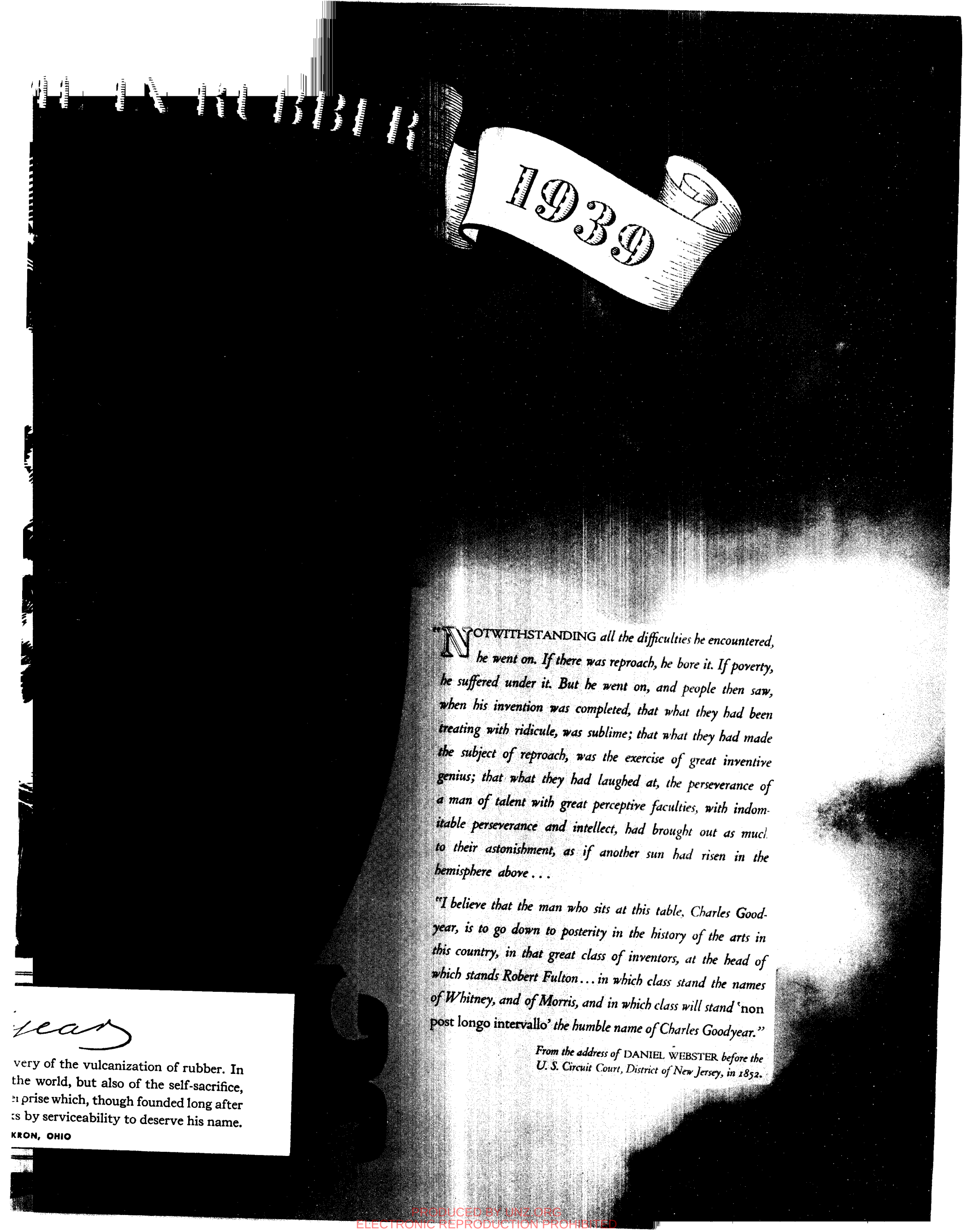

"NOTWITHSTANDING all the difficulties he encountered, he went on. If there was reproach, he bore it. If poverty, he suffered under it. But he went on, and people then saw, when his invention was completed, that what they had been treating with ridicule, was sublime; that what they had made the subject of reproach, was the exercise of great inventive genius; that what they had laughed at, the perseverance of a man of talent with great perceptive faculties, with indomitable perseverance and intellect, had brought out as much to their astonishment, as if another sun had risen in the hemisphere above . . .

"I believe that the man who sits at this table, Charles Goodyear, is to go down to posterity in the history of the arts in this country, in that great class of inventors, at the head of which stands Robert Fulton . . . in which class stand the names of Whitney, and of Morris, and in which class will stand 'non post longo intervallo' *the humble name of Charles Goodyear."*

From the address of DANIEL WEBSTER *before the U. S. Circuit Court, District of New Jersey, in 1852.*

Years

very of the vulcanization of rubber. In
the world, but also of the self-sacrifice,
prise which, though founded long after
s by serviceability to deserve his name.

KRON, OHIO

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The Bukowskis are pals at work, home and play—Louis Bukowski and his father, Walter F., do a lot of fishing after hours. Many of the Studebaker craftsmen are expert sportsmen. The Studebaker Rod and Gun Club is said to be one of the world's largest and most successful game conservation organizations.

Studebaker is famous for its *"father and son"* teams of craftsmen!

Their sound, solid workmanship is one reason why the stunningly beautiful new 1939 Studebaker is such a stand-out buy!

YOU could travel the world and you wouldn't find another automobile factory with anything like Studebaker's number of long-time expert craftsmen.

Many of them are fathers and sons—born with Studebaker skill in their blood—descendants of Studebaker workmen whose vehicle-building achievements were world-famed long before anyone ever dreamed of an automobile.

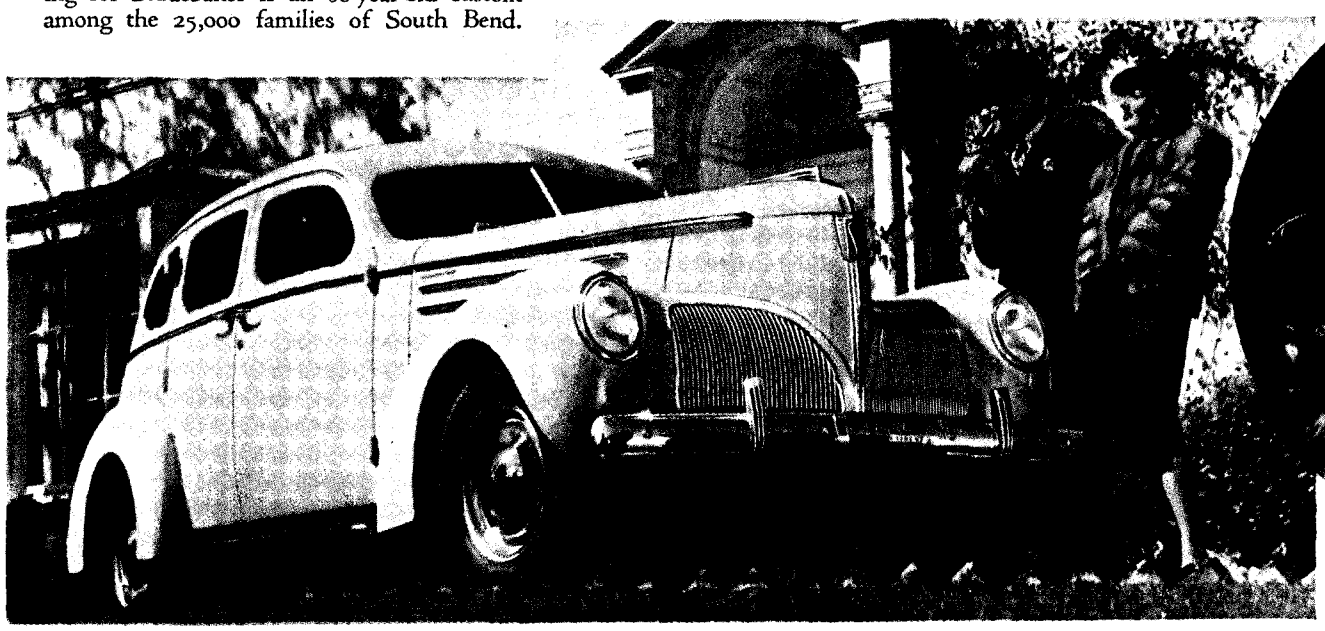
It is because Studebaker quality goes back to such vigorous, healthy, fruitful roots that Studebaker cars consistently go on unimpaired for years and for thousands of miles more than any motorist expects.

Employing no transients, giving job preference always to members of present or former Studebaker employees' families, the Studebaker management never has to worry about the maintenance of the traditional Studebaker standards of craftsmanship.

And thus, there is time and opportunity to foster the needed and lasting improvements in motoring that originate each year in the great Studebaker engineering and research laboratories and on the 800-acre, million-dollar Studebaker proving ground. The Studebaker Corp., South Bend, Ind.

Carrying on in the name of the Kerezstes family is tool-maker apprentice Floyd C., pictured above with his father, Floyd J., who is one of the many home owners among the Studebaker craftsmen. Half the working force of 7,300 at Studebaker has been on the payroll for 10 years or more.

The smiling Lundquists are farmers as well as craftsmen—The father is 62, the son 31. They're solid citizens as well as sound workmen. Studebaker started in 1852. Working for Studebaker is an 86-year-old custom among the 25,000 families of South Bend.



World's smartest car is the 1939 Studebaker—Acclaimed by Europe's foremost designers. Priced close to lowest, with steering wheel gear shifter, automatic hill holder, non-slam rotary door latches, planar independent suspension. Automatic overdrive and central fresh-air Climatizer slightly extra. Low down payment—easy C.I.T. terms.

Edison Shearer gets an earful of advice from his dad—They're both rated "tops" as Studebaker craftsmen. Milton Shearer, the father, is 52 years of age. The son is an enthusiastic amateur airplane pilot with a student license. The average age of Studebaker's master craftsmen is almost exactly 40 years.

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will leave only a woman standing by a man, and a man standing by a woman.' He must have had a veesion."

"I'll tell her!" said Robin to himself. He put his hand over hers where it lay on the sea wall. Her hand stirred. "I will tell her!" he said to himself.

Behind him Kurt spoke, and Robin wheeled.

"The countess wishes you in the drawing room," he said. He seemed to be amused by Robin. "The sea is very beautiful tonight, isn't it? . . . No?"

THE little leaf-shaped flames of the candles stood up straight in the windless night, orange in the gold of the moonlight. You could hear the sea lisping at the foot of the cliffs. Robin looked around the table. He was sitting at the right of the countess and on his right was one of the Broughton twins, fresh-colored and tawny. Robin had found it hard to talk to the Broughton twins; he found it hard to keep his mind on what was going on. Across from him was Eric Stratton, dark, smiling, insouciant, and beyond Stratton was the other Broughton twin—Germaine, her name was—flushed by her proximity to the possible heir to a dukedom, even if he was already spoken for. Beyond her was de Castelnau, unexpectedly blond, if you had forgotten how blond so many well-born Frenchmen were. At the farthest curve of the table were Constance and Kurt. He was leaning toward her, smiling.

Abruptly he wished that he were a rich and careless and dishonorable man, with a yacht standing off this coast. He would come then on a night like this and take Constance away with him.

Presently Kurt was explaining precisely and gently, with a gentleness quite different from the manner he used toward Robin, his often-repeated theory of hate. Robin had seen him fall again and again into the traps Eric Stratton set for him. Eric delighted in baiting Kurt as much as Kurt delighted in trying to get Robin into argument. During a lull in the talk, Eric had looked at Kurt and asked drawlingly, "How's *schrecklichkeit?* You've got another name for it now, but it's the same old gentleman's agreement."

Eric didn't understand, Kurt said. As a matter of fact, no one could understand unless he or she belonged to one of the great warrior nations. At this de Castelnau had stared and raised his head, and Robin had seen his jaws set. The lack of hate, hatred of some traditional enemy, of vile things and vile people, was what differentiated the great warrior nations from the other nations of the world. It was what kept the warrior nations hard, in training, willing to sacrifice everything. Hate, properly understood, was not a vice but the most shining of virtues. A sword to be kept burnished. A spear to be kept sharpened. And so on. And so on.

Dessert was over and fruit was on the table, and the countess had told Pedro they would take their coffee and liqueurs . . . and some more champagne . . . where they were, since Monsieur Carter had to catch a train. Kurt finished. His long lean face, leaning forward into the light as he talked eagerly, had looked like a skull. "Well—thanks very much!" said Eric. "I understand perfectly." He raised his glass and laughed at Robin. "Here's to you, old poltroon!" he said. "To both of us!"

"I'm in that, too!" said de Castlenau.

In the momentary silence you could hear the throbbing to the south.

The countess had a brilliant and inconsequent idea. Because of what Kurt had just said, she thought it would be amusing to test everyone's mind. You know?—that ancient alphabet game. Where you started down the alphabet and with each letter everyone said what was in his or her mind. No cheating! Straight out!

"A," said the countess.

"Atlantic!" said Robin.

"Appetite!" said the Broughton twin, and blushed.

The letters went rapidly around the table.

"W," said the countess.

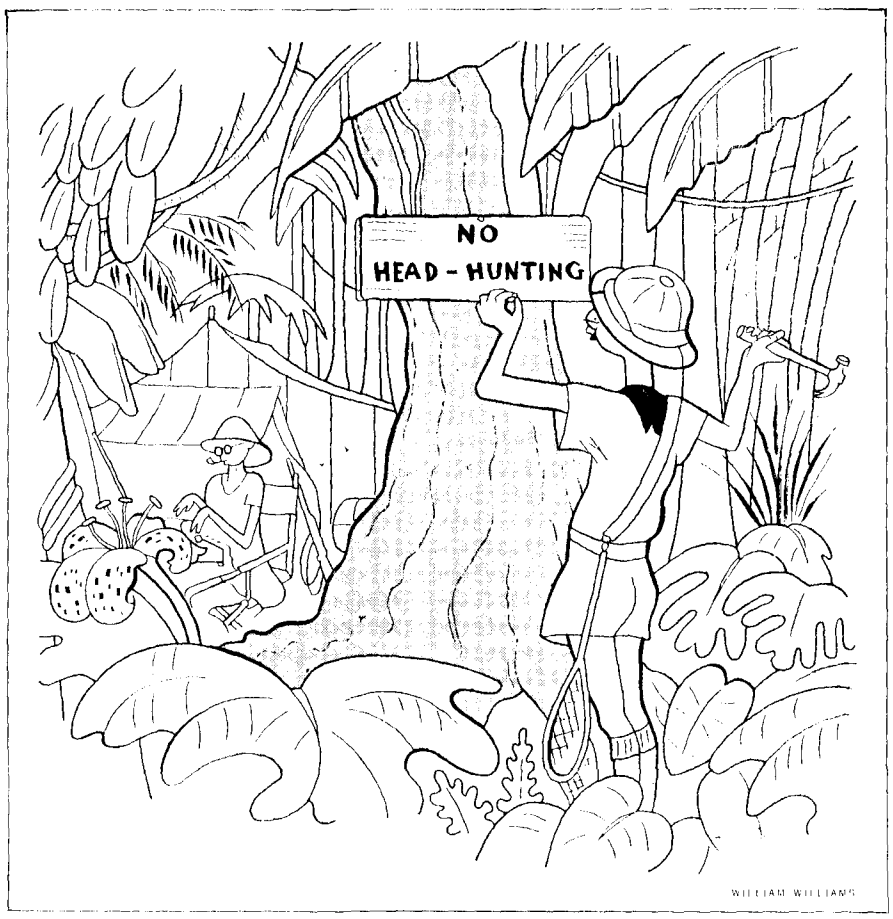
Robin was watching her. "Now, that's strange!" he said to himself. If it had been anyone else he would have thought there was some purpose in this childish pursuit. The countess was leaning forward, looking intently at each of her guests in turn, like someone watching the ball at a roulette table, and for the first time Robin noticed that her eyes could also be dark and blue.

"Work!" he said.

"Wedding!" said the Broughton twin, and blushed again.

"Woman!" said de Castelnau. "Not women—woman! You, my dear countess!"

"Worry," said Constance, and laughed.



"War!" said Kurt suddenly and loudly.

"He didn't mean to say that quite so loudly," Robin thought.

"Gracious!" said the countess. "In ten minutes you'll have to leave, Robin!" and was on her feet, a glass of champagne in her hand.

ROBIN was astonished. If it hadn't been for her breathless, expressionless voice, he would have thought her a most accomplished speaker. She didn't approve of after-dinner speaking, said the countess, especially on the part of old women, but tonight she was very much moved. She was moved because tonight she was saying goodby to the son of her dearest friend at school; she was moved because this—and she trusted she was not being rude to Eric and Sylvia and Germaine—was the fourth of July, if anyone had ever heard of it except Robin and herself; and above all, she was moved because here at the table were four young men, each belonging to a different nation, three of whom she had known since they were little boys—Kurt, Eric and Robin. Here they all were sitting at her table, friends, and laughing, and drinking her wine. Wouldn't it be foolish if tomorrow they fought? You couldn't help thinking of such things with that sound going on all the time. . . . She motioned with her head toward the south. . . . Perhaps she was especially moved because that afternoon Juan Davila had gone away and because Pedro . . . She looked into the shadows where he was standing . . . had told her he was going, too. Pedro had been with her for ten years, and he would fight on the other side from Juan—Pedro, who also had helped bring Juan up. What did they think of that?

SHE looked down into her glass, then up. For a moment Robin thought her voice was going to change, but it didn't. Robin, she said, came from a part of the United States she had known as a girl, and that had reminded her that from the same part of the United States . . . Sangamon County, Illinois sounded outlandish, didn't it? . . . had come a man who had said a number of wonderful things. Perhaps they were old-fashioned. She didn't know. At all events, here was one of the things he had said: With malice toward none; with charity for all."

Robin thought he had never heard the words so quaintly quoted.

She raised her glass.

"To peace!" she said, and sat down. "I hope," she added, "I haven't been silly."

In the silence you heard the guns once more.

Stratton got to his feet, and looked at her, and then around the table. "Drink!" he said. "And on your feet—!" He looked at Kurt, "And every drop of it!"

The countess turned to Robin. "You must really go, Robin. Constance will drive you in. No! Of course she will! Antoine will bring your luggage in the other car. Goodby, my child. Kiss me, American fashion."

Robin kissed her with a warmth he had not thought possible. She gave his hand a little affectionate shake. In it she left a note folded into a tiny square. Robin put it into his pocket.

He went up to his room and changed his clothes and came down into the hall. Constance was waiting for him, a tweed coat over her evening gown. Kurt was standing beside her. "I will go in, too," he said. "I do not think it right she should drive around at this time of night alone."

"Nonsense!" said Constance.

Robin drew a deep breath and walked up to Kurt, and looked at him. "No," he said gently, "no, you will not go in with her."

Kurt's eyes widened and he drew himself up.

"You said?"

"I said," said Robin, "you will not go in with her."

"Stand out of the way!" said Kurt harshly, and put out a hand and brushed Robin aside.

"Now this is too bad!" thought Robin. "They do not understand such fighting, and it will hurt his pride." He reached out and took Kurt by his arms—he was astonished by their weakness—and placed a leg back of Kurt's, and gently and slowly laid him on the floor. Suddenly he was furiously angry. He held Kurt down by the throat. "If you move," he said, "until we leave, you will never be able to go back to that dinner party. And remember this, you cruel dog, when some day you have someone at your mercy . . . I haven't hurt you." He stood up and turned to Constance. "Let's go," he said.

French railway stations are the dreariest in the world. They are especially dreary around midnight. French locomotives make noises like despairing children. Robin stood by the steps of his coach and Constance stood before him, the collar of her coat turned up, her hands in her pockets; and back of Constance stood Antoine with the baggage. Constance and Robin had hardly spoken at all driving into Biarritz. She was disgusted with him, naturally. Well, he was disgusted with himself. It was very nice of her to have driven him in after what he had done to Kurt.

CONSTANCE was staring down the tracks toward the engine. Suddenly she turned to Robin, frowning.

"I theenk," she said earnestly, "you will have to come back. Eet ees necessary."

"Necessary?" Robin shook his head wearily. "No—it's impossible."

She frowned even more heavily and her delicate chin thrust itself out obstinately. She raised her eyes with an effort and met his squarely. "Eet ees necessary," she said. "You are in love with me."

"Good Lord!" said Robin.

Along the train the guards were calling. "*En voiture, messieurs et mesdames! En voiture!*" The engine screamed mournfully. "Well—" said Robin confusedly. He shook hands with Constance. "I've had a wonderful time. . . !" He turned toward the steps, Antoine, with the bags, following him. Then he remembered the countess' note. Perhaps here was something that needed an answer. He paused and took the square of folded paper out of his pocket and opened it. He read the sprawled writing hastily. "Dear Robin," it said, "I think, although I can't be sure, that my daughter adores you. Will you please find out before you force me to break a pledge. All afternoon I've come pretty close to it. Do you think I want my grandsons killed as well as my sons? ROBERTA VON ARNHEIM.

"P. S. Good gracious, and you pretend to be an expert on Henry IV! If that magnificent man loved a woman he took her. . . . Or has the world changed even in that final aspect?"

Robin threw back his head, wheeled, and pushed Antoine back along the platform.

"Not by a darn' sight!" he said out loud and vehemently.

He had an impression that he turned just in time to prevent Constance from crying.

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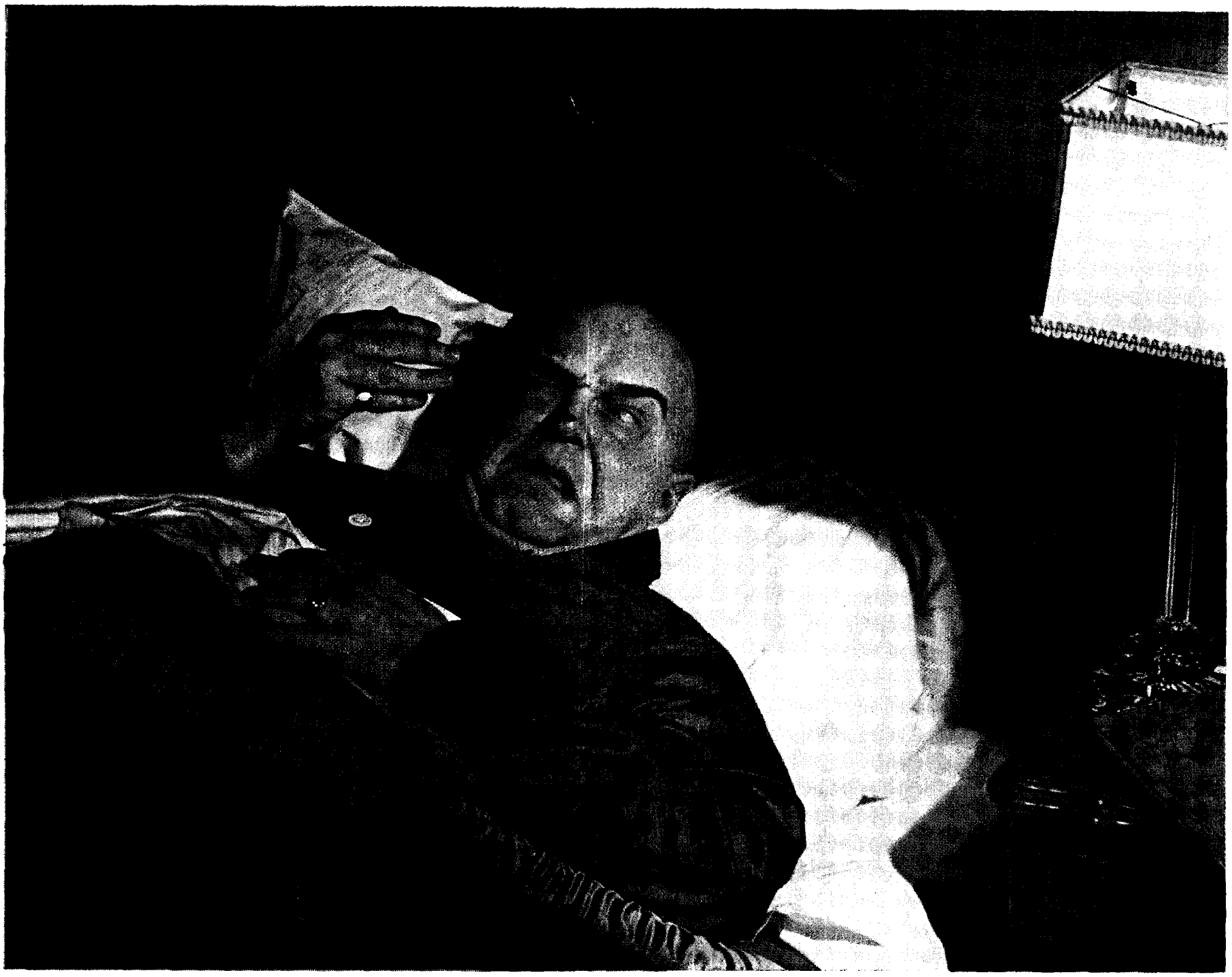

Sound sleep is fine, but science says it isn't as essential to your health as you or Comedian Victor Moore may have supposed

Bedtime Story

By Hannah Lees

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEO AARONS

Did you have a good night's rest? If you say no, you're probably kidding yourself. Scientists have proved that a good rest doesn't necessarily mean unbroken sleep. Here are their discoveries in night life

IF YOU think you sleep like a log, dead to the world all night, that just shows what unexpected things can go on while you're napping. For scientists have discovered lately that nobody, no matter how sound a sleeper he is, ever spends more than twenty-five minutes at a time in unbroken, motionless slumber, and most people don't spend more than eleven. That isn't very long either, but don't begin to feel tired right away, for they have also discovered that that alarming little fact is quite all right with your body; you rest just about as well twisting and turning as you do motionless. Seems hard to believe, doesn't it? But it's true. Scientists in laboratories all over the world have been doing a lot of research on sleep, and by a number of almost absurdly simple little experiments have discovered not only this but a good many other surprising things about sleep and what it does to us.

By striking a gong, for instance, in the ears of dozens and dozens of peaceful sleepers at definite intervals and with various degrees of loudness they've found out just when during the night people are hardest to awaken, which means, of course, just when they sleep the soundest. By attaching a little recording device to the bedsprings of a good many patient experimentees they've discovered all those things about people twisting and turning in sleep. And then, by giving their experimentees all sorts of physical tests and psychological tests after all sorts and lengths of sleep, they've found out pretty much what sleep and lack of sleep do to your health and general efficiency. And it's mostly not at all what you'd think.

You probably have friends who talk bravely about tossing all night and then dropping off toward morning, and maybe they do. But most people do their soundest sleeping and their only really sound sleeping in the first three hours after going to bed and it's during the rest of the night that they're apt to do the twitching and tossing. They may not be conscious from the moment their heads hit the pillow till they lift them in the morning, but they'll have done a lot of stirring just the same, or so the bedsprings say. And the funny thing is, psychological and efficiency tests given after that first three hours and after a full night's rest have proved that the last five hours of restless slumber do more if anything to put you back on your toes come morning than the first three hours of heavier sleep.

All of which means that science is busy proving it's not how hard you sleep that counts but how long. And remember that next time you answer your grandmother's sprightly "Sleep well,

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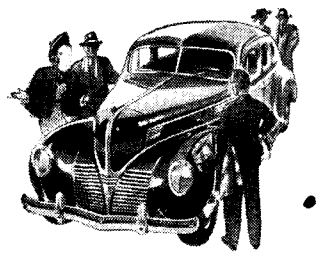
WHAT 1939 CAR GIVES YOU MOST FOR YOUR MONEY?

TAKE A LOOK! New kind of speedometer, with a "safety light" on speed indicator which glows green up to 30 miles per hour; amber from 30 to 50; red beyond 50—keeps you ever mindful of the speed you are traveling!



TAKE A LOOK ...THAT'S ALL DODGE ASKS!

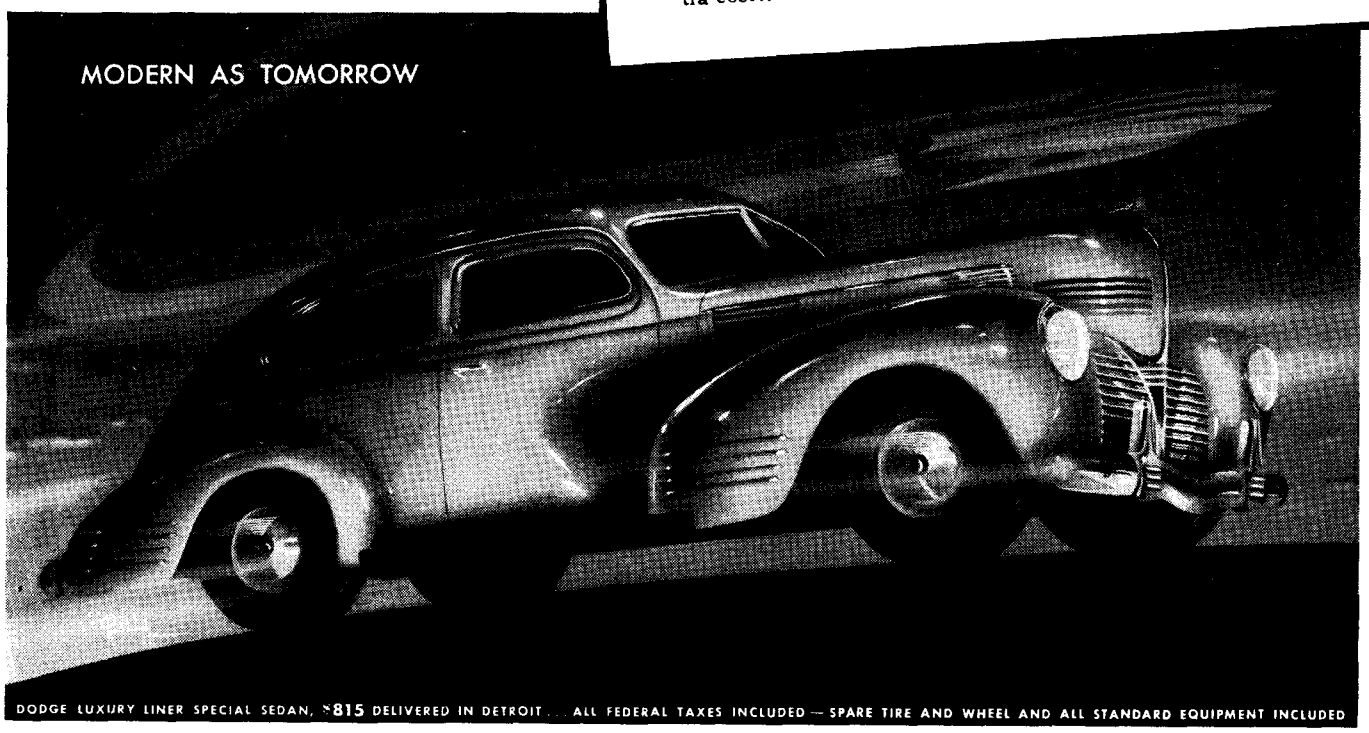
ISN'T this the best way to select your new 1939 car? Instead of listening to claims, isn't it better to decide for yourself what car gives you most for your money? Dodge thinks so. In fact, from a value standpoint, we think the big 1939 Dodge speaks so eloquently for itself that we simply say: "Take a look...that's all Dodge asks!"

Before you make up your mind on any car, take a look at every part of this new Dodge...the handsome new front end...the luxurious interior, roomier than ever...pillow-type upholstery...sparkling new "Jewel Case" instrument panel...all features that every woman—and every man—is bound to admire!

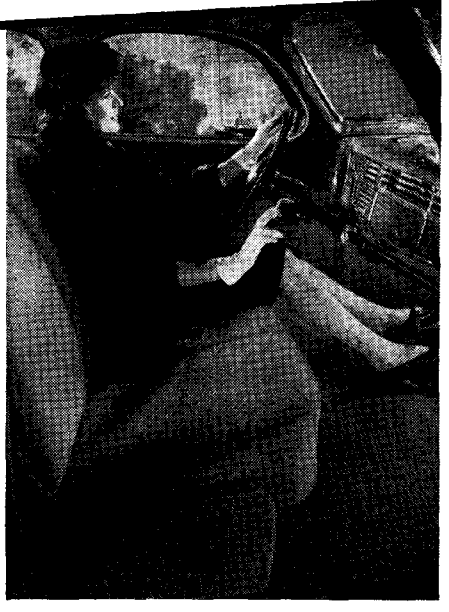
Take a look at its many new engineering advantages, too...new handy gearshift at steering wheel at no extra cost!...new headlamps for safer night driving!...new *invisible* luggage compartment, 27% larger!...plus many more! And don't forget the famous Dodge engine, with all the proven Dodge economy features, plus new advancements for even more efficient operation!

Last, but not least, take a look at the price tag! Here's where you'll get a real surprise—for prices of this big, 117-inch wheelbase Dodge are *actually as much as $55 less than last year! If your present car is of average value, you'll be surprised how low your monthly payments will be—amazed at what a slight difference there is between Dodge monthly payments and those of the leading low-priced cars!*

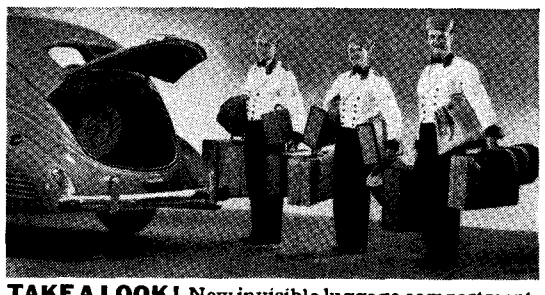
Tune in on the Major Bowes Original Amateur Hour, Columbia Network, Thursdays, 9 to 10 P.M., E.S.T.



DODGE LUXURY LINER SPECIAL SEDAN, $815 DELIVERED IN DETROIT . . . ALL FEDERAL TAXES INCLUDED — SPARE TIRE AND WHEEL AND ALL STANDARD EQUIPMENT INCLUDED

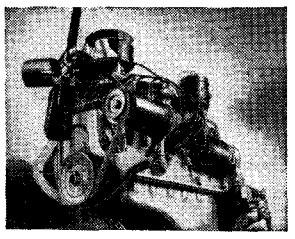


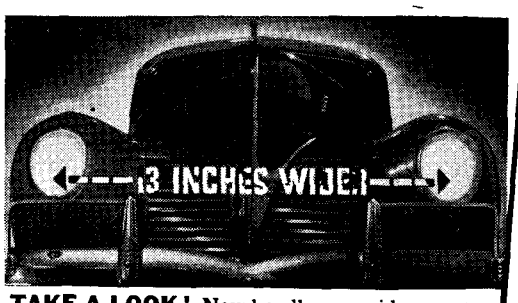
TAKE A LOOK! New handy gearshift near the steering wheel—yours at no extra cost! Nothing new to learn. Front floor is clear—plenty of room for three with no more straddling the shift lever!



TAKE A LOOK! New invisible luggage compartment, completely concealed beneath windstreamed rear ensemble, yet actually 27% larger! Three bellboys needed to carry all the luggage this new compartment will hold!

TAKE A LOOK! New Dodge Floating Power Engine. Big, powerful, dependable and what a moneysaver!





TAKE A LOOK! New headlamps wider apart, closer to road, for safer night driving! Better visibility in fog, snow and rain! Radiator grille guards, pictured above, at slight extra cost.

TAKE A LOOK AT THESE NEW LOWER PRICES!

Coupes $756 and up

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ALL FEDERAL TAXES INCLUDED

These are Detroit delivered prices and include all standard equipment: bumpers, bumper guards, spare tire and wheel, safety glass, fenders and sheet metal painted to match standard body color. State and local taxes, if any, not included. Transportation extra.

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THE NEW 1939 DODGE LUXURY LINER

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You Can Taste and Feel The Difference!

—when this double action dentifrice brings quick refreshment to mouth, gums and teeth

Fight Acid when you brush your teeth!

THE TRADITION of the House of Squibb demands that every product bearing its name must make a definite contribution to the well-being of its purchaser.

That is why every tube of Squibb Dental Cream and every tin of Squibb Tooth Powder brings double benefit. First, it excels in cleansing and polishing. Second, it contains a tried and proven anti-acid, which neutralizes the destructive acids formed by fermenting food particles wherever it comes in contact with them.

These harmful acids may attack enamel, and are factors in most tooth decay: while the process of fermentation may give rise to unpleasant breath and taste.

When you brush your teeth with Squibb Dental Cream or Squibb Tooth Powder, you will enjoy a really remarkable sense of refreshment and a zestful feeling of cleanliness.

Begin this beneficial habit today. Use a Squibb dentifrice in your favorite form at least twice a day . . . and make sure it's Squibb.

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SQUIBB Dental Cream

The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of Its Maker

dear?" with a gloomy "No, I tossed all night."

Another thing you may not like to hear is that tests seem to show that the traditional eight hours most of us allow ourselves is good and generous. Six hours, say shut-eye experts who have watched and tested a lot of sleepers, will do just as much for most of us as eight, though it won't be as pleasant and we do have to allow a little time for getting to sleep and waking up. This naturally doesn't apply to children. The same experts that cut you off with six say that infants need fourteen hours, children of seven or eight need eleven, and sixteen-year-olds need nine.

Children, however, are in an entirely different class from adults when it comes to sleep. Adults, probably mostly by training, are monophasic—which means that one good sleep every twenty-four hours is enough. But babies and children, along with rats, rabbits, dancing mice and earthworms, are naturally polyphasic. They have to sleep several times every twenty-four hours to get along well. Children, though, are the least polyphasic of the lot, for even tiny babies only sleep six or seven times a day while white rats have ten regular naps, rabbits have sixteen to twenty-one, and as for earthworms, the timing of their naps is so deep-seated that if you cut an earthworm in half both halves will go to sleep at the same time.

Not as Bad as It Seems

But to go back to that first three hours of heavy sleep. Some of us, it seems, are apt to drop right off and be at our deadest in the first hour, and some of us not till the second or third. And it looks as if—you know how some people find they can only work their best first thing in the morning while others seem to work better in the afternoon or evening—well, tests seem to show that the morning bustlers are those who go to sleep quickly and the evening bustlers those who go to sleep more slowly. Don't ask me why. I don't think even the researchers themselves know yet, but it seems to be working out that way.

Another thing they've been doing a lot of work on lately is loss of sleep, and with still more unexpected results. Loss of sleep, it seems, doesn't hurt healthy adults nearly as much as we've always thought. Laboratory heroes have kept themselves awake from 48 to 115 hours on end. That's from two to nearly five days without sleep, and if you've ever tried entirely missing even one night of sleep, you know what that must be like. The 115-hour record was established, by the way, by a physiologist named Nathaniel Kleitman who is one of our leading experts on sleep. You may have read lately of his going into the Mammoth Cave and staying there a month to try to find out whether man could adapt himself to a twenty-eight-hour day, six-day week. He found *he* couldn't at any rate, though a younger physiologist who was with him could; but maybe it's easier for a scientist to go 115 hours without sleep than to sleep nine hours every night when he isn't used to it, though it probably wouldn't be for you or me.

Dr. Kleitman and the other researchers who have tried going without sleep felt terrible, of course, and got bad-tempered and groggy, and toward the end they had trouble standing up, yet didn't dare lie down, for they knew if they did they'd drop right off. But though their blood and hearts and temperatures and all their body functions were carefully studied after each siege of sleeplessness, nobody could find that the loss of sleep had hurt them a bit.

Loss of sleep can hurt people, of course, if it's carried a good deal farther than this. Dr. Kleitman found, and so did the other voluntary insomniacs, that eight to ten hours of sleep, even after the longest sieges, brought them right back to normal. And as for their minds—you've often heard people say, "My mind won't work. I'm too sleepy." Well, these scientists have decided that this remark really means they're too lazy, for they found that loss of sleep didn't really affect their mental processes much until it got way up in the upper brackets, and even when it did, a short sleep of a couple of hours brought them back enough to do simple things like ordinary arithmetic.

All of this doesn't mean, of course, that sleep isn't every bit as important as we think it is, for we have to have plenty of sleep to feel well, and most of us have to feel well to work well. But it does mean that the tales we hear of nervous breakdowns and general ailing conditions from loss of sleep are probably really due to some other cause that is also causing the loss of sleep. And it does mean that the fantastic tales we hear about such supermen as Edison doing their phenomenal jobs on three to four hours of sleep a night may actually be true.

The ironic thing about all this is that most of these interesting little facts have come to light not so much because science was worried about whether the hard-working men of today were getting enough sleep of the proper sort, but because of an abstract itch to find out what makes people sleep. And that's still the one thing nobody is quite sure of. Scientists know of course that sleep must be a period of rest for the brain, giving it time to build itself up from all the tearing-down processes of a hard day's work, because a good many parts of the body take these little rests from time to time. The pancreas, for instance—that little gland down in back of the stomach that among other things secretes insulin to burn up the sugar we eat and turn it into energy—has a way of working hard for a while and then for no apparent reason just stopping, while the rest of the body goes ahead full steam.

That is just about what the brain is doing when we sleep, except that our brains have so much effect on our other functions that most of them slow up a little too when our brain is resting. Our blood pressure is lower when we sleep, our pulse is slower, and most of our body secretions slow up a good deal too. You know the way people rub their eyes when they're sleepy and how dry your mouth feels when you wake up. Well, that is because your tear glands and your salivary glands have slowed up to take a little rest along with the brain.

When Scientists Disagree

But none of that tells us what makes the brain decide to rest when it does, and nobody knows. Or rather half a dozen or so different groups of scientists think they know, but each group thinks something different, which is pretty close to nobody's knowing at all.

One of the oldest theories, and a nice plausible one too, is that sleep is caused by a sort of brain anemia. According to this theory the blood vessels of the brain contract at regular intervals, cutting off some of the blood supply to the brain. And when this happens the brain hasn't enough blood to nourish it and temporarily, as it were, faints. One proof of this seemed to be that people were apt to be sleepy after a big meal had drawn blood to their stomachs.

Another more positive proof came when someone discovered that the blood vessels of our hands and feet dilate as soon as we go to sleep and contract again just before we wake up. The only trouble with the whole anemia theory is

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that just recently a very sound scientist had done some peering and probing into the skulls of people who had had brain operations leaving convenient holes—and he says that when we go to sleep the blood vessels of our brain dilate along with those in our hands and feet.

Another important theory—important because until recently so many hard-working and deep-thinking scientists believed it—is the chemical one. According to this, our brains, working hard all day, give off a sort of toxin, just the way a car gives off carbon-monoxide gas. And by the end of the day enough of this toxin—which scientists call hypnotoxin—has accumulated to drug our brains temporarily and make them unconscious till they've had time to sleep it off. The only trouble with this theory is that some people get so tired at times they can't sleep, and other people can sleep any time at the drop of a hat whether they're tired or not, and still other people get sleepy for all sorts of other illogical reasons such as depression or psychological escape. One doctor tells of a patient of his, a lad who was suffering from the most frightful drowsiness, day as well as night. He was also suffering from unrequited love and when the damsel in question finally relented

"That's a bewitching mouthwash you're using tonight, dear"

A. JOHN KAUNUS

and they became engaged, the drowsiness immediately disappeared.

Most scientists today are beginning to lean toward the idea that sleep is some sort of nervous reaction, and, considering that the brain is made up of nerve tissue, this seems fairly logical. The nervous angle of sleep was first made popular by a famous Russian physiologist by the name of Pavlov, who was studying conditioned reflexes in dogs. You know the old experiment of showing a dog a piece of meat and ringing a bell at the same time, then after a while just ringing the bell and finding the dog's mouth waters just the same. Well, that mouth-watering with no meat in sight is a conditioned reflex. And Pavlov, working on it, found that if you rang the bell too many times in a row without ever showing the dog any meat his mouth would stop watering, but what was more to the point where sleep is concerned, the dog would also get sleepy. So Pavlov decided that sleepiness was the effect on our brains of stimuli repeated so often the brain cells just got too tired—or bored—to react. That explained, he said, why we were apt to get sleepy at concerts and lectures or when people were telling dull stories in a monotonous voice. And as for getting sleepy at night, why our brains had had so many and varied stimuli all day they just couldn't do any more reacting till they'd rested.

Not all scientists who believe in a nervous theory accept Pavlov's explanation. Some think—and this is my favorite theory—that sleep is the natural state of the brain. We stay awake at all, say they, because our brains are being constantly stimulated by what goes on around us. As soon as the stimulus stops, as when we go into a dark quiet room, or when our brains get too fatigued to receive any more stimuli, we drop off to sleep and stay there till a stimulus such as milkmen or birds or sunlight wakes us again.

Other scientists believe that there is a special sleep center somewhere in the brain, and support this theory by the fact that when the brains of people who have died of sleeping sickness have been examined there is usually one special part that is particularly damaged.

Still others believe, and this is the theory of Dr. Kleitman who established the 115-hour record of sleeplessness, that sleeping is all dependent on relaxation of the muscle sense, that sixth sense that tells us what position our hand or foot or neck is in without our touching or seeing it. When you're sleepy, says Dr. Kleitman, the only way you can stay awake is by keeping that muscle sense active by keeping moving, and for further proof, says he, he has tried time after time to stay awake a whole night when he's comfortably in bed, but never succeeded.

Relaxation Means Sleep

Dr. Kleitman's theory, by the way, is the only one that seems to explain those phenomenal people we all know who are able to lie down and go to sleep at a moment's notice no matter where and no matter when. It is possible, you see, that these God-gifted people have better control of their muscles and muscle sense than the rest of us and can relax to order. And this is borne out by the pretty well accepted fact that insomnia is often caused by one's not being able to relax and by the dozens and dozens of relaxing exercises that are prescribed to help people get to sleep.

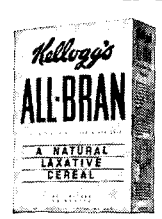
So there are the theories and you can take your choice. It's fairly likely that some one or some combination of the nervous theories is correct, and the most spectacular proof of this was living a short while ago in Moscow. It was a baby girl with two heads and two sets of arms. They called her Irina and Galina and scientists who were studying her were fascinated to find that Irina could be sound asleep while Galina was awake and smiling, and vice versa. They think this proved that going to sleep must be something local right in the brain, rather than something general like chemical or circulatory changes.

There is no telling what physiologists, in the next few years, will decide makes us sleep, but one thing is certain. While they're deciding they'll probably uncover more and more interesting little facts about sleeping, facts like these: that women, contrary to popular belief, sleep sounder than men; that people in insane asylums, and probably out, sleep least in January, most in April, and next to most in the middle of summer; that walking or talking in your sleep is usually connected with a slightly unstable nervous system so people oughtn't to be as proud of not sleeping well as they usually are; and that your whole brain doesn't go to sleep at the same time, the power to move going to sleep first, and the power to hear going to sleep last. But whatever they discover, even if they discover that we can get along without sleep entirely, they'll never convince most of us that it isn't one of the very pleasantest and most important things we can do.

MUTT AND JEFF —by Bud Fisher

IF YOU DON'T LIKE MY COOKING, YOU NEEDN'T COME HERE AGAIN!
DON'T BE HARD ON HIM, M'LOVE! IT'S THE LITTLE FELLOW'S CONSTIPATION THAT HAS HIM OFF HIS FEED!
--SHE'S SORRY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT AND WANTS YOU TO COME OVER FOR BREAKFAST - HAS A SPECIAL TREAT FOR YOU!
MUTT, THIS IS THE BEST FOOD I EVER TASTED IN YOUR HOUSE
A DISH OF THAT KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN EVERY MORNING AND YOU'LL BE A "REGULAR" GUY AGAIN!
Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
A NATURAL LAXATIVE
LATER
SO SWEET OF YOU, JEFF, TO BRING ME THOSE FLOWERS - HAVE ANOTHER ALL-BRAN MUFFIN!
THANKS, MRS. MUTT - I SHOULD HAVE BOUGHT YOU A WHOLE ROSE GARDEN FOR PUTTING ME WISE TO KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN!
Fisher

IF you are troubled with common constipation, here's some common-sense advice. This difficulty is usually due to lack of "*bulk*" in the diet. So why not get at its *cause?* Eat a natural *bulk-producing* food—Kellogg's All-Bran. All-Bran also contains nature's great intestinal tonic, vitamin B_1. Eat it every *day,* drink plenty of water, and join the "regulars"! Made by Kellogg's in Battle Creek.



Join the "Regulars" with KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN

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Winter Garden

Continued from page 14

for sharks to eat, or on the land for the vultures. The hides went North by boat.

A few people realized that one of the world's greatest vegetable gardens would open once the railroad reached Brownsville, located on the Mexican border at the mouth of the Rio Grande. One of them was William E. McDavitt.

By the time the train arrived in 1904 McDavitt had bought 100 acres of land. He'd grubbed it by hand, dug irrigation ditches and had it ready for planting. In the early spring of 1905 he shipped the first carload of vegetables to the frozen North. In those days the business was a headache. Freight trains seemed to run only when the engineer and fireman had nothing better to do than run them, and like as not a shipment would arrive at Chicago a week or so late. And smelling to high heaven.

McDavitt, the pioneer shipper, hung on and is still hanging on. Today he heads a co-operative that has something like 7,000 acres under cultivation. His operation isn't, however, as highly integrated as that of the aforementioned Mr. Vahlsing.

Vahlsing is a New Yorker, once removed. He was born and raised on a Long Island truck farm. As a kid, he drove a produce wagon to the New York market and learned to consider three or four hours' sleep a night an ample allotment.

The ground under the wagon, he found, made an acceptable bed. Like McDavitt, he set out to see the world when he was sixteen. In the process he wandered into Houston, Texas, and got a job running a projection machine. His machine, perched on the roof of a building, threw slides on a sheet draped on a building across the street. The slides advertised the Lower Rio Grande Valley for a local real-estate company. "The Magic Valley," the slides called it. After a few days Vahlsing was convinced.

Broccoli Bonanza

He went on back to New York, raised a little capital and set himself up in the wholesale vegetable business. One of the first things he did was nail a big map of Texas on the wall of his office. In 1926 he was ready to start operations in the Rio Grande. Broccoli did the trick. There were, Mr. Vahlsing reasoned, something like half a million Italians in New York. Almost to a man, they loved broccoli. And they couldn't get broccoli from the Italian-owned Long Island farms after November. Very well, he concluded, he would grow broccoli for them in the winter on the Rio Grande.

Credit Vahlsing for one smart move right at the start. In opening up a new farm, most people would naturally hire a farmer to run it. Mr. Vahlsing hired a man who knew the market. Too many times he had seen all farmers answer some lemminglike urge and decide to grow cabbage at the same time with the result that you couldn't give the stuff away. Next year they would all turn to potatoes with the same dismal result. So Vahlsing hired a market man; a man who knew what city folks liked to eat and when they liked to eat it. His man was Melvin Giese.

The career of Giese was almost a carbon copy of Vahlsing's. Both were raised on Long Island farms, both trucked to New York, both knew the eating habits of city people down to the last forkful of beans.

Go down to Elsa, Texas, Vahlsing directed—the town is fifty-odd miles up the valley from Brownsville—buy and lease land, build a packing shed and start winter vegetables rolling north. Lots of them. Vegetables were good for people and more of them were going to be eaten all the time. Every town in the United States had to learn to accept spinach in January and tomatoes in February as a matter of course. When he finished his inspirational little sermon, Vahlsing handed Giese $10,000 and five pounds of broccoli seeds as a starter. In those days they cost $40 a pound.

A Modern Food Factory

Giese, perched on the edge of the wilderness, survived the wild speculations in real estate that ruined many people but really helped to develop the valley. He opened new land, dug irrigation ditches and bought packing machinery. Today the Vahlsing farms total about 10,000 acres. Some acres are owned outright, some are leased and others are operated on a crop contract basis with the landowner. Running at capacity Vahlsing will employ about 3,000 workers and will ship a solid trainload of vegetables in a single day. See how it operates, this huge mechanized farm.

Ground is plowed and harrowed by tractors, and all planting is done by machine. Airplanes dust insecticides over the crops. But the machine gives way to man and mule power once vegetables sprout. Tractors can't work between the tightly packed rows and the machine that can harvest broccoli, eggplant and tomatoes has yet to be built.

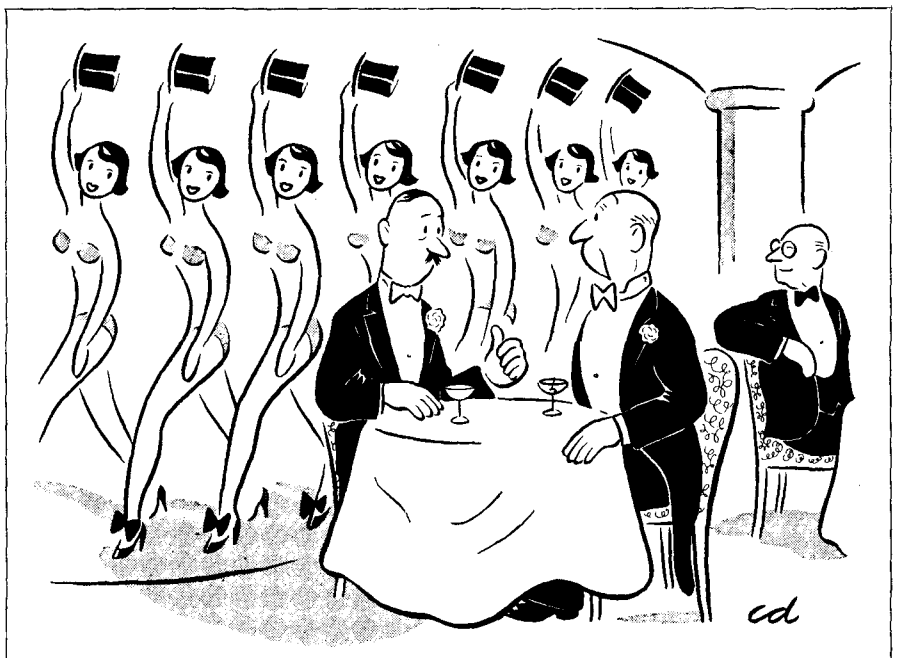
Try and visualize 3,000 acres planted to carrots, and you will get some notion of the extent of Vahlsing's operations. Flat as the valley is, it is impossible to see from one end of a 1,000-acre broccoli patch to the other. It even takes a little squinting to get to the end of 500 acres of parsley.

Going at full blast, the farm is now producing a nearly complete line of vegetables. There are, however, some exceptions. Tomatoes won't be ready for a few weeks yet—most of the tomatoes in the market now come from Mexico. The string beans in your grocery store probably come from the Florida Everglades and the lettuce from Southern California. But practically every other vegetable is growing on the incredibly fertile Vahlsing farm.

Harvesting—by hand in the case of everything but the small, premium-priced potatoes—starts in the early morning. By midmorning trucks have started moving toward the packing sheds and the vegetable washing machines are working. Ice, ground to snow, is carted from Vahlsing's ice plant, which has a capacity of 40,000 tons a year. Packers work on an assembly-line basis: crates are set up by machine, and packers fill them with produce. A scoopful of snow is thrown on top to chill the produce before the crate lid is nailed down.

Once a refrigerator car is loaded a man with a 6-inch flexible metal hose douses every cranny with a stream of snow forced in the car by compressed air. The door is sealed and the car is ready to roll with the gathering train that goes through at 4 A. M. The packing sheds work at night, putting up the day's harvest. As many as 58 cars have been packed from the farms in one shift during the midwinter rush season.

Possibly these figures don't sound impressive but see what a car contains. One refrigerator will hold 11,000 bunches of broccoli. Or 23,000 bunches of beets, or 25,000 bunches of carrots, or 50,000 bunches of parsley.



"Tell me what it is—I don't want to appear to be rubbernecking!"

CHON DAY

Getting this produce to market is, as we have already indicated, a helter-skelter business. Maybe a car of mixed vegetables will leave the sheds bound for St. Louis. Too many other mixed cars will be bound there from other shippers so the cars will be ordered along to Boston. A shipper can't casually send a car to a city and hope that it will sell; he can't, that is, and stay in the business very long. Where he might strike it lucky and get a profitable sale, he is more likely to see his car go on the vegetable auction block and bring distress prices.

Vahlsing generally avoids these salvage sales in glutted markets. First, he has the daily market report, published by the Department of Agriculture, to help him. Information for this bulletin is fed into Washington from all parts of the country. Up-to-the-minute material is consolidated and wired out to various cities where the bulletin is printed. It shows carload receipts and track holdings of vegetables in consuming cities, and shipments from producing areas. It also tells what weather is in the consuming and producing areas and how markets are—weak, dull, firm, steady, strong.

This daily sheet furnishes the basic information Vahlsing needs. He supplements this with shipping knowledge collected over thirty years. Vahlsing knows almost to the carrot how many carrots Minneapolis can eat, and to the single head the amount of cabbage Buffalo can get away with.

With this bird's-eye view of the situation digested, he starts telephoning agents and buyers in the key spots of the 127 cities he distributes to. They furnish the last-minute information he needs. By midafternoon, Vahlsing and his general staff are ready.

Next morning farm managers get their orders and turn harvest crews into the fields and that night shipments go out: four days to Chicago; three days to St. Louis; five days to Denver; six days to New York.

The Land That Has Everything

Manager Giese keeps himself and his land busy nearly all the time. Shipping ceases in May when spring vegetables begin to come in farther to the North. But activity doesn't. Some fields are planted in grass crops for the farm livestock and other fields are put in cotton. The black gumbo soil, so rich that it rarely requires fertilizer, works all year.

Weather is enormously important to the Rio Grande country, and newspapers carry voluminous reports. Calamities elsewhere are often the subject of frank rejoicing. A frost in Florida or California means more customers for valley vegetables; and an early freeze in the North hurries the market along.

The Vahlsing farm ships enough vegetables each year for a vegetable dinner for every family in the United States, or a total of something like 4,000 carloads per season. Other valley farms bring the total vegetable shipments up to 23,000 cars a year; produce worth over $10,000,000.

Residents are properly excited about their relatively new business. Other agricultural sections have their orange, apple and peach queens but the valley didn't think a kohlrabi or a rhubarb queen would get by. So they pay thanks to their vegetables with a vegetable fashion show. Each winter at Weslaco in the heart of the truck-farm section, the valley's prettiest girls stitch up sports and evening dresses, made out of vegetables, fruits and flowers.

The dresses, sometimes as heavy as a suit of chain mail, are kept in cold storage until time for the fashion parade. The all-time prettiest was made of turnips and beets, the slices overlapping to give a petal effect. The white evening dress was made of the turnips, the red evening cape of sliced beets, stitched on a mesh net.

A few miles to the north of the fabulous valley another town pays tribute to its patron saint. Crystal City, Texas, in the heart of the spinach-growing section, has a large statue of Popeye.

It's a fine country, this lower valley. It has sunshine and rich soil; and fast freights and steamships to carry its produce to the markets of the North. Everything, apparently, is on the side of the magic valley. An old man summed up its virtues nicely. "How old do you think I am?" he asked. Your correspondent flattered him only slightly by saying sixty-two or sixty-three. "Nope," he said, "I'm eighty-two years old. And I don't see anything to stop me from living forever," he added.

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Court Marshal

Continued from page 19

they had turned out to watch the Notre Dame-Army football game. Marty Peters and Don Elser, two Notre Dame football heroes, were in the basketball line-up that night and 16,500 spectators turned out to see them.

N. Y. U. won from Notre Dame 25 to 18 and little Westminster whipped the then mighty St. John's team 37 to 33. The crowd loved it. Here at the Garden they could actually see the play. They weren't jammed uncomfortably in a small gymnasium or hanging on flimsy, temporary grandstands in an armory.

That first year Irish staged eight double-headers at the Garden and drew 100,000 spectators. His baby was growing and professional promoters were biting their fingernails right up to the elbows. In 1935-36 N. Y. U. had a great team, which won sixteen consecutive games. Every time the Violets appeared in the Garden, the S. R. O. sign was put out. Irish averaged 16,000 spectators a game that year for a grand total of 160,000.

Then the following year he brought Stanford all the way from the coast to play Long Island University. He turned away 5,000 that night but 18,200 managed to squeeze into the Garden. The fans loved Stanford and its amazing Hank Luisetti. Together they ended Long Island's 43-game winning streak with a 45 to 31 victory.

"By now our fans were getting to be real experts," Irish says. "The Midwestern and Far Western teams that we brought to New York played a different type of basketball than did the New York teams. They played a looser, more open game that the fans liked."

Last year, basketball in the Garden was, to use the mild conservative language of Hollywood, terrific. Attendance exceeded the best previous year by several thousand and a national invitation tournament held at the close of the regular season attracted more than 40,000 spectators. This tournament, incidentally, provided the first real step toward determining a national champion, an honor that went to Temple University, Eastern Conference champion.

This year, even bigger and better basketball is anticipated by young Mr. Irish, and correspondingly bigger and better crowds. Northwestern, Oregon, Southern California, Colorado, Minnesota, Illinois, Marquette, Syracuse, Pittsburgh, Duquesne, Temple and Villanova are among those who will entertain at the Garden this season.

A Lesson for New York

Professional basketball was once a great thing in New York. The original Celtics with the great Nat Holman, Dutch Dehnert, Johnny Beckman, Horse Haggerty, Chris Leonard and others set the New York style of play. Close, low scores were the rule. A team would get a four-point margin and then "freeze" the ball under its own basket. It was almost impossible to break through a defense that refused to make any offensive move. The New York college coaches were mostly former professional players and they stuck to the professional style. A New York college team was like a clever counter boxer making few offensive motions but holding back until the opposing team made a mistake.

It made for dull basketball unless you were a student of defensive tactics. The Midwestern and Western teams showed New York a more spectacular brand and the fans lapped it right up. For one thing many of them used a "zone defense." That is, each defensive player was assigned to a certain sector of the court instead of to a certain man. This to some extent eliminated the dreary spectacle of one man constantly hanging on the neck of another, a picture that Garden fans had seen too many times during boxing matches to find exciting.

The intersectional games at the Garden did another great thing for basketball—they resulted in the clarification of the blocking rule. Very generally speaking, in the West fouls for blocking were called usually on the defensive man. In the East the offensive charging player usually got the penalty. When a Western team played in the Garden there was a lot of whistle blowing that added nothing to the enjoyment of the game.

"Fans hate whistle blowing," Irish observe sagely. "You'll even hear them boo penalties at college football games."

Finally the rules committee adopted a universal interpretation of the rule in regard to blocking. Today a man is entitled to any space on the floor within his arms' reach. If an opposing player infringes within that circle with malice and mayhem in his heart, he is apt to be penalized.

Something New in Sport

Last year Irish brought both Minnesota and Illinois (Conference co-champions) to the Garden. Stanford (Pacific Coast titleholder), Southern Methodist (Southwestern champs), Georgetown, St. Joseph's, Duquesne, Washington and Lee (Southern Conference champions), Notre Dame and Temple are others who appeared. For the first time the game was played without the center jump. This quickened the pace considerably. The one-handed toss first used extensively by Stanford made a big hit with Garden crowds. There is no defense against those miraculous one-mitted throws. During the latter part of the season even the New York teams were using it.

Irish has made New York the capital of basketball in this country, has stimulated interest in the sport wherever it is played and has given New York something new in entertainment.

His success in New York made Ned want to seek further pastures. Philadelphia has always been a great basketball town but only the Palestra of the University of Pennsylvania had an adequate seating capacity. They could jam 10,000 in there. Last year Irish took over the Municipal Convention Hall with a Philadelphia sports writer, Clair Hare, and they are duplicating Ned's New York success.

Young Ned Irish hasn't got rich yet but he's doing better than he did three years ago when he was getting $37.50 a week writing about basketball. His financial arrangements with both the colleges and the Garden are unique and even he finds difficulty in explaining just what they are.

"I really work for both the Garden and the colleges," he says. "Both really hire me to arrange convenient dates. Visiting teams are paid full expenses. Local teams according to their drawing power get guarantees and percentages. The Garden gets a guaranteed rental and a percentage. Me? I get what's left over."

It is the old story of a young man with an idea. It's hard to hit upon a new idea in the sports world but young Irish did it and it's proving profitable to the colleges, to the Garden, to Ned himself and to the sports-hungry fans of New York.

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The Admiral *looks* grim but he's a great guy! At the formal reception to the fleet, he asked me did I have any Beeman's Gum. When I drew a fresh package out of my bag, his eyes twinkled like harbor beacons.

"Just the life preserver I was perishin' for!" he said with a grin. "The refreshing tang of that Beeman's flavor makes even shore duty a pleasure. It's fresh as a 20-knot breeze. Beeman's is the code word for a delicious treat any time. A salvo of thanks, my dear!" And the Admiral actually saluted!

BEEMAN'S AIDS DIGESTION

Let the Tyrant Criminals Bomb!

Continued from page 13

to endure, often without any means of retaliation, very severe air attack. But this inequality has not quelled their spirit. We see them, on the contrary, fighting more stubbornly than at the beginning of the war.

Look now upon these operations across the Ebro. Here, for four months, fifty thousand Republican troops fought continually on the south bank of that river, supplied from day to day by a small number of bridges, starkly visible from the air and not defended by any large number of modern antiaircraft guns. We are told, upon good authority, that for five weeks a rain of bombs was aimed against these bridges. And yet the traffic vital to the army was continually maintained. Why were these bridges not destroyed? Certainly it cannot have been from any want of desire. If the bridges had been broken, the defeat and destruction of a Republican army as large as that which Lee fought at the Wilderness would have been accomplished. There was the highest incentive to General Franco and his "nonintervening" Italian-German pilots to break down these bridges. He had in his hand several hundred aircraft of modern types that could start from airdromes hard by, returning, perhaps, every half-hour to fetch a new consignment of bombs. They tried. They tried continually, but they failed.

Here we have a large strategic experiment, and it has failed. But what are the effects of air-bombing and air-machine-gunning upon troops in the trenches? This is a tactical question. The moral effect is at the first serious. Of course, when one side has hardly any aircraft and the other is the master of the skies, the infantry in the trenches may feel somewhat disheartened. But everything that has come from Spain—and, after all, Spain and China are the only places where these matters are being at all tested—goes to show that an air attack on trench lines and fortified points is incomparably less effective than the bombardment of artillery. Soldiers of experience have told me, and I judge them right, that the concentrated bombardment of two or three batteries of field cannon would be far worse to bear than that of a hundred airplanes.

What of Mass Civilian Terror?

So far as the fighting troops are concerned, it would seem that aircraft are an additional complication rather than a decisive weapon.

But what of the air attack upon the civilian population? What of the act of mass terror applied to crowded cities? How are we going to solve the problem of London with eight or nine millions of people, dwelling together in a small area, furnished with all the resources of modern civilization—drains, water, light, power, communications, police: everything to enable such vast masses of people to go through the daily function by which they get their bread? What will be the effect upon such an organism of constant, unremitting air-bombing? Supposing New York were as near it as is London tonight, how would you face the peril?

In the present circumstances, the evacuation of the helpless and useless people must play a very large part in any scheme. The first stage will be the worst stage. One must expect that several million people would move or have to be moved very rapidly from London if Herr Hitler got to work upon it. Such a transmigration is not an impossible task. On the August Bank Holiday more than three million people leave London in the morning and return in the evening. Similar facilities exist in the vast area of Greater New York. After a while, those who live in an important city exposed to air attack would develop a life of their own, a life "adapted to its environment." They have done this in Barcelona. Once the buildings are smashed up and large rubble heaps cover the scenes of destruction, the arrival of fresh bombs only makes the rubble jump again. The inhabitants of Barcelona roll down slides into their dugouts at the earliest warning and wait till the storm blows over.

One thing, however, is certain: very large numbers of people might live amid the ruins of London, but they would not be able to carry on effective world business. The banks, the Stock Exchange, Lloyd's, the great insurance companies, the great food- and raw-material importing firms would all have to move. And move they would. Nevertheless, it does not follow that continual air attack upon London would prevent the vital economic mechanism of Britain from continuing to function. It would be dispersed; but with the telephone and modern transport there should be no serious difficulty in operating from day to day from offices spread out in country districts. The ticker would be a bit late, and the kind of decisions taken by the various business firms would be less frequent and more grim, but not necessarily less effective. Humanity would descend to a lower, but at the same time to a surer level. It is a level upon which it has often functioned before. So far as business is concerned, the civilized places of the world, although exposed to air attack by superior force, could still carry on.

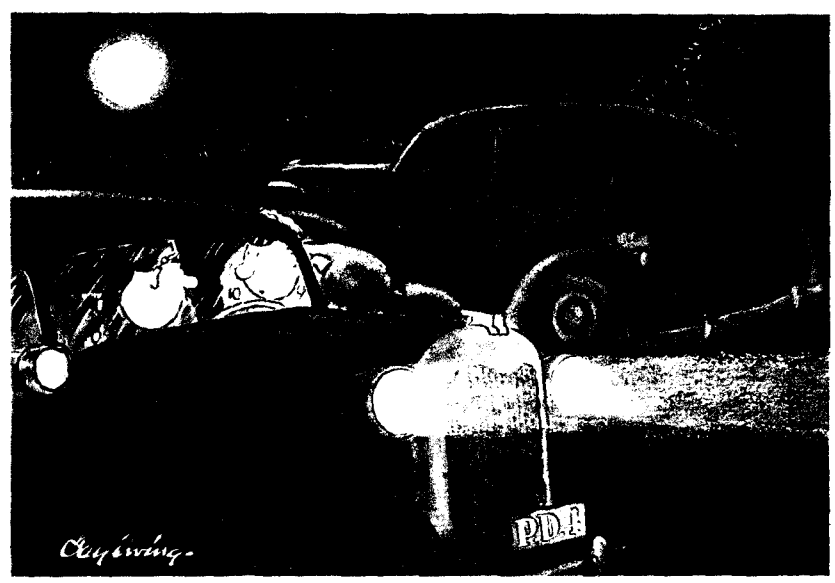
But the final question remains: Would the civil population—the poor people, the masses, the mob—withstand this cruel assault upon their persons? Would the spectacle of civilians and their wives and children being killed, at first wholesale and later on—as the defenses developed—retail, so break the spirit of the nation, so paralyze the working of government, that there would be an irresistible demand for surrender to blackmailing terrorism? Here is a question about which no nation should boast. It is a matter to be proved should the horror ever occur.

We may, however, notice that in Spain the whole effect of the German and Italian bombing of the Spanish towns has been to animate and exhilarate the whole people. The same phenomenon has been noticed in China. Murdering women and children from the air has not sapped the spirit either of the fighting men or of the surviving women and children themselves. On the contrary, the hostile airplanes, as in the World War, have been the best recruiters. Their bombs have given to the government of the outraged communities loyalties that otherwise would have been far beyond their reach. God has granted to man a grand power of resistance to the baser terrors. The citizen who sees his cottage, his tenement, his home wrecked and his small belongings destroyed; who sees his wife maimed or child killed or worse, does not, in the virile races of the world, react toward surrender. He reacts toward resistance. He rises into fury. And fury in a righteous cause against intolerable wrong has not always proved vain. Therefore, in this dire strait to which the once-hopeful world of the nineteenth century has been reduced, we may, if the worst comes to the worst, say: "Let the tyrant criminals bomb."

Worse Perils Have Confronted Us

We must, in the last instance, ask ourselves whether they will bomb. It is possible that the arguments I have here set out will be present in other minds. For my part, I doubt whether an attempt to conquer a great nation by the act of mass terror from the air will be made. The armament factories, harbors, wharves, powerhouses, seats of government, may well become the targets of early bombardment. But I do not believe that the mass destruction of the noncombatant population, in the hope of terrifying the fighters of both sexes, will be tried. I do not believe it will be tried because I do not think it would succeed, and because intelligent men, however inhuman their mood, probably realize that it would not succeed.

Do not let us, therefore, too readily lend ourselves to the theme that the solid structure of the civilized world is going to be shattered by air bombing. Mankind has made its way through far worse perils than that; and I proclaim my faith that those who use this vile outrage for the purposes of national aggrandizement will only find in it their own ruin.



"He says they're developing pictures" JAY IRVING

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Murder for Christmas

Continued from page 18

was a fool! I thought I could get away with it! I thought it would look fishy if I admitted to being here under a false name. If I hadn't been a complete idiot I would have realized you were bound to cable to Jo'burg."

Sugden said, "Well, Mr. Farr—er—Grant—I'm not saying I disbelieve your story. It will be proved or disproved soon enough."

He looked across inquiringly at Poirot. The latter said:

"I think Miss Estravados has something to say."

Pilar had gone very white. She said in a breathless voice:

"It is true. I would never have told you, but for Lydia and the money. To come here and pretend and cheat and act—that was fun, but when Lydia said the money was mine and that it was only justice, that was different. It was not fun any longer."

ALFRED LEE said with a puzzled face, "I do not understand, my dear, what you are talking about."

Pilar said, "You think I am your niece. Pilar Estravados? But that is not so! Pilar was killed when I was traveling with her in a car in Spain A bomb came and it hit the car and she was killed, but I was not touched. I did not know her very well, but she had told me all about herself and how her grandfather had sent for her from England and that he was very rich. And I had no money at all and I did not know where to go or what to do. And I thought suddenly: 'Why should not I take Pilar's passport and go to England and become very rich?' "

Her face lit up with its sudden wide smile.

"Oh, it was fun wondering if I could get away with it! Our faces on the photograph were not unlike. But when they wanted my passport here I opened the window and threw it out and ran down to get it, and then I rubbed some earth just over the face a little because at a barrier traveling they do not look very closely, but here they might—"

Alfred Lee said angrily, "Do you mean to say that you represented yourself to my father as his granddaughter and played on his affection for you?"

Pilar nodded. She said complacently, "Yes, I saw at once I could make him like me very much."

George Lee broke out. "Preposterous!" he spluttered. "Criminal! Attempting to get money by false pretenses."

Harry Lee said: "She didn't get any from *you*, old boy! Pilar, I'm on your side! I've got a profound admiration for your daring. And thank goodness I'm not your uncle any more! That gives me a much freer hand."

Pilar said to Poirot: "*You* knew? When did you know?"

Poirot smiled.

"Mademoiselle, if you had studied the laws of Mendel you would know that two blue-eyed people are not likely to have a brown-eyed child. Your mother was, I was sure, a most chaste and respectable lady. It followed, then, that you were not Pilar Estravados at all. When you did your trick with the passport I was quite sure of it. It was ingenious but not, you understand, quite ingenious enough."

Superintendent Sugden said unpleasantly, "The whole thing's not quite ingenious enough."

Pilar stared at him. She said, "I don't understand. . . ."

Sugden said, "You've told us a story—but I think there's a good deal more you haven't told."

Stephen said, "You leave her alone!"

Superintendent Sugden took no notice. He went on:

"You've told us that you went up to your grandfather's room after dinner. You said it was an impulse on your part. I'm going to suggest something else. It was you who stole those diamonds. You'd handled them. On occasion, perhaps, you'd put them away in the safe and the old man hadn't watched you do it! When he found the stones were missing, he saw at once that only two people could have taken them. One was Horbury, who might have got to know the combination and have crept in and stolen them during the night. The other person was *you*.

"Well, Mr. Lee at once took measures. He rang me up and had me come to see him. Then he sent word to you to come and see him immediately after dinner. You did so and he accused you of the theft. You denied it; he pressed the charge. I don't know what happened next—perhaps he tumbled to the fact that you weren't his granddaughter but a very clever little professional thief. Anyway, the game was up, exposure loomed over you and you slashed at him with a knife. There was a struggle and he screamed. You were properly up against it then. You hurried out of the room, turned the key from the outside and then, knowing you could not get away, before the others came, *you slipped into the recess by the statues*."

Pilar cried shrilly, "It is not true! It is not true! I did not steal the diamonds! I did not kill him. I swear it by the Blessed Virgin."

Sugden said sharply, "*Then who did?* You say you saw a figure standing outside Mr. Lee's door. According to your story, *that person must have been the murderer. No one else* passed the recess! But we've only *your* word for it *that there was a figure there at all.* In other words, *you made that up* to exculpate yourself!"

George Lee said sharply, "Of course she's guilty! It's all clear enough! I always *said* an outsider killed my father! Preposterous nonsense to pretend one of his family would do a thing like that! It—it wouldn't be natural!"

POIROT stirred in his seat. He said, "I disagree with you. Taking into consideration the character of Simeon Lee, it would be a very natural thing to happen."

"Eh?" George's jaw dropped. He stared at Poirot.

Poirot went on:

"And in my opinion that very thing *did* happen. Simeon was killed by his own flesh and blood, for what seemed to the murderer a very good and sufficient reason."

George cried, "One of us? I deny—"

Poirot's voice broke in hard as steel, "There is a case against every person here. We will, Mr. George Lee, begin with the case against *you*. *You* had no love for your father! You kept on good terms with him for the sake of money. On the day of his death *he threatened to cut down your allowance*. You knew that on his death you would probably inherit a very substantial sum. There is the motive. After dinner you went, as you say, to telephone.

"You *did* telephone—but the call lasted only *five minutes*. After that you could easily have gone to your father's room, chatted with him, and then attacked him and killed him. You left the room and turned the key from outside, for you hoped the affair would be put down to a burglar. You omitted, in your

1939 JANUARY
"In with the new ...Velvet's my tobacco!"
Velvet
Velvet
—the MILDNESS of fine old Kentucky Burley aged in wood
—the FLAVOR of pure maple sugar for extra good taste
Better smoking Tobacco
Velvet packs easy in a pipe
Rolls smooth in a cigarette
Better tobacco for both
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panic, to make sure that the window was fully open so as to support the burglar theory. That was stupid, but you are, if you will pardon my saying so, rather a stupid man!

"However," said Poirot, after a brief pause during which George tried to speak and failed, "many stupid men have been criminals!"

He turned his eyes on Magdalene.

"Madame, too, she also had a motive. She is, I think, in debt, and the tone of certain of your father's remarks may—have caused her uneasiness. She, too, has no alibi. She went to telephone, but she did *not* telephone, and we have only *her word* for what she did do. . . .

"Then," he paused, "there is Mr. David Lee. We have heard, not once but many times, of the revengeful tempers and long memories that went with the Lee blood. Mr. David Lee did not forgive or forget the way his father had treated his mother. A final gibe directed at the dead lady may have been the last straw. David Lee is said to have been playing the piano at the time of the murder. By a coincidence he was playing the Dead March. But suppose *somebody else* was playing that Dead March, somebody who knew what he was going to do and who approved his action."

Hilda Lee said quietly, "That is an infamous suggestion."

Poirot turned to her.

"I will offer you another, Madame. It was *your* hand that did the deed. It was *you* who crept upstairs to execute judgment on a man you considered beyond human forgiveness. You are of those, Madame, who can be terrible in anger. . . ."

Hilda said, "I did not kill him."

SUPERINTENDENT SUGDEN said brusquely, "Mr. Poirot's quite right. There is a possible case against everyone except Mr. Alfred Lee, Mr. Harry Lee and Mrs. Alfred Lee."

Poirot said gently, "I should not even except those three. . . ."

The superintendent protested.

"Oh, come now, Mr. Poirot!"

Lydia Lee said, "And what is the case against me, M. Poirot?"

She smiled a little as she spoke, her brows raised ironically.

Poirot bowed. He said, "Your motive, Madame, I pass over. It is sufficiently obvious. As to the rest, you were wearing last night a flowered taffeta dress of a very distinctive pattern with a cape. I will remind you of the fact that Tressilian, the butler, is shortsighted. Objects at a distance are dim and vague to him. I will also point out that your drawing room is big and lighted by heavily shaded lamps. On that night, a minute or two before the cries were heard, Tressilian came into the drawing room to take away the coffee cups. He saw you, *as he thought,* in a familiar attitude by the far window half concealed by the heavy curtains."

Lydia Lee said, "He did see me."

Poirot went on, "I suggest that it is possible that *what Tressilian saw was the cape of your dress,* arranged to show by the window curtain, as though you yourself were standing there."

Lydia said, "I was standing there. . . ."

Alfred said, "How dare you suggest—"

Harry interrupted him. "Let him go on, Alfred. It's our turn next. How do you suggest that dear Alfred killed his beloved father since we were both together in the dining room at the time?"

Poirot beamed at him. "That," he said, "is very simple. An alibi gains in force accordingly as it is unwillingly given. You and your brother are on bad terms. It is well known. *You* gibe at *him* in public. *He* has not a good word to say for *you!* But *supposing that were all part of a very clever plot.* Supposing that Alfred Lee is tired of dancing attendance upon an exacting taskmaster. Supposing that you and he have got together some time ago. Your plan is laid. You come home. Alfred appears to resent your presence. He shows jealousy and dislike of you. You show contempt for him. And then comes the night of the murder you have so cleverly planned together. One of you remains in the dining room, talking and perhaps quarreling aloud as though two people were there. The other goes upstairs and commits the crime. . . ."

Alfred sprang to his feet. "You devil," he said. His voice was shaking with anger. "You inhuman devil. . . ."

Sugden was staring at Poirot. He said, "Do you really mean—?"

Poirot said, with a sudden ring of authority in his voice, "I have had to show you the *possibilities!* These are the things that *might* have happened! Which of them actually *did* happen we can only tell by passing from the outside appearance to the inside reality. . . ."

He paused and then said slowly, "We must come back, as I said before, to the character of Simeon Lee himself. . . ."

"Kennesaw figures on pipin' the maple sap right into the house"

REAMER KELLER

THERE was a momentary pause. Strangely enough, all indignation and all rancor had died down. Hercule Poirot held his audience under the spell of his personality. They watched him, fascinated, as he began slowly to speak:

"It is all there, you see. The dead man is the focus and center of the mystery! We must probe deep into the heart and mind of Simeon Lee and see what we find there. For a man does not live and die to himself alone. That which he has, he hands on to those who come after him. . . .

"What had Simeon Lee to bequeath to his sons and daughter? Pride, to begin with—a pride that in the old man was frustrated in his disappointment over his children. Then there was the quality of patience. We have been told *that Simeon Lee waited patiently for* years in order to revenge himself upon someone who had done him an injury. We see that that aspect of his temperament was inherited by the son who resembled him least in face. David Lee also could remember and continue to harbor resentment through long years.

"In *face,* Harry Lee was the only one of his children who closely resembled him. That resemblance is quite striking when we examine the portrait of Simeon Lee as a young man. There is the same high-bridged aquiline nose, the long sharp line of the jaw, the backward poise of the head. I think, too, that Harry inherited many of his father's mannerisms—that habit, for instance, of throwing back his head and laughing and another habit of drawing his finger along the line of his jaw.

"BEARING all these things in mind and being convinced that the murder was committed by a person closely connected with the dead man, I studied the family from the psychological standpoint. That is, I tried to decide which of them were *psychologically possible criminals.* And in my judgment only two persons qualified in that respect. They were Alfred Lee and Hilda Lee, David's wife. David himself I rejected as a possible murderer. I do not think a person of his delicate susceptibilities could have faced the actual bloodshed of a cut throat. George Lee and his wife I likewise rejected. Whatever their desires, I did not think they had the temperament to take a *risk.* They were both essentially cautious. Mrs. Alfred Lee I felt sure was quite incapable of an act of violence. She has too much irony in her nature.

"About Harry Lee I hesitated. He had a certain coarse truculence of aspect, but I was nearly sure that Harry Lee, in spite of his bluff and his bluster, was essentially a weakling. That, I now know, was also his father's opinion. Harry, he said, was worth no more than the rest. That left me with the two people I have already mentioned. Alfred Lee was a person capable of a great deal of selfless devotion. He was a man who had controlled and subordinated himself to the will of another person for many long years. It is always possible under these conditions for something to snap. Moreover, he might quite possibly have harbored a secret grudge against his father, which might gradually have grown in force through never having been expressed in any way.

"It is the quietest and meekest people who are often capable of the most sudden and unexpected violences for the reason that when their control does snap it goes entirely! The other person I considered capable of the crime was Hilda Lee. She is the kind of individual who is capable on occasions of taking the law into her own hands—though never through selfish motives. Such people judge and also execute. Many Old Testament characters are of this type. Jael and Judith, for example.

"And now having got so far I examined the circumstances of the crime itself. And the first thing that arises—that strikes one in the face as it were—is the extraordinary conditions under which that crime took place! Take your minds back to that room where Simeon Lee lay dead. If you remember, there was both a heavy table and a heavy chair overturned, a lamp, crockery, glasses, etc. But the chair and the table were especially surprising. They were of solid mahogany.

"It was hard to see how *any* struggle between that frail old man and his opponent could result in so much solid furniture being overturned and knocked down. The whole thing seemed *unreal.* And yet surely no one in his senses would stage such an effect if it had not really occurred—unless possibly Simeon Lee had been killed by a powerful man and the idea was to suggest that the assailant was a woman or somebody of weak physique.

"But such an idea was unconvincing in the extreme, since the noise of the furniture falling would give the alarm and the murderer would thereby have very little time to make his exit. It would surely be to *anyone's* advantage to cut Simeon Lee's throat as *quietly* as possible.

"ANOTHER extraordinary point was the turning of the key in the lock from the outside. Again there seemed no *reason* for such a proceeding. It could not suggest suicide, since nothing in the death itself accorded with suicide. It was not to suggest escape through the windows—for those windows were so arranged that escape that way was impossible! Moreover, once again, it involved *time.* Time that *must* be precious to the murderer!

"There was one other incomprehensible thing—a piece of rubber cut from Simeon Lee's spongebag and a small wooden peg shown to me by Superintendent Sugden. These had been picked up from the floor by one of the persons who first entered that room. There again—*these things did not make sense!* They meant exactly nothing at all! Yet they had been there.

"The crime, you perceive, is becoming increasingly incomprehensible. It has no order, no method—in short, it is not *reasonable!*

"And now we come to a further difficulty. Superintendent Sugden was sent for by the dead man—a robbery was reported to him and he was asked to return an hour and a half later. *Why?* If it is because Simeon Lee suspected his granddaughter or some other member of his family, why does he not ask Superintendent Sugden to wait downstairs while he has his interview straightway with the suspected party? With the superintendent actually in the house, his lever over the guilty person would have been much stronger.

"So now we arrive at the point where not only the behavior of the murderer is extraordinary but the behavior of Simeon Lee also is extraordinary!

"And I say to myself: 'This thing is all wrong!' Why? Because we are looking at it *from the wrong angle.* We are looking at it *from the angle that the murderer wants us to look at it.* . . .

"We have three things that do not make sense—the struggle, the turned key, and the snip of rubber. But there *must* be some way of looking at those three things that *would* make sense! And I empty my mind blank and forget

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306 NEW AWARDS FOR AMERICAN YOUTH

Announcing

THE 1939 COMPETITION OF THE AMERICAN YOUTH FORUM

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE announces its second annual quest for young men and women who will be tomorrow's leaders. We are offering 306 cash awards to the high-school and preparatory-school students in the United States and its territories who show themselves to be most capable of thinking constructively for themselves and for their country.

The competition will be conducted through The American Youth Forum, established a year ago by this magazine to stimulate creative thinking in our 30,000 high schools.

The basic purposes of the Forum are to assist the development of youth with vision; to help young men and women to prepare to live purposefully in our perplexing world; to aid youth to discover opportunities for service in individual communities; and to encourage young men and women to analyze the meaning of Democracy, particularly as it applies to America.

The new competition follows closely on the heels of the announcement of the winners of the 1937-38 awards, for which 231,384 students submitted nearly a quarter of a million streamlined plans for the future. This year we offer a broader platform from which youth may speak its mind.

Every student who is less than twenty-one years of age and regularly enrolled as an undergraduate in a high school or preparatory school anywhere in the United States, its territories, or the Panama Canal Zone, is invited to participate. Awards will be made primarily for originality and soundness of idea. Facility of style and technique will be of secondary importance.

In addition to the 306 cash awards, there will be 1,000 handsome Certificates of Honorable Mention, and special awards for cooperating teachers and for the schools participating most actively.

There are no entry fees, and no entrant is under any obligation to read or buy THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, which is sponsoring the competition. Valuable hints and suggestions, however, will be carried each month in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

If you are a teacher or a student interested in The American Youth Forum, and you have heard nothing about it in your school this year, write the Director of The American Youth Forum, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. Be sure to include the name and address of your school and the name of your principal. Detailed information, posters, and other supplies will then be sent either to your principal or to one of your teachers.

THE COMPETITION AT A GLANCE

PURPOSE . . . To encourage high-school and preparatory-school students to think constructively about their future in relation to that of the United States.

WHO IS ELIGIBLE . . . Every undergraduate student under 21 years of age who is regularly enrolled in a junior or senior high school or in a private secondary school in the United States, its territories, and the Panama Canal Zone.

STUDENT AWARDS . . .

ARTICLE: $1,000 for the best, $500 for the second best, $100 for the third best, $10 each for the fifty next best, $5 each for the hundred next best, and 500 Certificates of Honorable Mention.

ART: $1,000 for the best, $500 for the second best, $100 for the third best, $10 each for the fifty next best, $5 each for the hundred next best, and 500 Certificates of Honorable Mention.

PRINCIPAL & TEACHER HONORARIUMS . . . $100 to the principal or teacher sponsoring the winner of a first or second award in either division; $25 to the sponsors of third-award winners.

SCHOOL AWARDS . . . 14 sets of *The Harvard Classics*, to schools having the highest percentage of pupils submitting entries.

SPECIAL JUNIOR-HIGH-SCHOOL AWARDS . . . $100 in both the article and art divisions to the junior-high-school student who ranks highest on the list of Forum winners. Thus, a junior-high-school student winning a second award of $500 would be given an additional $100 (making a total of $600).

CERTIFICATES OF ACHIEVEMENT . . . *A Certificate of Achievement* in each of the two divisions will be awarded to students in each officially competing school whose entries are judged and certified by the school principal to be the best submitted.

NEW YORK TRIPS . . . A week's trip to New York and the New York World's Fair will be given the first-award winners and their sponsors in both divisions, at the expense of The American Magazine.

COMPETITION SUBJECTS . . .

ARTICLE: *What I Owe America and What America Owes Me*, or *New Frontiers for American Youth*.

ART: *This Is My America*, or *New Frontiers for American Youth*.

SPONSORSHIPS . . . A principal or teacher becomes the sponsor of a student by signing the student's entry and thus indicating that, to the best of his knowledge, the work is original with the student.

TIME . . . The competition will not close until midnight, March 31, 1939.

NO ENTRY FEES . . . There are no entry fees, and all posters, broadsides, etc., are furnished at the expense of The American Magazine. It is not necessary to buy The American Magazine to participate.

The American Magazine

250 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO., PUBLISHERS OF THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, THE COUNTRY HOME MAGAZINE

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the circumstances of the crime and take these things *on their own merits.* I say —a *struggle*—what does *that* suggest? Violence—breakage—noise. . . . The *key? Why* does one turn a key? So that no one shall enter? But the key did not prevent that, since the door was broken down almost immediately. To keep someone *in?* To keep someone *out?* A snip of rubber? I say to myself: 'A little piece of a spongebag is a little piece of a spongebag and that is all!'

"So you would say there is nothing there—and yet that is not strictly true, for three impressions remain. Noise—seclusion—blankness. . . .

"Do they fit with either of my two possibles? No, they do not. To both Alfred Lee and Hilda Lee a *quiet* murder would have been infinitely preferable, to have wasted time in locking the door from the outside is absurd, and the little piece of spongebag means yet once more—nothing at all!

"And yet I have very strongly the feeling that there is nothing absurd about this crime—that it is on the contrary very well planned and admirably executed. That it has, in fact, *succeeded!* Therefore that everything that has happened was *meant*. . . .

"And then, going over it again, I got my first glimmer of light. . . .

"Blood—*so much blood*—blood everywhere. . . . An insistence on blood—fresh, wet, gleaming blood. . . . So much blood —*too much blood*. . . .

"And a second thought comes with that. This is a crime of *blood*—it is *in* the blood. *It is Simeon Lee's own blood that rises up against him.* . . ."

HERCULE POIROT leaned forward. "The two most valuable clues in this case were uttered quite unconsciously by two different people. The first was when Mrs. Alfred Lee quoted a line from Macbeth: *'Who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?'* The other was a phrase uttered by Tressilian, the butler. He described how he felt dazed and things seemed to be happening that had happened before. It was a very simple occurrence that gave him that strange feeling. He heard a ring at the bell and went to open the door to Harry Lee, and the next day he did the same thing to Stephen Farr.

"Now *why* did he have that feeling? Look at Harry Lee and Stephen Farr *and you will see why.* They are astoundingly alike! *That* was why *opening the door to Stephen Farr was just like opening the door to Harry Lee.* It might almost have been the same man standing there. And then, only today, Tressilian mentioned that he was always getting muddled between people. No wonder! Stephen Farr has a high-bridged nose, a habit of throwing his head back when he laughs and a trick of stroking his jaw with his forefinger. Look long and earnestly at the portrait of Simeon Lee as a young man and you see *not only Harry Lee but also Stephen Farr.* . . ."

Stephen moved. His chair creaked. Poirot said, "Remember that outburst of Simeon Lee's, his tirade against his family. He said, if you remember, that he would swear he had better sons *born the wrong side of the blanket.* We are back again at the character of Simeon Lee. Simeon Lee who was successful with women and who broke his wife's heart! Simeon Lee who boasted to Pilar that he might have a bodyguard of sons almost the same age! So I came to this conclusion: Simeon Lee had not only his legitimate family in the house *but also an unacknowledged and unrecognized son of his own blood.*"

Stephen got to his feet. Poirot said, "That was your real reason, wasn't it? Not that pretty romance of the girl you met in the train! You were coming here *before you met her.* Coming to see *what kind of man your father was.* . . ."

Stephen had gone dead white. He said, and his voice was broken and husky, "Yes, I've always wondered. . . . Mother spoke about him sometimes. It grew into a kind of obsession with me—to see what he was like! I made a bit of money and I came to England. I wasn't going to let him know who I was. I pretended to be old Eb's son. I came here for one reason only—to see the man who was my father. . . ."

Superintendent Sugden said in almost a whisper, "Lord, I've been blind. . . . I can see it now. Twice I've taken you for Mr. Harry Lee and then seen my mistake, and yet I never guessed!"

He turned on Pilar.

"That was it, wasn't it? It was Stephen Farr you saw standing outside that door? You hesitated, I remember, and looked at him before you said it was a woman. It was Stephen Farr you saw, *and you weren't going to give him away.*"

"Tch—tch—tch—tch!" LEONARD DOVE

There was a gentle rustle. Hilda Lee's deep voice spoke.

"No," she said. "You're wrong. It was *I* whom Pilar saw. . . ."

Poirot said, "You, Madame? Yes, I thought so. . . ."

Hilda said quietly, "Self-preservation is a curious thing. I wouldn't believe I could be such a coward. To keep silence just because I was afraid!"

POIROT said, "You will tell us now?" She nodded.

"I was with David in the music room. He was playing. He was in a very queer mood. I was a little frightened and I felt my responsibility very keenly because it was I who had insisted on coming here. David began to play the Dead March and suddenly I made up my mind. However odd it might seem, I determined that we would both leave at once —that night. I went quietly out of the music room and upstairs. I meant to go to old Mr. Lee and tell him quite plainly why we were going. I went along the corridor to his room and knocked on the door. There was no answer. I knocked again a little louder. There was still no answer. Then I tried the door handle. The door was locked. And then, as I stood hesitating, *I heard a sound inside the room*—"

She stopped.

"You won't believe me, but it's true! *Someone was in there*—assaulting Mr. Lee. I heard tables and chairs overturned and the crash of glass and china and then I heard that one last horrible cry that died away to nothing and then silence.

"I stood there paralyzed! I couldn't move! And then Mr. Farr came running along and Magdalene and all the others and Mr. Farr and Harry began to batter on the door. It went down and we saw the room *and there was no one in it*—except Mr. Lee lying dead in all that blood."

Her quiet voice rose higher. She cried, *"There was no one else there—no one,* you understand! And *no one had come out of the room.* . . ."

SUGDEN drew a deep breath. He said, "Either I'm going mad or everybody else is. What you've said, Mrs. Lee, is just plumb impossible."

Hilda Lee cried, "I tell you I heard them fighting in there and I heard the old man scream when his throat was cut —and no one came out and no one was in the room!"

Hercule Poirot said, "And all this time you have said nothing."

Hilda Lee's face was white but she said steadily, "No, because if I told you what had happened there's only one thing you could say or think—that it was *I who killed him.* . . ."

Poirot shook his head.

"No," he said. "You did not kill him. His son killed him."

Stephen Farr said, "I swear before God I never touched him!"

"Not you," said Poirot. "He had other sons!"

Harry said, "What the hell—"

George stared. David drew his hand across his eyes. Alfred blinked twice.

Poirot said, "The very first night I was here—the night of the murder—I saw a ghost. *It was the ghost of the dead man.* When I first saw Harry Lee I was puzzled. I felt I had seen him before. Then I noted his features carefully and I realized how like his father he was, and I told myself that that was what caused the feeling of familiarity.

"But yesterday a man sitting opposite me threw back his head and laughed —*and I knew who it was Harry Lee reminded me of.* And I traced again, in another face, the features of the dead man.

"No wonder poor old Tressilian felt confused when he had answered the door not to two but to *three* men who resembled each other closely. No wonder he confessed to getting muddled about people when there were three men in the house who, at a little distance, could pass for each other! The same build, the same gestures (one in particular, a trick of stroking the jaw), the same habit of laughing with the head thrown back, the same distinctive high-bridged nose. Yet the similarity was not always easy to see—*for the third man had a mustache.*"

He leaned forward.

"One forgets sometimes that police officers are men, that they have wives and children, mothers"—he paused—"and *fathers.* . . . Remember Simeon Lee's *local* reputation! A man who broke his wife's heart because of his affairs with women. A son born the wrong side of the blanket may inherit many things. He may inherit his father's features and even his gestures. He may inherit his pride and his patience and his revengeful spirit!"

His voice rose.

"All your life, Sugden, you've resented the wrong your father did you. I think you determined long ago to kill him. You come from the next county, not very far away. Doubtless your mother, with the money Simeon Lee so generously gave her, was able to find a husband who would stand father to her child. Easy for you to enter the Middleshire police force and wait your opportunity. A police superintendent has a grand opportunity of committing a murder and getting away with it."

SUPERINTENDENT SUGDEN'S face had gone as white as paper. He said, "You're mad! I was outside the house when he was killed."

Poirot shook his head.

"No, you killed him before you left the house the first time. No one saw him alive after you left. It was all so easy for you. Simeon Lee expected you, yes, *but he never sent for you.* It was *you* who rang him up and spoke vaguely about an attempt at robbery. You said you would call upon him just before eight that night and would pretend to be collecting for a police charity. Simeon Lee had no suspicions. He did not know you were his son. You came and told him a tale of substituted diamonds. He opened the safe to show you that the real diamonds were safe in his possession. You apologized, came back to the hearth with him, and catching him unawares you cut his throat, holding your hand over his mouth so that he couldn't cry out. Child's play to a man of your powerful physique.

"Then you set the scene. You took the diamonds. You piled up tables and chairs, lamps and glasses, and twined a very thin rope or cord, which you had brought in coiled around your body, in and out between them. You had a bottle of some freshly killed animal's blood to which you had added a quantity of sodium citrate. You sprinkled this about freely and added more sodium citrate to the pool of blood that flowed from Simeon Lee's wound. You made up the fire so that the body should keep its warmth. Then you passed the two ends of the cord out through the narrow slit at the bottom of the window and let them hang down the wall. You left the room and turned the key from the outside. That was vital, *since no one must by any chance enter that room.*

"Then you went out and hid the diamonds in the stone sink garden. A little before nine-fifteen you returned and, going up to the wall underneath the window, you pulled on the cord. That dislodged the carefully piled-up structure you had arranged. Furniture and china fell with a crash. You pulled on one end of the cord and rewound it around your body under your coat and waistcoat.

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"You had one further device!"

He turned to the others.

"Do you remember, all of you, how each of you described the dying scream of Mr. Lee in a different way? It was Harry Lee who came nearest to the truth. He said it sounded like killing a pig.

"Do you know those long pink bladders that are sold at fairs with faces painted on them, called 'Dying Pigs?' As the air rushes out they give forth an inhuman wail. That, Sugden, was your final touch. You arranged one of those in the room. The mouth of it was stopped up with a peg, but that peg was connected to the cord. When you pulled on the cord the peg came out and the pig began to deflate. On top of the falling furniture came the scream of the Dying Pig."

He turned once more to the others.

"You see now what it was that Pilar Estravados picked up? The superintendent had hoped to get there in time to retrieve that little wisp of rubber before anyone noticed it. However, he took it from Pilar quickly enough in his most official manner. But remember *he never mentioned that incident to anyone.* In itself that was a singularly suspicious fact. I heard of it from Magdalene Lee and tackled him about it. He was prepared for that eventuality. He had snipped a piece from Mr. Lee's rubber spongebag and produced that together with a wooden peg. Superficially it answered to the same description—a fragment of rubber and a piece of wood.

"It meant, as I realized at the time, absolutely nothing! But fool that I was, I did not at once say: 'This means nothing, *so it cannot have been there and Superintendent Sugden is lying. . . .*' No, I foolishly went on trying to find an explanation for it. It was not until Mademoiselle Estravados was playing with a balloon that burst, and she cried out that it must have been a burst balloon she picked up in Simeon Lee's room that I saw the truth."

There was silence. Then Sugden said quietly, "When were you sure?"

Poirot said, "I was not quite sure till I brought home a false mustache and tried it on Simeon Lee's picture. Then—the face that looked at me was yours."

Sugden said, "God rot his soul in hell! I'm glad I did it!"

LYDIA LEE said, "Pilar, I think you had better stay with us until we can arrange something definite for you."

Pilar said meekly, "You are very good, Lydia. You are nice. You forgive people quite easily without making a fuss about it."

Lydia said, smiling, "I still call you Pilar, though I suppose your name is something else."

"Yes," Pilar replied, "I am really Conchita Lopez."

"Conchita is a pretty name too."

"You are really almost too nice Lydia. But you don't need to be bothered by me. I am going to marry Stephen and we are going to South Africa."

Lydia said, smiling, "Well, that rounds off things very nicely."

Harry said, "Well, goodby, Alfred. Don't suppose you'll be troubled by seeing much of me. I'm off to Hawaii. Always meant to live there if I had a bit of money."

Alfred said, "Goodby, Harry. I expect you'll enjoy yourself. I hope so."

Harry said rather awkwardly, "Sorry I roiled you so much, old man. Rotten sense of humor I've got. Can't help trying to pull a fellow's leg."

Alfred said with an effort, "Suppose I must learn to take a joke."

Harry said with relief, "Well—so long."

Alfred said, "David, Lydia and I have decided to sell this place. I thought perhaps you'd like some of the things that were our mother's—her chair and that footstool. You were always her favorite."

David hesitated a minute. Then he said slowly, "Thanks for the thought, Alfred, but do you know, I don't think I will. I don't want anything out of the house. I feel it's better to break with the past altogether."

Alfred said, "Yes, I understand. Maybe you're right."

George said, "Well, goodby, Alfred. Goodby, Lydia. What a terrible time we have been through! There's the trial coming on, too. I suppose the whole disgraceful story is bound to come out. Sugden being—er—my father's son. One couldn't arrange for it to be put to him, I suppose, that it would be better if he pleaded advanced Communist views and dislike of my father as a capitalist—something of that kind?"

Lydia said, "My dear George, do you really imagine that a man like Sugden would tell lies to soothe *our* feelings."

George said, "Er—perhaps not. No, I see your point. All the same, the man must be mad. Well, goodby again."

Magdalene said, "*Good*by. Next year do let's all go to the Riviera or somewhere for Christmas and be really gay."

George said, "Depends on the Exchange."

Magdalene said, "Darling, don't be *mean*."

ALFRED came out on the terrace. Lydia was bending over a stone sink. She straightened up when she saw him.

He said with a sigh, "Well—they've all gone. Thank God it's over!"

Lydia said, "Thanks to Hercule Poirot."

"Yes. You know, it was really amazing the way everything fell into place when he explained it. But there's one little thing that still has me puzzled. What *was* George doing *after* he telephoned? Why wouldn't he say?"

Lydia laughed.

"Don't you know? I knew all the time. He was having a look through your papers on your desk."

"Oh, no, Lydia; no one would do a thing like that!"

"George would. He's frightfully curious about money matters. But, of course, he couldn't say so."

Alfred said, "Are you making another garden?"

"Yes."

"What is it this time?"

"I think," said Lydia, "it's an attempt at the Garden of Eden. A new version—without any serpent—and Adam and Eve are definitely middle-aged."

Alfred said gently, "Dear Lydia, how patient you have been all these years. You have been very good to me."

Lydia said, "But you see, Alfred, I love you. . . ."

Colonel Johnson said, "God bless my soul!" Then he said, "Upon my word!" And finally once more: "God bless my soul!"

He leaned back in his chair and stared at Poirot. He said plaintively, "My best man! What's the police coming to?"

Poirot said, "Even policemen have private lives! Sugden was a very proud man."

Colonel Johnson shook his head.

To relieve his feelings he kicked at the logs in the grate. He said jerkily, "I have always said—nothing like a wood fire."

Hercule Poirot, conscious of the drafts round his neck, thought to himself, "*Pour moi,* every time the central heating. . . ."

THE END

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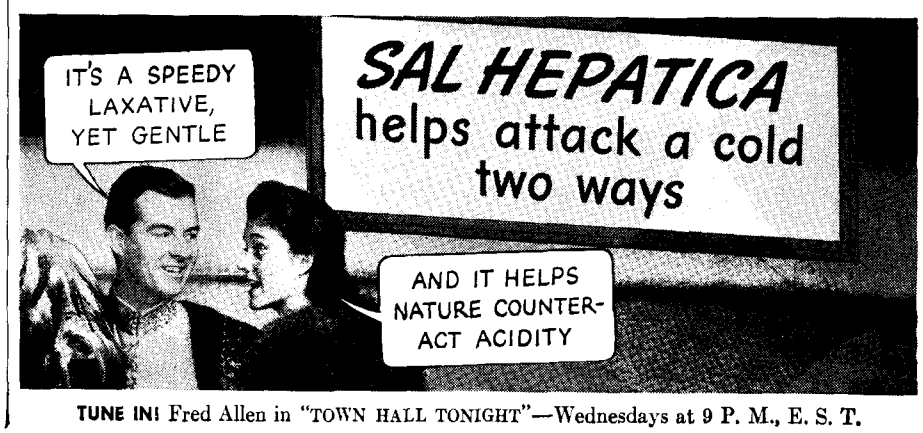
MR.: You mean—Sal Hepatica helps fast?

MRS.: Yes. Two ways. First, it's a quick, yet gentle laxative. And speed is important in fighting a cold. Second, it helps Nature counteract the acidity that so often occurs with a cold.

MRS.: The crowd went wild when the judges picked you! You were wonderful! If you skate like that in Hollywood—

MR.: *You're* the wonderful one! If you hadn't known about Sal Hepatica, I might be home in bed. As it is, we're heading for the West and fame, m'love! And let's put Sal Hepatica in the suitcase, for luck!



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There are Frenchmen and Frenchmen

Continued from page 10

"I read Aeschylus," I said.

"Haven't you *any* interest in sport?"

"Sport," I said, "is for athletes. In my opinion, athletes are a genus midway between men and apes. I have never witnessed any sort of athletic game. I hope never to do so."

She turned on me the look of one who finds a nasty worm in the salad, and this caused her car to brush the buttons on the tunic of a giant gendarme, who stood in the middle of the boulevard, holding up a hand like a banjo. He blasted on his whistle. Our brakes squealed like beaten pigs as we stopped. Next to Red Indians, I dread policemen most, *and he was both.* I tried, frantically, to compose a suitable apology—

"Big chief, paleface heap sorry he bump um with devil wagon."

Miss Birdsong made a gesture at this totem pole which meant derision.

"I'll get you yet, you big stiff," she said.

"Oh, yeah?" he said. "Well, there ain't goin' to be no next time, Toots. I'm blowin' out to the coast to bust into the rasslin' racket."

"Atta boy, Doug," said Miss Birdsong.

"I'll be seein' you before I shove off," he said.

"You better had," said Miss Birdsong, and he waved us on our way.

"NOTICE his physique?" asked Miss Birdsong.

"One had to."

"That's Douglas Horsetail. Sweetest fullback the Heartwell Hell Cats ever had," she said. "All-America three years straight. I'm glad Doug's making the break; I've told him, again and again, he's wasting his time, being a human stop-go sign. With that build, he'll clean up serious wampum in the mat game."

I but record what she said. To me it was completely cryptic. We raced on.

"Why were you afraid of that cop—that policeman?" she said.

"One has one's phobias," was my explanation. "It is one of my crosses that the nearness of an agent of police turns me to jellied consommé."

I saw that she suspected I had fled from France to escape the consequences of some beastliness.

"I am not an Apache," I said. "I do not garrote. Me, I am incapable of stealing a leaf of lettuce from a rabbit. I ask you to believe this."

"I can," she said, "easily."

"Fear," I philosophized, "must be a germ. As, I think, love is. It bites one. One suffers. I have tried to cure my fears with my mind, but can a man reason with a microbe?"

"What else are you afraid of?" asked Miss Birdsong.

"Indians," I said. "Especially Indians."

"Know any?" she asked. She set free a melodious little laugh.

"Heaven forbid," I rejoined. "Do you?"

"My grandfather," she said.

"A thousand, a million pardons," I stammered. "It is I who am the savage. One expects leather skirts, feathers, beads, papooses—"

"Forget it," she said. "There are Indians and Indians. Dad sometimes calls me a streamlined squaw. He's from Tipperary."

We passed a meadow in which people struck at small balls with sticks.

"That's the new golf course," Miss Birdsong informed me.

We zoomed over a bridge across a river. Ahead of us lay a stupendous coliseum of concrete. Here we paused.

"Let's watch the Hell Cats scrimmaging," Miss Birdsong said. I followed her to see this sinister-sounding spectacle. In a vast arena numerous stalwart youths, accoutered in leathern armor like medieval men-at-arms, were assaulting one another with a sort of amiable ferocity. Miss Birdsong became animated.

"Smear him, Chuck, smear him," she cried. "Nice blocking, Bucky."

THEN a shadow of gloom showed on the handsome brow of Miss Birdsong.

"Just a bunch of petunias," she remarked. "That sissy, Chuck, couldn't buck his way out of a tissue-paper tent. Now if we had Doug Horsetail in there this year, the Hell Cats would have a chance to lick the Panthers. I wish you could have seen Doug smack a line."

"I shall always regret that I missed a sight so edifying," I said, in the interest of good manners, if not of veracity. "This Monsieur Horsetail, whom you so highly regard, is he, then, perhaps, related to you?"

"Oh, no. He's a Comanche. I have had been dreamed the night before by Monsieur H. G. Wells.

She piloted us past a row of Greek temples.

"It will be pleasant for me to spend my time in those," I said.

"I dare say," she commented, in a *sec* voice. "They're the sorority houses."

We whirled on toward the apartment house where rooms had been taken for me.

"I'm going to give you a little friendly tip," said Miss Birdsong. "In fact, it is my duty as dean to do so. Watch your step, moosoo."

"I have made one *faux pas* in regard to Indians. In future I shall try to be more discerning," I promised.

"That's not what I mean," she said. "May I be frank?"

"I insist on it."

"Well, *we* don't go for indoor men," she said. "But some of the coeds are sapadopes, fresh from the farm, who think any guy is sophisticated who doesn't wear overalls on week days. If he's been to Kansas City he's a globe-trotter. I'm we are. Your little gray home in the West."

We entered a spacious palace of chromium and glass brick, called, implausibly, Château Paradise.

Miss Birdsong convoyed me to my quarters on the ninth floor.

"I live just below in 809," she said. "Pop in anytime you feel a drink coming on you."

In France one would have thought things. There she sat, on my divan, blowing smoke rings, as unconcerned, as impersonal as Vesuvius.

"I suppose you are a count, aren't you, of an old but impoverished family?" she asked.

"No, mademoiselle," I said. "All my people were peasants. They raised asparagus of the second class."

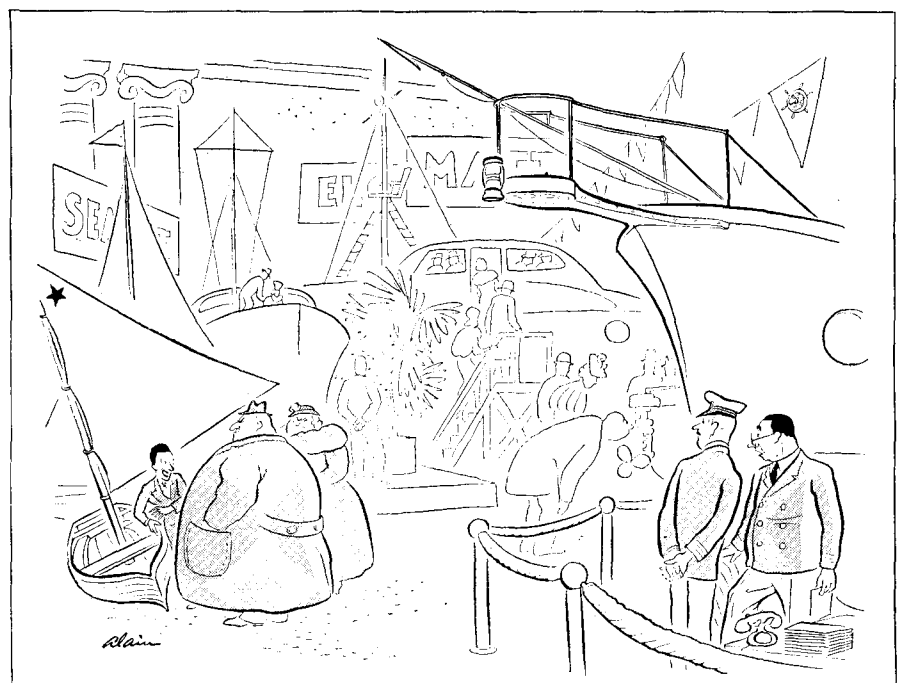
"Such honesty is most refreshing," she said.

"Even we despised indoor men have our points," I said. Her jibe about my indoorness had, somehow, nettled me.

"I believe in letting a man know straight off where he stands," she said.

She was not impersonal now. No woman can be for long.

"My best thanks," I said, as I unpacked my nightshirts. "May I reply, with equal candor, that I am in no way drawn to outdoor persons. I can think of nothing of cultural value that was ever done in the open air. Did M. Shakespeare write *Hamlet* in a tree? Did M. Edison invent electricity in a football pasture? You are welcome to your alfresco friends, mademoiselle, but, *hélas,* for you, you will never wed your *ideal mate.*"



"If he makes that sale, by Jove, we'll have to bribe the fellow to come over and sell for us" ALAIN

"THAT'S what you think," she said, affecting indifference. "Who is he?"

"His name I do not know," I said, taking out my spare suit.

"Well, then what is he like?"

"Picture to yourself someone who is everything I am not," I said. "Imagine one who is bigger and stronger than even M. Horsetail, and who could tie your formidable friend into lovers' knots with ease."

"That's a lot of throat gargle. Nobody could do that to Doug."

"This one could. He is, par excellence, the perfect outdoor type."

"I'll bet he's not a Frenchman," she said.

"No," I said, "he is a gorilla."

For a moment there was a jungle look in her ebony eyes.

"Well, now I know where *I* stand," she said lightly.

"Forgive me," I said. "I have done you a rudeness."

"Oh, well, I asked for it, I guess," she said.

"I retract the gorilla."

"Now that's mighty white of you, moosoo," she said, and proceeded to outline the duties pedagogical assigned to me. That done, she left.

That night I thought about her. Her assumption that I, as a Frenchman, must, perforce, be a combination of Don Juan and Bluebeard ruffled me. I decided that as scenery one could admire her; but, as a woman, and a red or reddish one at that, it would be wise to eschew her.

In the morning I started out to walk to the campus. I reached no farther than the foyer of the *soi-disant* château when I spied Miss Birdsong. I essayed to march out, rapidly and unobserved. I did not notice a juvenile machine drawn across my path by a tot of some tenant, and called, I believe, a "scooter." I tripped and went sprawling on this toy, and it bore me, with more

Apache blood. Rather funny, don't you think?"

Her laugh must have been composed by Debussy.

"In what way is it comic?" I asked.

"In the old days, our people were enemies. Doug's great-grandfather, Chief Owl-In-A-Tree, scalped my great-grandfather, Chief Laughing Horse."

"In France," I said, "the scalping of a grandparent would not be considered humorous. It would be resented. Duels would be fought."

"They were," said Miss Birdsong. "What my relative Geronimo did to those Comanches was nobody's business. Of course those days are gone forever. *I* don't hate Comanches."

"One sees that," I murmured. Busy with her steering, she did not hear me.

"I'll show you our gym," she said, as we neared a structure the size of the Cathedral of Notre Dame. "It's the biggest in the Southwest."

"Mademoiselle the Dean," I said, "would it be indiscreet to ask if there are also halls for study?"

Somewhat perfunctorily, I thought, she showed me an array of buildings as new, angular and antiseptic as if they warning you, moosoo, they're boy-batty and glamor-goofy. Take my advice, and lay off."

"If I understand you, and I am afraid I do," I riposted somewhat stiffly, "let me assure you that I am a scholar, not a sort of Bluebeard. It is inconceivable to me that I shall ever feel romantic disturbances for any woman, red, white or blue; or vice versa."

"Pretty sure of yourself, aren't you?" she said.

I IMPARTED a slight edge to my words as I said, "There exist men, believe me, whom women cannot turn into sighing simpletons with a few amorous ogles. To me, as to another logical man, M. Anatole France, your little tricks of fascination are but the antics of penguins. They amuse, but they do not move me. Nor ever will, mademoiselle, and I know my own mind."

"How about your heart?"

"Merely a machine for pumping," I declared.

"Say, what sort of Frenchman are you, anyway?" she exclaimed.

"The other sort," I replied.

"Boy, are *you* in for a ride on the merry-go-round!" she said. "Well, here

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speed than dignity, to the very shins of Miss Birdsong. She picked me up, effortlessly, as if I were a handkerchief.

"Are you hurt?" she asked. "It's rather early in the day to get liquored up."

"I do not drink," I stated.

"I was only kidding," she said. "Come along, I'll run you down to the mill in my jalopy."

Thus began my daily voyages with her, to and from the campus.

Time promenaded past. My academic labors were of the simplest. I held French classes in a hall so huge there was a loud-speaker on my desk. Through it I instructed my charges how to say, "The pen of my uncle is on the table of my aunt," and those other gems of speech found only in exercise books.

At my first class I felt chagrin. I had attracted but a sprinkle of students. My second class was larger, my third larger still, and soon I had filled that extensive auditorium. I could not resist mentioning this proof of my skill as a savant to Miss Birdsong.

"They're mostly girls, aren't they?" she said.

"It happens so," I replied. "It is a phenomenon I am at a loss to explain. What causes this?"

"You'll find out," she said.

On a memorable day I wrote on the blackboard; *Elle mange du pain et du chou.*

Then, as was my custom, I pointed at random to a student, and said, "Translate, if you please."

My choice was a petite young lady with fiery curls, an impudent nose and a permanent pout, by name Sallye Wayne.

"Me?" she said, and stared at the words on the blackboard, puckering herself.

"Ella is mangled by a pain in the shoe."

"Please see me in my office after class," I said. A murmur ran round the room. No other girl I called on that day gave me a correct answer.

Miss Wayne entered my office, and sat with downcast eyes while I lectured her sternly on the folly of gathering wool in the classroom. When I finished, I looked for some sign of contrition.

"Scold me some more," she said.

"Permit that I remind you that this is a college, mademoiselle," I said. "Your conduct is that of a naughty child who should be spanked."

She fluttered inch-long eyelashes at me demurely.

"Oakity-doakums," she lisped, and got up and started toward my chair. I leaped away from her.

"Halt!" I shouted. "Remove yourself from here immediately."

"But—boo—I thought—hoo—you cared," she whimpered.

"Name of a name," I gasped, "how can you have a notion so fantastic?"

"I—boo—do for you—hoo," she sobbed.

"Stop these noises, I beg of you," I said. She continued to make them.

"My dear child, you must desist from these outcries," I said. "People are all about us. They will think abominations."

"Let 'em," she wailed. "I'm not ashamed of my love."

"Attend," I said. "Romance has no place in my life. To me it is as unwelcome as a case of ingrown mumps."

"I get it." She stopped crying. "You're carrying a torch for Musclebound Minnehaha. You're bugsy about that Ona Birdsong."

"Preposterous," I said. I was dumfounded.

"We were talking last night at the Pi house about the way you look at her."

"And how is that, mademoiselle?" I asked.

She arranged her features in a look of moony and fatuous yearning.

"What a libel!" I cried.

She fumbled in her etui, and took out a snapshot.

"Bette Lucas took this with her candid camera," she said.

THE picture, taken at the lecture hall portal, showed a man who was looking at a woman. The woman, indubitably, was Miss Birdsong. But that sickening thing beside her, that gargoyle with the look of a sheep at prayer, could that be Achille LaPucelle, logician and misogynist?

"I do not recognize this man," I said, and meant it in the Socratic sense.

"You ought to," said Miss Wayne. "He's got on your pants."

I pocketed the atrocity.

"All right for you," she pouted. "But I'm telling you, you'll never get to first base with Musclebound. Take it from baby, you're an umpchay."

"A what?"

"An uckersay," she said. "You've got about every girl whacky for you, and you tumble for the only one you can't get. Is that smart?"

"It is untrue," I said.

"She likes 'em dumb but beefy," said this unspeakable gamin. "Like Doug Horsetail. He's the odds-on favorite in the sorority winter book. You better look out. He's back in town and if you rile him—"

Loud knockings came on my door.

"Enter," I called. Miss Birdsong came in.

"Sorry to interrupt a lovers' quarrel," she said, with frost, "but I can't work with all this rumpus going on next door."

"My apologies," I said. "You yourself instructed me to censure lax students."

Miss Birdsong turned to Miss Wayne. I thought of a sparrow and an eagle. Miss Wayne flew away.

"Gabby brat," observed Miss Birdsong. She held out her hand. "Let me see that picture," she said.

"You heard us?" I asked.

"You were broadcasting on a nationwide hookup," she said. "I want to see that picture. Come across."

I had not the stomach to refuse. She studied the revolting thing.

"Not too good of me," she said. "Makes me look too hippish. But it's just like you, Ack-heel."

"The name is Ah-sheel," I said, loftily, and took the snapshot and tossed it into the wastebasket.

"I'm terribly sorry, Ack-heel," said Miss Birdsong, soberly. "But it just can't be. You're a good little guy, and I like you. But you're—well, you're just not the right man. You're too far from the cave, Ack-heel. Sorry. Guess it must be the Indian in me."

You can figure to yourself my astonishment.

"What sort of place is this place?" I cried. "A college? I could laugh myself into lunacy. It is a hothouse of puppies' love. Regard this, mademoiselle. You may consider my heart some sort of ball. But you cannot throw it back before you catch it."

"Too bad," said Miss Birdsong. "You're too nice to be human. I wish I could hold out some hope for you, Ack-heel, but I just can't."

"It becomes evident," I said, with all the dignity I could command, "that you have somehow gained the impression that I am in love with you. So have others. All the world seems to know it, except me. I wish, for once and forever, to make my attitude clear. I wish to inform you—"

"Ssssh—" she cautioned. "Half the faculty is listening."

"Good," I said. "I want everyone to know the true state of my emotions—"

"I'll drive you home."

"I'll walk," I said. "Now and in future."

"Suit yourself," she said. "But when a man walks home, that's news. Well, I've got to go and dress for a date. See you later, Ack-heel."

She moved herself out swiftly, with the grace of a leopard. I took from the basket that unspeakable snapshot. I studied, with a horrid fascination, the face of the infatuated stranger in my clothes. Black night came before I reached a decision. It was that I was not guilty. The picture lied. It was my plain duty to go to Miss Birdsong and tell her with emphatic finality that I did not love her.

I WENT back to the Château Paradise. The African concierge, Georges, informed me that she had gone out. "All dressed up like a Christmas tree."

"Do you, perchance, know where one can find her?" I inquired.

"I reckon she is down to the armory where all the folkses in town is, 'septin' you and me, Massa Lollapaloosa," he said wistfully.

It was evident, as I neared the armory, that some fete was in full sway. One heard a lively hubbub within.

"What species of gala occurs here?" I asked the ticket seller.

"If you mean what goes on," he said, "it's rasslin'."

Undeterred, I went in. All the world was packed in there. In the ring two men were embracing. White light beat on the canvas where they lay entwined in a hug of hate. The triple-chinned

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citizen on my right gave vent to a beery bellow.

"Throw them tramps out. They're doggin' it."

I roved with my eyes over the excited throng. Many ladies were there, but I did not glimpse the woman I did not love. My attention was called back to the struggle by a resounding crash. One of the combatants had been hurled bodily from the ring into the copious lap of Mrs. Post, head of the Department of Domestic Science. He was counted out and carried out.

"Now we'll see sumpin' that's sumpin'," said the man beside me, gleefully. "It's for the champeenship—and it's a grudge match."

A figure swaggered down the aisle. He wore a feather headdress and gaudy blanket and I knew him at once for Douglas Horsetail. It was the lordly salute of a conquering Caesar, home from the wars. Everybody began to war-whoop. Odd, most odd, that in all that frenzied tumult I recognized one whoop. I traced it to a box across the ring. Miss Birdsong sat there, alone, whooping melodiously. Now another figure entered, or rather slunk, into the ring. He wore a pointed mustache and the spike of beard affected by stage magicians and Napoleon III, and, surprisingly, a tall silk hat and opera cape. The band struck up "Mademoiselle from Armentieres." To a man and woman the audience booed. Miss Birdsong booed the loudest. My program identified this one as "Frenchy Bombardeau, the Pride of Paree."

I was again glad I was not a Parisian. When I examined my compatriot more closely I almost wished I was not a Frenchman. He had a face to which nothing further could happen. He looked just barely eligible for the human race. When he stripped off his cape one thought he had on bearskin underwear.

The crowd chanted, "Oooh, la, la! Vive la France," and I judged they thought this some sort of vile French insult. The beery one shouted:

"Is zair a barbair in ze 'ouse?"

Another voice cried, "Shave him, Doug. Twice over, and not lightly."

M. Horsetail unveiled his coppery torso. It was an awesome sight. At his every move some new muscle raised its head. Even I, who detest biceps, had to admire such perfection. Beside this living powerhouse, even that hairy Hercules, M. Bombardeau, seemed a bubble of fragility.

A gong sounded. M. Bombardeau shambled from his lair and smote M. Horsetail on the ear. M. Horsetail sat down abruptly. M. Bombardeau smote him again, as he sat there, this time with both elbows. Each time the redskin sought to rise, he was felled again by a flail-like blow on the back of his neck. Then the Pride gripped the Indian by his sleek black hair and tried to beat his head flat against the floor. Incensed growls welled in the audience.

"Foul! Foul! Foul!"

"Make him cut out the dirty work, Al." Al was the referee, a redskin, a big one.

AL CAME to the aid of his red brother. Using M. Bombardeau's beard for a handle, he slung him into a corner, and, to emphasize his displeasure, trod on his nose.

"Kick him again, Al," they pleaded.

M. Horsetail surged to his feet. He charged at his foe, head down, and butted him through the ropes. With the tenacity of our race, M. Bombardeau crawled back. His head had struck a journalist's, leaving him rather groggy. M. Horsetail was an engine of destruction now. He catapulted himself again and again at the staggering, defenseless Frenchman, battering him from rope to rope with cruel bullish rushes.

My neighbor chortled.

"That's the stuff to give Frenchmen. They're yellow."

The Pride of Paris tottered, sagged, fell. M. Horsetail leaped high in the air and landed on that unhappy one's abdomen with both feet. The crowd went hysterical with ecstasy.

"Atta boy, Doug! Kill 'im! Massacre him, Doug! Scalp him!"

A man ran down the aisle toward the ring. He was shouting, "Courage, my brave. You are not quite alone. I come. Death to redskins! Remember Verdun. Vive la France!"

That man, messieurs, mesdames, was I. I do not know in detail what I did, but that screaming madman was really Achille LaPucelle. Sense, reason, logic, were swept away by one imperious tidal wave of emotion. Of but one thing was I conscious—a desire to kill an Indian.

THEY tell me that when a policeman tried to bar my way into the ring, I bit him. They say I kicked Al in the shins. I am informed that I flew at M. Horsetail like a wildcat, trumpeting "Vive la France." News photos, taken the next day, show M. Horsetail with clawed cheeks, a chewed ear and a mouth still ajar with amazement. My burst of fury only ended when some heavy hardness hit my jaw.

I opened my eyes and saw I was on the sofa in my own chambers.

"He's all right now," said a man's voice.

"Yes, he's all right. Thanks, Doctor," said a woman's voice. It was that voice of which there is only one. A door slammed. I felt my dizzy head, and perceived that I ached in a wide variety of places. Miss Birdsong came to me and held a glass of cognac to my lips.

"Is he dead?" I asked. "That Indian. Did I kill him?"

"No. You're the one that was nearly killed. When Frenchy hit you."

"What?" I exclaimed. "My own countryman! The one I tried to save!"

"He thought you were nuts," said Miss Birdsong.

"Did he suppose a true Frenchman could stand by and see one of his own people tortured by a redskin?" I demanded.

"It was all a rehearsed routine," she said, with pity. "They take turns roughing each other up. It was Doug's night to throw the Greek."

"What Greek?"

"Frenchy. He's a strumberry pie-eater from Tulsa. 'Frenchy' is just his ring name."

"Crown me king of all the fools," I moaned, holding up my throbbing head. "I am disgraced. I have lost all respect."

"Nothing of the sort, Ack-heel. In fact, you're a hero. A little, soft guy like you tangling with Doug Horsetail! That takes a lot of heart."

"And no brains," I said.

"You did what you thought was right," she said. "Folks think you're sort of short on sense; but everybody thinks you're real brave."

"Everybody?" I said, looking steadily into her eyes.

"I, most of all," she answered, softly. "I'm the only one who knows just how brave you were to tackle an Indian. But, for pity's sake, what were you doing at a wrestling match?" she asked, putting another ice bag on my brow.

"I was looking for you. To tell you something."

"What?"

"In the excitement, it has slipped my mind."

"Then, tell me, Ack-heel, what came over you down there tonight?"

"I guess," I said, "you'd call it an attack of atavism."

"I went a little primitive, too," she confessed. "Didn't you hear me hollering, 'Attaboy, Ack-heel! Kill that Comanche!' It was when you had your arms around his neck."

"Did I?"

"Don't you remember?" she said. "You held him like this."

She showed me how I had put my arms around M. Horsetail's neck by putting her arms around mine. There was no referee to break us.

"No," I said. "You are a little wrong. It was like this." I showed her.

"You wanted to tell me something," she said. "You don't need to now, darling. I know."

That's the trouble with women. They know.

ALL this occurred more than a year ago. I am still in the States United, and shall probably never return to France. A fine little country, France, but I fear I'd find it dull. As I amuse myself by writing this, Madame my wife is out golfing. Me, I am staying home to mind the papoose. He is named for some of his forebears: Alphonse Geronimo François Laughing Horse LaPucelle.

"I'm sorry, sir, but we prefer having this in our window!"

ERNIE GARZA

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Strange Honeymoon

Continued from page 22

And so she had selected two escorts, and Alan had read them a lecture on what was expected. But in spite of all that, he intended to dine at the Skytop himself, and to keep a supervisory eye on the affair.

Dinner jacket, black tie, opera hat, and the ebony, silver-headed cane of which Alan was particularly fond. He took a quick look at himself in the mirror, and shrugged his shoulders in a manner that merely meant okay.

Actually, young Mr. Hughes was considerably more than merely presentable. He appeared younger than his twenty-seven years: he looked eminently correct and even rather handsome. He was even unaware of the glances he attracted as he swung through the lobby of the far-from-swank apartment house where he lived. Near the door he encountered a very vivid young lady who attempted to convey by a gesture and a quick glance that she would not be too reluctant if Alan desired to make her acquaintance. And when he passed through the door and into a taxi without apparently noticing that she was alive, she sighed deeply, walked to the desk for her mail and asked the clerk on duty —confidentially, of course—"Who was that swell-lookin' guy just went out?"

Alan checked coat, hat, scarf and silver-headed cane—and entered the Skytop room under the convoy of a headwaiter who knew him personally, and who also recognized the advantages that unobtrusively accrued to the place by reason of the fact that the Skytop was on the favored list of the Gotham Escort Bureau. Alan requested a table alone, in an inconspicuous corner; he cast an expert eye over the elaborate setup for the dinner party—table for sixteen parallel to the dance floor; lavish floral decorations; gleaming silver and glassware, spotless napery; costly favors. Alan hoped it would be very successful, that the representatives of the bureau would conduct themselves with that expert admixture of decorum and gaiety that was so desirable at such a party; that they would remember the drinking rules, and so restrict themselves to a single cocktail, a half glass of each wine served, and one liqueur after dinner. He hoped, too, that they would prove sufficiently heroic and businesslike to dance earnestly with their hostess—an assignment that he knew, from one ghastly experience in the dim and distant past, was no part of a picnic.

BUT young Mr. Hughes was not destined to reach his lone table. Approaching it in the wake of the headwaiter, he heard the cool, assured voice of Martha Hastings: friendly and faintly mocking, "Hi, Apollo."

Jim Terry rose and held out his hand. He smiled at Alan and said to the waiter, "Dinner for three, please, James."

"I'm in solitary," protested Alan.

"You're reprieved. Will you sit down or shall I wrestle you?"

Alan looked uncertainly at Martha. "How's about it?"

"I take my men in stride," answered Martha, "and my digestion is excellent."

"Which makes absolutely no sense . . . so I'll stay."

The dinner party Alan was to watch arrived, paused for liquid cheer in the cocktail lounge, and were happily seated by the time Alan had been served his main course. A quick survey informed him that things were progressing smoothly, that the appointees of the bureau were carrying on nobly and efficiently, and that—at the Skytop at least—he need have no worry. Jim Terry was amused, Martha faintly caustic. She said, "It's tough—this manual labor you're doing."

"And that, I take it, is intended to be in the nature of a dirty crack, isn't it?"

"Well, maybe. Not too dirty, of course."

Jim Terry said, "I wouldn't swap jobs with him. I imagine it gets to be damned boring."

"You're the outdoor type, Jim."

"Just the same: any job that you've *got* to do—"

"Like taking me out?"

Jim smiled at Alan. "Nice gal, this Martha Hastings. She needs to be spanked where it'll do her the most good."

"Oooooo!" exulted Martha. "Nice. When do we start?"

"You don't think I'm serious?"

"I'm afraid I don't, Jim. All my life I've had a yen to be manhandled. But I'm afraid I'm just not the type."

Alan asked, "Where's Judith?"

"Where any virtuous wife should be —or should she? At home."

LESS than an hour later, Alan was again on his rounds. Theater time, and there was little he could do. He dropped into a couple of places and chatted with the managers; then when Broadway congestion indicated the end of show time, and automobile traffic started creeping eastward, Alan found himself moving fast.

Night clubs, large and small; big spots and little spots; gay spots and somber spots; smoke, noise, music, men in evening dress; women in gowns of startling décolleté . . . cigarette girls, hat-check girls, table captains, musicians, doormen; odor of liquor; high, brittle conversation; audacious flippancy of the smart-crack school . . . which he had heard so often that it bored him. Alan was tired and a bit irritable. Okay for Martha Hastings to kid him about it, but this thing *was* a job—an honest and arduous one. Funny how different it all seemed when he had to do it. He remembered that he never used to tire when he made the rounds through choice.

It was almost three o'clock when he reached the Tunisia and took his first real drink of the evening: a double scotch. Gene Lyons was there, alone. He received Alan's report, nodded with satisfaction, and said, "Looks like we're on the right road."

"Yeah. The kids are all doing well. And I'm tired."

"Jumpy, too, aren't you?"

"Uh-huh."

Gene's eyes were focused intently on Alan. He said, "I can't blame you much."

"I'm too conscientious, maybe."

"It isn't that." The big man opposite lighted a cigarette with elaborate care. "Carter must be a lousy shot."

Alan was startled. "Who told you?"

"Mrs. Hughes. She telephoned me at noon."

Alan's cheeks flushed. "I ought to be flattered, but I'm not."

"Easy, kid. Why shouldn't she? She knows I'm supposed to be a smart guy. She knows I know Carter."

"What can you do?"

"I'll pin that guy's ears back if he don't lay off."

"No, thanks, Gene. It's my private scrap."

"Be yourself. Carter's on the skids, and he's burning."

"That's okay with me, too. I want to see him—"

"For what? He's tough. Used to be a scrapper, and he wouldn't know a scruple if he met it in the dictionary."

"Just the same—"

"It isn't just the same, Alan. Things like this don't go by rules."

"I'm beginning to find that out."

"Let me handle Carter for you. I know how the guy thinks. You don't."

Alan laughed shortly. "That's twice tonight I've had offers of help—from big boys. I'd simply rather not."

"Noble—but dumb."

"Probably."

"You're calling it. You say lay off, so I'll lay off. But I'm telling you: Carter's no cream puff."

"Meaning—?"

"Keep your guard up and your chin tucked in."

"Three-thirty," said Alan, looking at his watch, "and I'm fagged."

The Tunisia was virtually empty. This had been a less-than-average evening and the regulars had drifted out early. Only the more enthusiastic inebriates remained, and they were too engrossed with their own drinking to worry about anything else. Alan rose and said, "I'll be drifting."

"Me too. I like to start my shut-eye before dawn."

Alan shrugged wearily into his coat and followed Gene through the front door. He was carrying his heavy silver-headed cane, but he was no longer feeling debonair. Simply fatigued . . . and nervous.

The street outside was almost deserted. The ancient tenements of this neighborhood, which was in the process of becoming swank, were respectably dark. The doorman, an old acquaintance of Gene's, leaned wearily against the uprights of the gay awning that stretched from doorway to curb. A solitary taxicab stood waiting.

It was that chill, impersonal hour before the dawn: the hour when the average man hits an all-time low; when he begins to wonder whether night life is quite what it's cracked up to be.

Gene chatted with the doorman and with the taxi driver. He was debating a point: "Walk or ride, Alan? Maybe a little fresh air . . ."

From a near-by doorway lurched a huge, hulking figure. The man looked tremendous in the half-light of the street lamps. He walked toward Alan belligerently, shoulders swaying, big fists clenched. The doorman said, "Hey . . ." and then the voice of Joe Carter cut through the night.

"You!" he said, moving toward Alan. "I been looking for you."

Alan had a momentary feeling of relief. So it had come at last—the showdown with Joe Carter. His muscles tensed as he turned to face the big man.

In the glow of the doorway of the Tunisia, he glimpsed Joe Carter's face.

"Now," Alan thought. . . . "Now it's going to happen."

THE crisis had arrived without warning, and the picture in Alan's mind was clear: the leaden light of a night that had not yet gone and a dawn that had not yet come; pale glow of a single bulb under a gay canopy; a doorman and a taxi driver standing open-mouthed —wondering what it was all about, since trouble outside night clubs customarily was preceded by long minutes of quarreling.

There was the almost deserted street, grim and rather decrepit houses, two ornate apartment buildings, deserted doorways and empty front stoops, gaunt fire escapes, the rumble of heavy trucks

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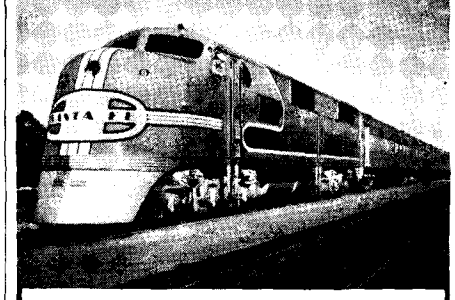

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on First Avenue, and a silence that was almost tangible.

Alan braced himself. He was glad that he hadn't been drinking, and he was unafraid. But in that instant before the clash his nerves were crawling. There flashed through his mind the thought that Joe Carter was huge and powerful. Alan didn't realize it, but the fingers of his right hand were closed tightly about the silver-headed cane he was carrying.

Things were happening swiftly, but Alan's thoughts were even more swift: a series of vivid pictures, a crowding of emotions, an instinctive tensing of his muscles. He steadied himself.

Then he saw Gene Lyons step forward and block Joe Carter's path. Gene was tall, too, and fairly broad and sinewy; but he looked small beside Carter. There was power of a different kind: Gene Lyons was graceful and well-molded, Carter wide and brutish.

Gene's jaw was square, his eyes narrow. He grabbed Carter's arm and turned him halfway, so that the two big men were face to face. And Lyons' voice was arctic as he said, "Lay off, Joe."

Carter's voice was uncompromising. He said, "Keep out of this, Gene."

"I said to let the kid alone."

"I'll break his neck."

Alan spoke, and was surprised by the steadiness of his own voice. He said, "Thanks just the same, Gene. But this is my affair."

"And I'm making it mine."

"No, you're not."

BUT Gene Lyons did not move. He looked squarely into Carter's eyes, and said, "On your way, Joe."

Carter shrugged. He said, "Don't be a damned fool."

"Beat it, Joe. I'm telling you."

Carter said, "To hell with you . . ." and he wrenched his arm loose from Gene Lyons' grasp.

Gene reached out once more. Carter, staring straight at Alan Hughes, tried to shove past Gene. Lyons was calm and efficient. He said, "If that's what you want . . ."

Gene Lyons struck. He struck hard and scientifically. His fist cracked against Carter's jaw, and the larger man staggered. His expression was one of surprise and disbelief, and then his slits of eyes glowed with fury. There was a bruise on Carter's jaw, and for the moment he seemed to have forgotten Alan.

He lunged toward Lyons—yet there was a certain grace in his movement. It was not the lunge of an awkward brute, but the advance of the trained boxer. He came close and Gene struck out again, but Carter flicked the blow away contemptuously with his left arm.

Then Carter hit. His punch came from nowhere and traveled only a few inches. It was a sharp and powerful blow. The impact of fist on flesh was not pleasant: the effect was immediate.

A pugilistic expert could have told you that Gene had been hurt, because instantly his knees buckled. He sagged away from Carter, swayed for a moment, then pitched over on his side and lay sprawled under the canopy. The taxi driver was interested and aloof—other men's fights being no affair of his; but the doorman said, "What the hell . . ." and bent over the prostrate figure of Gene Lyons.

It had happened fast; so fast that there had been no time for coherent thinking, no time to weigh chances or to foretell events. Gene had struck, Carter had struck—and now Gene was out. Quick! Like that!

Carter whirled toward Alan. His movements were deliberate, deadly and graceful. He seemed twice Alan's size, more than double Alan's physical strength. His left flashed out and landed high on Alan's forehead.

The young man staggered, dazed by the impact of the blow. He was flung against the iron fence separating the sidewalk from the basement entrance of the building next door to the Tunisia. He was conscious of a sharp pain, and of a realization that this was no ordinary brawl. And at that moment, Alan felt only one thing—the instinct of self-preservation.

CARTER closed in. Alan's grasp on his heavy evening cane was tight. He saw the face of his opponent, he read the message of danger in Carter's eyes. And Alan himself had been hurt.

Alan swung. He held the cane in the middle and swung hard with the silver-headed end. The sound it made as it cracked against Joe Carter's head was not pleasant. Nor was it pleasant to watch Carter's huge form fold up and sag: sag down so that it lay grotesquely across the sidewalk.

For a moment Alan stood motionless. A wave of nausea swept over him. The spot on his forehead where Carter's fist had landed was beginning to swell and he was conscious of a definite pain.

He moved across to where the doorman and the taxi driver had propped Gene up to a sitting posture. Apparently Lyons was all right, for he smiled crookedly at Alan.

"Nice work, kid," he said.

"Yeah," endorsed the doorman, "you slugged him plenty."

Alan asked, "How are you feeling, Gene?"

"Groggy, but okay. Can that guy hit!"

"Yeah," said the taxi driver, "he's gotta wallop, wot I mean. Shall I call a cop?"

"Naaah," said Gene, struggling to his feet. "He got what he asked for; we'll let it go at that."

He took Alan's arm, shoved him toward the curb, and spoke to the taxi driver. "Want to drive us home, Chuck?"

"Sure thing, Mister Lyons." Chuck paused at the curb, looking down at the figure of Joe Carter. He said, "Hey, this guy looks like he's bad hurt."

"Forget it," shrugged Gene. "He's tough."

"Yeah, I know. But . . ."

"On your way, Chuck."

They moved toward the taxi, followed by the doorman. It was that elegantly uniformed individual who bent over Joe Carter and said, "It's your business, Mr. Lyons—but this guy—he don't look so good."

"Nerts. Forget it."

"Yeah, but look: S'posin' a cop comes along and starts to ask questions?"

Alan bent over Carter. He didn't like the blood that oozed from the man's scalp. He said, "We can't just leave him here, Gene."

"Why not? What's it to us?"

"Well, he's unconscious, and—"

"Aaaah hell . . ." Disgustedly Gene clambered out of the cab. He placed his fingers on Carter's wrist, on his throat, and when he looked up, his own face was grave. He said simply, "He's hurt, all right. Maybe we better get him to a doctor."

Alan was more concerned by the apprehension in Gene's eyes than he had been by the sight of Carter's limp figure. He helped the doorman and Gene bundle Carter into the taxi, helped them prop him up in the corner, and he heard Gene say to the doorman, "Can you keep your lip buttoned?"

"Yes sir, Mr. Lyons—you know good and well I can."

"Well, do it. Nothing happened out here, see? Nothing. No fight, no anything."

"I got it. You can trust me."

"Good. See you tomorrow," and as they drove away, Gene explained to Alan: "He's a right guy. I've done him favors, and he's glad of the chance to return 'em. And Chuck Watson here—" motioning to the driver—"he's another. Good break for us."

"Let's pretend now that we just want an item for Winchell!"

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

CHUCK'S voice came from the driver's seat: "Where to, Mr. Lyons?"

Gene gave an address. "That's a doc I know, Alan. Good guy, and he don't talk. If we take this bird to a hospital, there'll be questions asked. That wouldn't be so good."

Alan said, "He's still unconscious."

"Son, you socked him."

They stopped before a rather dingy apartment house on the west side. Save for an occasional automobile speeding past, there was no sign of life. Gene was efficient. He said, "Lemme rouse up the doc, then we'll handle this guy like a drunk."

Gene rang a doorbell below a brass plate that was inscribed: J. G. Morgan, M.D. There was a long wait, during which Gene took a moment to explain, "He lives back of his offices. Sleeps sound as hell, though."

Alan found the wait interminable. He was frightened now, much more so than he had been when there was acute physical danger. He kept saying to himself, "What's the matter with that doctor? . . . What's the matter with that doctor . . . ?"

Then the door opened, and Alan caught a glimpse of a moon-faced, partly bald little man in a red dressing gown; and then he was helping Gene carry Joe Carter into a dingy suite of offices. Gene, reading Alan's thoughts, said: "Morgan's good. And he don't talk."

Chuck sat in the waiting room with Alan. The driver said, "That stick of yours must be awful heavy."

"Yes . . ."

"The big guy ast for it, though."

"I suppose so."

Gene Lyons joined them. "Doc's got him on the table. He's smart, this Morgan."

They waited. It seemed to Alan as though they waited forever. Actually only a few minutes passed. Then the door of the operating room opened and Dr. Morgan appeared. His agate eyes were round and startled, and he was shaking his head. He asked, "Who slugged that guy?"

"I did," said Alan. "Why?"

"Because," said Dr. Morgan, "you're in a hell of a mess. That man is dead."

THE scene stamped itself indelibly on Alan's mind: The dingy reception room; the pudgy, round-faced little doctor standing in the doorway with the sleeves of his dressing gown rolled up, and the front of it covered with a ridiculous white apron; Chuck, the wiry little taxi driver hunching forward in his seat, his cheeks pasty, and saying, "Gee! I feel like I'm gonna be sick." And Gene Lyons striding across the room and grabbing the doctor's arm.

Gene said harshly, "You're crazy. He can't be dead."

Dr. Morgan shrugged. "I'm not the greatest doctor in the world," he said calmly, "but I know when a man's dead."

"It isn't possible . . ."

"Listen, Gene: This guy's heart isn't beating and he isn't breathing. Now I ask you."

Alan knew that Gene and Chuck were looking at him. He was all curled up inside. So this, he thought, was how you felt when you had killed a man. You got into a fight and sort of went crazy; you saw danger coming at you, and you felt pain, and then you acted instinctively. You saw your man drop and you felt a brief glow of triumph, and then you looked down at your adversary and began to get sorry, because you couldn't help being sorry for anybody who was hurt. Then you took him somewhere, and a funny-looking little man came walking into the room and changed the whole course of your life by telling you that you had killed somebody.

It did things to you: This sudden discovery that you had snuffed out human life. It made you feel cold and scared and sickish . . . like Chuck said he felt. You even found yourself wondering what right Chuck had to feel bad. He hadn't done anything. Neither had Gene . . . and Gene looked frightened, too. Only this Dr. Morgan, he didn't look scared. Funny profession: Medicine. A man was either well or sick, dead or alive . . . but when he was dead, you had no further interest in him. It was that way—finished.

But the horrible thing was the way you felt responsible and sorry and scared. You found yourself almost wishing that it had been you. You had read about death and killing, and you knew all the technical terms like manslaughter and homicide and—well, yes,

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murder—but up to now they hadn't meant anything. And prison hadn't meant anything, either, because that had been merely a word. It had held no significance, ever. Until now. Until you had killed a man.

Alan thought: "I've got to keep a tight rein on myself. I mustn't get panicky. I mustn't say what I'm thinking."

It wasn't an easy task, but he accomplished it very well. Except that he moistened dry lips occasionally, he gave no outward sign of what he felt. He was thinking—thinking fast—but he knew he wasn't thinking coherently. His thoughts raced and raced, and always circled back to the same point. He said, "We'd better call the police."

He noticed then—for the first time—that Gene Lyons and the chunky little doctor were paying no attention to him. They were talking earnestly, standing close together in the gloomy passageway leading back from the reception room to the operating room. Gene had one hand on the doctor's arm and he was making short, quick gestures with the other hand. Dr. Morgan put in an occasional word, but for the most part he listened and nodded, and once Alan heard him say, "Yes, I could work it. But I've got to be *sure* . . ."

"You can be sure. You know me."

"You're okay. But that driver . . . ?"

"Chuck? He's right."

THEY lowered their voices again. Just a whispered monotone that drifted through the door: Gene arguing something, Dr. Morgan apparently being convinced. Alan sat motionless, but Chuck was fidgeting. The silence was eating on his nerves. He had to say something . . . anything to break the tension. So he looked across at Alan and said, "Lousy break, huh?"

"Yes . . ."

"You hit him, and out he goes—like a light."

"I know . . ."

"Still and all, I never thought . . ."

"Neither did I."

Gene beckoned to Alan, and said to Chuck: "Sit tight. We'll be back in a minute."

"Okay," said Chuck, "I ain't goin' nowhere."

Gene took Alan into the little consultation room, halfway down the dingy hall. He shut the door, so that the two of them were alone. His face was grave, but the eyes were cold and calculating. He said, "You've done all right so far, Alan. Don't slip."

"I'll try."

"Carter," said Gene, "is dead as a doornail. Skull cracked."

Again that premonitory wave of nausea swept over Alan. He controlled himself, and asked a question: "Will they call it murder?"

Gene's answer surprised him. He said, "If you're smart, they won't call it anything."

Alan became aware of the fact that this was a new Gene Lyons. The Gene he had known had always been suave and quiet, with voice and eyes notable for their gentleness. The voice now was as soft as ever, but there was an undertone; and the eyes were hard. . . . Made you feel as though you couldn't argue. It was an introduction to the real Gene, but it was surprising to remember that the man you had known for so long actually was nonexistent. This was the Gene Lyons of the nebulous background, the Gene who—as Angel Fremont described him—had been plenty places, done plenty things, and knew all the answers.

As a matter of fact, Alan was grateful for Gene's frigid impersonality. It steadied his own nerves, helped to clear his brain. His voice was quiet as he asked, "What do you mean: They won't call it anything?"

"Just about that, Alan. This Morgan—he's a smart guy."

"What's that got to do with it?" asked Alan.

"He knows what to do with the body. Oh! I don't mean what you're thinking. It'll be an accident case. Everything will be right as rain, and no trouble for anybody."

"That doesn't seem possible."

"Lots of things go on in New York all the time that wouldn't seem possible to you."

Alan thought for a moment, and then shook his head. He said, "Thanks, Gene. You're being swell. But I'd rather not."

"You'd rather not what?"

"Try to conceal the thing. Let's call the police."

"Going noble on me! Is that it?"

"Now listen, Gene—you know that isn't it. You're offering to help, and I'm appreciative. But it isn't going to get anywhere. I don't know what it is I've done—technically, that is—but I'd rather take my chances."

"Sure you would. Tradition, and all that sort of hooey. Making your bed and lying in it. Taking the rap for your misdeeds. That's a lot of spinach, Alan—when you don't have to."

"I know. I'd just rather play that way . . . that's all."

"That's elegant. I oughta give three cheers. You know what you did?"

"I hit him in self-defense."

"Is that so? Listen, kid, your legal knowledge is lousy. Go scrupulous on this, and we'll be tapping on cell walls for five or ten years."

"We?"

"Yes, we. Get this straight—and check with any lawyer you know: I'm in this just as deep as you. Just exactly the same."

"That doesn't make sense."

"It's the law, just the same. Look: Carter was after you. He was unarmed. Of course, we could plant a gun on him, but a gent like you wouldn't stand for that, either—or would you?"

"No."

"He comes rolling along, looking for trouble. And what happens? I hang one on his jaw. *I* start the fight, see? *I* hit the first blow . . . so whatever happens after that I'm responsible for. That's the law, kid—and I ain't foolin'. Whatever happened after that first punch of mine was up to me. And if a nice, smart, ambitious young assistant D. A. got hold of the facts, we wouldn't be sitting pretty. Two against one. I actually start the battle—you finish it. Joe Carter, an unarmed man, is rubbed out. It adds up to this if you want the real low-down: Murder, probably not. Manslaughter, yes. And you, being who you are—providing swell copy for the newspapers—you'd get plenty. Me, being who I am—with a past that might better be kept under cover—I'd get the same. And all for what? Because I helped you defend yourself against a guy who was out to get you—"

"THAT'S just it," argued Alan. "He tried twice to kill me. Only last night—"

"Prove it. Try and prove it. Tell that story now and they'll give you the razzberry. Two tales trumped up to justify what happened tonight. Feller, you wouldn't believe it if you told it to yourself."

"How do you know what this Dr. Morgan will do?"

"I know he can—that's all. And don't ask me for too many explanations. It isn't done in my kind of society, see? I know a lot of things you don't know. Morgan can be trusted. He tells me what he can do—and if I say okay, he does it. *How* is his business. As for Chuck—the guy eats out of my hand. And the doorman back at the Tunisia, he don't know a thing, and I'll tell him not to try to find out." Gene dropped his hand on Alan's shoulder and his voice became less harsh.

"Look, Kid," he said gently, "you're out of your depth. You don't know the score at all. You've been brought up to believe a guy always faces the music, even if he doesn't have to. This thing that happened ain't your fault. It's the fault of that mug in yonder—" He jerked his head toward the operating room.

"Figure this out: What you did to Carter in the first place—yapping about his crooked joint—was justified. That's the way you've been brought up. Me, I'd have kept my trap shut, but you have been educated different. All right. Score one for you. Then you know and I know that Carter tried to blot you out over on Long Island. We know that last night he tried to drill you. We know that, just we. Nobody else knows it, and they'd never believe it if you told 'em. It'd sound like a cheap build-up to protect yourself. You see, Alan—in a jam, the truth don't matter a damn. What does matter is this: How true does the truth sound?"

Alan said slowly, "I don't want to be stubborn, Gene—"

LYONS turned away disgustedly. "Okay—be a hero. You'll get a great kick out of it. And it'll be lots of fun for me, taking the rap with you. Stir, no less—when I've built up the first hundred per cent proposition I've ever had in my life. Five nice long years—at least—to figure what a damned fool I was to step into another guy's fight. Go ahead, Alan. There's the phone. Shall I call the cops, or would you rather?"

Alan said, "I know how you feel—"

"Like hell you do. But that's okay, too."

"I've been thinking . . ."

"Not a bad idea. Look: If Carter had a single right thing on his side, I'd check in with you. But he hasn't. Only you couldn't prove it. Can't you use a little common sense? Can't this same sense of honor be diluted with a little intelligence? Carter's been begging for it. All right, he got it—by accident. Well, let it stay an accident. If I'm wrong about this, tell me so. But I don't think I am."

"No-o. . . . That's what bothers me. You're perfectly right."

"Well . . ." Gene sat on the edge of the doctor's desk. "It's your move, Alan."

Alan stared at a huge inkstain on the rug. His thoughts were not of himself—he knew how he felt—but of Gene Lyons.

Joe Carter deserved whatever had happened to him, ghastly as it was. Gene had taken part in the fight to save him—to save Alan. Gene had started it, struck the first blow. Two men against one—that's the way it would look, and Carter had been killed.

Pretty tough for Gene. Mighty heavy penalty to pay for loyalty and friendship. The equities were all on Gene's side; and on Alan's side, too. And Gene had stated a simple truth: You couldn't prove it. The story of the previous night, the shot from a passing car; the attempt Carter had made to kill him that night on Long Island. It was so true that it sounded absurd. A quick and unimaginative build-up.

For himself, Alan would have preferred to face the music. Unfortunately, he reflected, it was impossible now without implicating Gene. And this had not been Gene's affair. His friendly zeal would be repaid with a prison sentence.

Alan spoke without looking up.

He said, "You win, Gene. I'm playing it your way. I haven't any right not to."

(To be continued next week)

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Two for the Money

Continued from page 21

about Jim's work—unless you'd rather not."

Lorna fumbled in his coat pocket for his cigarettes and borrowed one. He snapped his lighter.

"I still read what he writes," she said. "He doesn't bring it to me, of course. But I sneak into the study sometimes—in the morning. There isn't a whole lot you can tell me about it."

"What's happened to Jim, do you think?" Benny asked.

"Jim's plays were good," she said. "They were about people, the sort we used to know—Middle Western, American people. Once he put my folks in a play"—she laughed—"even the hardware store and our old car. But transplanted Middle Westerners are Californians, and he's run out of material. I read his new piece carefully—he's been three years writing it, you know—on sober Sundays—and he's badly out of focus. That's partly what's wrong."

"It was lousy," said Benny, simply dismissing it. "His work at the studio—that's what counts. We aren't going to take up his option."

"I'm stricken," Lorna said.

Benny scowled. "You need it, Lorna. Figure your overhead."

"All right," said Lorna, patting his hand. "Was there something you thought I could do about it?"

"Yeah," said Benny promptly. "This stuff about being out of touch with his material—that's bunk. He should try working. I thought you could throw a scare into him and make him work hard. If he should turn in a decent script this time—by any wild chance—then in December I could get his contract renewed, without the raise."

"I see," said Lorna. "Then we could go on here forever?"

"No," said Benny, gently. "But for a while longer. Nobody goes on here forever, baby. Not even the bosses."

IT WAS early evening when she came from a walk in the garden and found the four grandparents sitting in the living room. It was a white living room, with four white heads in it. Dad Culver had been reading, but his book was on his lap now; he was half asleep. Dad and Mother Barton were sitting on the window bench, holding hands, looking off toward the ocean. Mother Culver was eating ice cream again.

"My goodness, that new Chinese we've got in the kitchen can certainly freeze it wonderful. He's going to make me a big freezer of it every morning and let me dip in as often as I want."

Dad Culver opened his eyes.

"You better not do it."

"Why not?"

"You'll get sick of it," he said.

"How you talk!" said Mother Culver indignantly. "I could never get too much ice cream."

"That's what you think now," said Dad Culver, closing his eyes again. "You ain't been around here as long as I have."

Lorna went on through the living room and into the study.

The room was very neat. The new books on the shelves were in their virgin rows; the new noiseless typewriter had not a finger mark on it, and no dust; the yellow copy paper, from the studio, was in a neat stack. She picked up twenty pages of yellow manuscript, which had been neatly typed by a secretary.

She started out, but paused at the door to look back. The room was too beautiful. It was too ordered and too colorful, too perfect a place to work. She decided suddenly to write some letters. But minutes passed before she could bring herself to put a sheet in the typewriter, and even after she had, the room intruded upon her thoughts. The oriental rug caught her eyes when she looked down; the teakwood mantel caught them when she looked up.

I couldn't work in here, either, she thought.

SHE sealed her letters, found an abundance of stamps of all denominations in the cloisonné box on the inlaid table, licked the stamps and stuck them on with special firmness.

Then she picked up the manuscript and went into the living room.

The phonograph had been set for an hour of opera; the music was filling the dark and empty room. She clicked a button, choking off a tenor, then snapped on a single light over a white chair. Lit a cigarette and looked down at the manuscript:

WE'VE GOT TOMORROW—original screen play by James McReady Culver. FADE IN. FULL SHOT. A sleepy little town, in Illinois, on the Rock River . . . DISSOLVE TO:

In the beginning, the screen plays had been first rate; Jim had worked day and night. In those first months, when she had looked in upon him, sometimes at three or four in the morning, he'd glance up from his typewriter to say, grinning: "Look out for that red spot on the floor. That's blood. It's from my forehead."

After his first astonishing success, he'd say:

"This is a tough business to learn. It's a job for a giant intellect. I have to work twice as hard because I'm not half as smart as the others. The best brains in the world are here."

Then later on, he'd say:

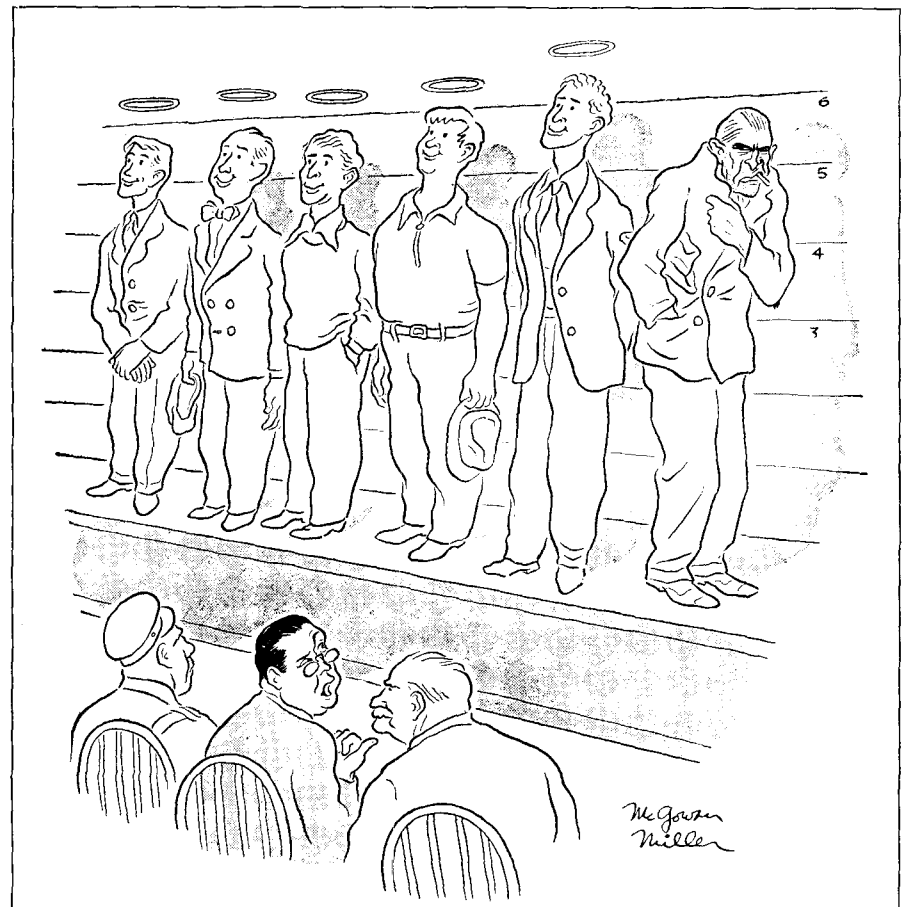
"Money? Of course I get a lot of money. I wouldn't stay here a minute if I didn't. You've got to have a lot of money—or else some satisfaction from your work. I get money, but no satisfaction."

And then he'd buy a duplicate of something they already had. Like two houses; or two boats. And that was when he had begun to drink on Fridays, instead of Saturday afternoons. She said to him, one Friday:

"Jim, let's go back home for six months or so—do a play. Let's take a chance again. Let's gamble!"

"No!" he had said, putting his glass down with a thump. "I might not be able to get back in. Think what we can do for the kids, with a sure income—the start we can give 'em. I don't want 'em to be kicked around the way I was! Don't suggest a thing like that again!"

And he didn't see the children very often. Tonight, for instance, he hadn't gone in to kiss them and they'd stayed awake, all those hours.



"I'm not sure, Inspector, but I think it's the one on the end"

MC GOWAN MILLER

She read page twenty and put the script down. She walked over to the wide window. Below her the lights were twinkling, the winding boulevards were white in a blue night; there was an airplane, like a moving star, droning southward above the ocean. The night air was cool, too—invigorating. She drew in a deep, stinging breath. This was wonderful; it was sometimes beyond beauty.

Why does it all go wrong?

IT WAS midnight when Lorna heard the click of Jim's key in the lock, heard him tiptoeing down the hall, and sensed that he had stopped, in surprise, to find her not in bed. She was in the white chair again, the manuscript on her lap.

"Hi, Lorna."

"Hi, Jim."

She pretended to read. He stood somewhere behind her. The clock in the hall marked off a long silence.

He said: "Sorry about the row."

He moved across the room, decided to look out of the window, looked out, stretched his arms, and yawned.

"Which row?" she asked, allowing amusement to creep into her voice; amusement and relief.

"We're both sorry," he said. "About both of 'em."

He sat down, hands on knees, and looked at her.

"Reading that stuff?" he said. "It's pretty bad."

There is a lot between us, she thought. This distance across the room and these misunderstandings. Dear God, let me do what's best for all of us.

"Jim. This script isn't bad."

He looked at her in disbelief.

"You're kidding!"

"Did I—did I ever kid you about your work?" she asked, out of a tight throat. She went on, earnestly: "This is about *people*. People from home—the ones we know about. And I thought you'd lost your perspective, Jim."

He shortened the distance between them in about three strides. He ran his right hand excitedly over his head, in an old and characteristic gesture, and he looked more like himself than he had for weeks. "So it's really all right?"

She nodded. "I've just a few suggestions," she said. "Mostly about the women. Your women shave."

"They always did," he laughed: "Let's weaken the women!" Then, puzzled again: "Why haven't we done this before, out here?"

"Lately we've been too busy," she said.

"That's a fact! I was saying to Georgina tonight—" He stopped, cold. Some of the color left his face.

VERY quietly, in her friendliest voice, she said: "I've known for weeks, my dear."

He was embarrassed. He was thirty-eight years old but he could still flush—agonizingly, slowly, from his neck into his hair. He'd be more embarrassed than that before she was through.

"It isn't what you think," he said stubbornly.

"Not yet," said Lorna lightly. "But you're in love with Georgina."

He struggled for words, found none. "Well—" he said. "Well, Lorna—"

"How can anyone possibly deliver those final speeches and not make a frightful mess of it?" she cried. "Let's not make speeches, Jim. Just this—and I hope I don't sound too much like a fan magazine—we can be friends afterward, all three of us."

She didn't like the way he narrowed his eyes. She went on, hastily:

"I'll help with the script just the same—for a perfectly selfish reason."

He smiled with exaggerated tenderness: "You won't keep anything back. You'll tell me why?"

"Oh, sure. Let's be frank. But first I'll tell you what Benny Goldman said today."

When she had finished he was looking scared.

"I'll get another job," he said, in a panic. "M-G-M or Paramount, or Warners—"

"You won't have to! Benny'll continue your contract, Jim. That's so much nicer, isn't it? After all, you've been in the same studio, since the beginning. That's a fine record to have."

He asked, in a cold fury:

"Is that why you'll help with the script—so they'll pick up the option?"

"Of course, darling. I'd hate to have this income interrupted, even for a week. We buy so many nice things with the money." She added: "We can't

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get along without a fortune now."

"I'm beginning to get it," he said.

She went on: "Alimony is such a nasty word—let's not use it. But I'll need quite a lot—with the two nurses and all. You see, I won't marry again—not right away."

Now he almost shouted:

"Marry again! What're you talking about?"

She stood up and prepared to go. "Certainly, darling," she said. "We have two of everything. Haven't you counted?"

She thought, as she walked out of the room: *Maybe he'll count now!*

BENNY GOLDMAN stopped by, on his way to the studio, at eleven o'clock one morning in December. Lorna was alone on the terrace, wearing dark glasses, reading. She looked up from the manuscript when she heard Benny's feet scuffing along the garden path.

"Hi, there, Lorna, darling," he said, very warmly. "How've you been?"

She pulled around a chair with her foot. "Sit down," she said. "Jim's playing golf with Georgina. You'd better phone him at Bel-Air if it's important."

He failed to meet her eyes. "No hurry." He lit a cigar. "Been reading the script, I see."

She held it up, brightly. "That's a lovely title—We've Got Tomorrow! That's the way I feel, myself."

Benny fixed his gaze on the pepper tree, and asked, with elaborate casualness:

"What d'you think of it?"

"I think," said Lorna, promptly, "there's a little too much in it. It doesn't make much sense, Benny."

"It stinks," said Benny, sadly.

"Doesn't it just?" she cried. "Simply awful. And I'm surprised, too—because I helped with it, quite a lot. But you lose perspective when you're close to a thing. It wasn't until it was all typed up that I realized how bad it really was! I'm sort of ashamed of it, myself."

"I'm ashamed of it, too," said Benny. "And all I did was pay for it." He rubbed his shoe in the gravel. "I've got bad news for Jim, of course."

"Break it gently," begged Lorna, earnestly. "And do it yourself, Benny. You've been such good friends, you two. He shouldn't hear it from anyone else."

"Yeah. Well—"

She called after him:

"Goodby, Benny, darling. We must see you and Margie, oftener!"

But he didn't look back. He was scuffing his shoes hurriedly down the gravel path.

SHE waited nervously all day. It was six-thirty when Jim's car drove in; it was seven when she heard him opening her bedroom door. Then she saw him in the mirror, standing just inside the room, frowning, his hands deep in his trousers pockets, his shoulders hunched.

"Hi, Jimmie," she greeted him, gaily, saluting with a comb. "Did Benny find you at the club this morning? He was looking for you."

"I wasn't at the club," he said in a dead voice.

"Oh. I thought you were going to play golf with Georgina."

He sat down on the foot of her bed.

"That's what I said."

"But you didn't?"

"No."

Hasn't he been seeing her at all lately? she wondered. Has he been lying to me?

The muscles in his jaw were working. He was holding himself in.

"I was at the studio. He found me in my office. I was working."

"Oh," she said. "Well, nothing's gone wrong between you and Georgina, I hope?"

He walked deliberately over to the dressing table, sat down on the bench, gripped her shoulders, hard, and swung her around.

"Look, Lorna Barton Culver," he said bitterly. "I've taken such a kidding as no man ever took from his wife before in history. But don't think I'm a complete sap, please. I wasn't fooled. You love me, not anybody else, the same as I love you, though God knows why! You've beaten that into me—and maybe I had it coming; I won't say. But there's one thing I won't forgive you for. I didn't think you'd ever kid me about my work. I didn't think you, of all people, would lead me on and encourage me to write a bunch of tripe—"

"Jim!" she cried. "Where in the world did you get such an idea?"

"Benny," he said bitterly, rising. "Benny told me. He said you deliberately queered the script. He told me not to take advice from you. He said you hated Hollywood."

Here it is, she thought.

"All right," she said, holding up her head. "What if I did?"

He was distracted.

"What're we going to use for money while I'm getting another job?" he cried. "Lorna, do you realize what it costs us to live?"

SHE selected a nail buffer—there were two—curved her fingers and began industriously to polish her nails.

"We've got lots of money," she said.

He laughed scornfully: "How much?"

"Gobs of it," she said. "It's simply rolling in." Polishing away rapidly, she thought, I hope he doesn't get too sore. And went on: "The Palm Springs house and this one and the ketch and the big cars—they were mine, remember? They were in my name. So, one night, I wrote a lot of letters to real-estate agents and yacht brokers and car dealers. I priced things at their real value and it's wonderful the way they're being snapped up."

"You've sold the house!" he gasped.

"Because I knew what was going to happen." She put down the brush and faced him, squarely. "This easy life is too hard on us, Jimmie. This phony abundance will choke us to death. I couldn't make you see it. And I couldn't think of any other way."

"You don't like all this comfort?" he demanded. "Is that what you mean?"

"Not when I know the lack of one month's salary would put us on the sidewalk."

"Damn it, Lorna!" he said. "There are other people to think of!"

"Who?" she cried. "Everybody in this family is choking to death! Everyone—but you—wants to go back to the Starved Rock country. Even Grandma Culver. Oh, yes—she's ready. She was sick all last night—too much ice cream. This morning she told the cook not to make her any more!"

During the long silence, with a quickening beat of her heart, she watched his face and finally thought: he's going to laugh, thank God!

The smile began in the left-hand corner and twisted up into a wry grin; it made him look very much like his Dad. That and the relief in his eyes.

"It's a pretty revolutionary idea," he said, at last. "How'd you stumble on it? You're not so bright."

"Sit down, darling."

I'll tell you the whole thing, the way I saw it, from the day Grandpa Barton got tired of fishing and you ran in to get your other racket, she thought.

She concluded, saying: "Two of everything. It's just silly."

"Well," he said, running his hand over his head, looking more than ever like his Dad, "I don't see how we're going to get 'em all back to Illinois without two cars."

APPEAL

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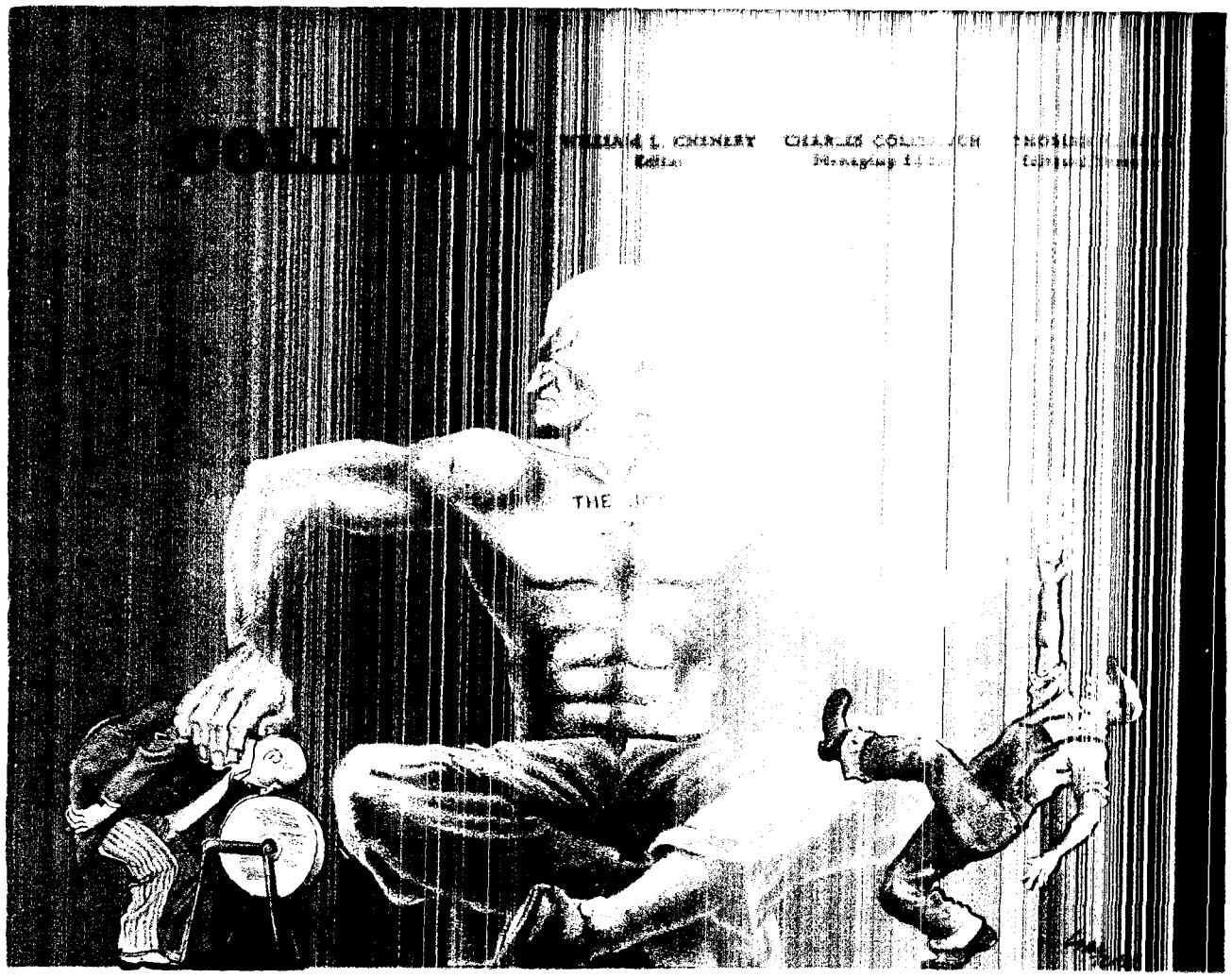

Live and Love It

JUDGING from the results of a poll of several hundred members of a New York City boys' and girls' club (The Junior Inspectors' Club of the Department of Sanitation), we'd say American youth is still running true to old-time form in one respect at least.

Most of the boys said they wanted to become reporters or doctors. Other favored vocations-to-be were those of policemen, prize fighters, swing-band leaders and clergymen. The girls' dreams of the future were pointed mainly toward becoming Secret Service agents, airplane hostesses, movie stars, secretaries (private and confidential, and to Big Men, no doubt) and teachers. We happen to know from other evidence at hand that lots of girls hope to become models.

The logical inference from all this is that youth still longs for adventurous, interesting, soul-satisfying adulthood, as youth always did.

What we wonder is how many of our boys and girls of today will see those dreams come true; and how many will find life turning drab on them at about age 25 or 26.

There are two safe bets:

1. Not all the boys who become reporters or doctors or swing-band leaders, or all the girls who land jobs in the Secret Service or on transport planes or in Big Men's offices, will find their jobs either adventurous, interesting or soul-satisfying.

2. Some boys and girls who land in the most outwardly dull jobs—become clerks or farmhands, say, or cooks or telephone operators—will nevertheless find life continuously interesting and exciting and full of new experiences to the end.

We've known—and so have most of our readers—(1) men in tremendously responsible and influential executive positions whose lives seemed to be mainly battles against overpowering boredom; and (2) mail carriers, information or reception clerks, elevator operators and commuter-train conductors to whom each day was quite obviously a big adventure.

Conversely, we've known, and so most likely have you, big shots who loved their lives and little shots who hated theirs.

The truth of the matter must be that your job has little to do with enjoyment of life.

Not that you don't owe it to yourself to try to make each job a steppingstone to a better job, or that you shouldn't wrench yourself out of some round hole to which you know you'll never be able to fit your square contours.

But we're talking now about jobs in particular, and outward things in general, and how little they really affect your inward life unless you surrender to them. You can make those things work for your inward satisfaction, rather than rule you. Your everyday surroundings, the people you know, can either bore you stiff and bear you down or interest you and ceaselessly revitalize you as you yourself decide.

All of which is old stuff; at least as old as the saying that "the Kingdom of Heaven is within you." But it is perhaps the most valuable single piece of knowledge possessed by a small but, we hope, a growing part of the human race.

More Dollars for Dies

CONGRESSMAN Martin J. Dies (Dem., Tex.) got from Congress last year $25,000 and the chairmanship of a committee charged with digging into seditious and subversive activities and organizations in the United States.

Dies has used the money and the chairmanship to get into word battles with all manner of persons and groups—Secretary of the Interior Harold L. Ickes, Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins, WPA Administrator Harry L. Hopkins, Senator Robert M. LaFollette's committee probing unfair labor practices, the National Labor Relations Board, and an economist named David Saposs, to mention a few.

The most exciting of these verbal Man Mountain Dean shows up to the time of going to press has been the one in which Mr. Ickes, who swings a wicked vocabulary, called Mr. Dies "the outstanding zany of our political history," to which Mr. Dies cracked back that Mr. Ickes is unfit to hold his job, "literally reeks with the venom of hatred," and ought to resign for his country's good, along with Mme. Perkins and Harry Hopkins.

And so the dopesters have it that the congressional radicals will try, at this session of Congress, to stop further appropriations for Dies' committee. The dopesters further have it that Congress will not stop these appropriations but will instruct Dies to go right ahead.

We hope the dopesters turn out to be right. And if Congress does give Dies some more money, we'll understand.

Not that Dies runs a top-notch show, nor is he the ideal man for the job. Obviously he is not impartial. Anything but. Most of the witnesses he has produced to date have been funny-looking phonies whom, we surmise, he dug up under wet stones, and most of their yarns about Fascist and Communist activities in this country have been fantastic. Seemingly, the man has no judgment about such things, no sense of perspective, no instinct for effective showmanship.

But in spite of all exaggerations there really *are* subversive and seditious groups, both Left and Right, at work trying to undermine our system of society all the time. While they haven't gotten anywhere to speak of as yet, it is a good thing to keep them in some such spotlight as Dies operates.

For another thing, a democracy needs to have the air cleared frequently, by open and blackjack-worded discussion of all issues from all sides. Most radicals and many liberals would like to throttle free speech because they feel that they alone possess the truth the people should hear. But we cannot permit that if we want to keep our democracy. In a democracy, Tories, conservatives, crackpots, diehards and people like Mr. Dies are entitled to their say, too.

If they say it ridiculously, so much the better. That serves to show us onlookers how ridiculous are hot conservatives *and* hot radicals who think they have all the valid knowledge there is. Which is a clear gain for us onlookers.

We say let Dies rave on. Freedom of speech, as guaranteed by our Constitution, means freedom of speech. It does not mean freedom for me and a gag for you, even though I may be 100 per cent right, as of course I am, and you may be 100 per cent wrong, as of course you are.

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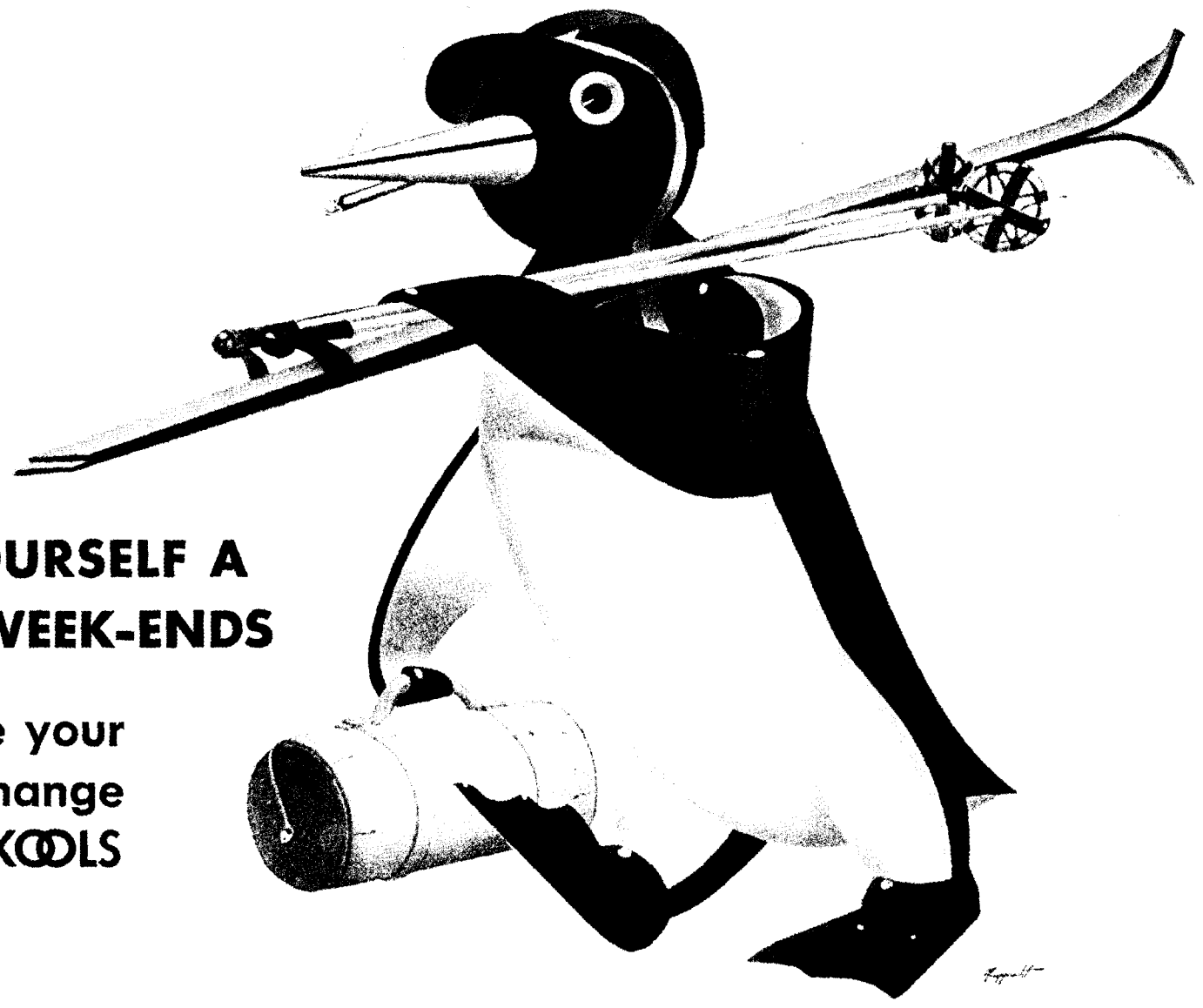
YOU GIVE YOURSELF A CHANGE ON WEEK-ENDS

. . . . . give your throat a change too, with KOOLS



WHEN JIM HOLBROOK drops his work on Saturday, it's like a ton off his shoulders. All week long he's a slave to his job. But on week-ends he's got the good sense to take life easy and enjoy himself. *All aboard for the ski train!*

WHAT A RELIEF to get the steam heat out of his nostrils and give body and mind a change! And you can bet your last snowball, Jim is making it a *complete* change. *That goes for his throat.* Week-ends he switches from hot smokes to:

THROAT-SOOTHING, mildly mentholated **KOOLS.** By Monday, he'll feel like new. *And so will his throat.* Try **KOOLS** yourself! A blend of finest Turkish and Domestic. Plus golden coupons good in U. S. A. for *premiums!*

VALUABLE COUPON ON EACH PACK . . . FOUR EXTRA IN CARTONS

Good in the United States for dozens of worthwhile premiums like these

WEEK-END CASE. Smartly striped brown tweed, handsomely lined, 18" long. Durable AIRLITE construction. 600 coupons.

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SPORT JACKET of tan poplin. Rainproof. Specify man or woman—small, medium or large size. 475 coupons.

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B & W COUPONS ALSO PACKED IN RALEIGH & VICEROY CIGARETTES & BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO

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Handy size to pack in suitcase or bag. Won't crush. Just the right number of smokes for a week-end. Kept factory-fresh with Cellophane. Now on sale at all leading dealers.

TUNE IN *Tommy Dorsey, his trombone and his famous orchestra every Wednesday evening. Music sweet and swing. Coast-to-coast NBC Red Network.*

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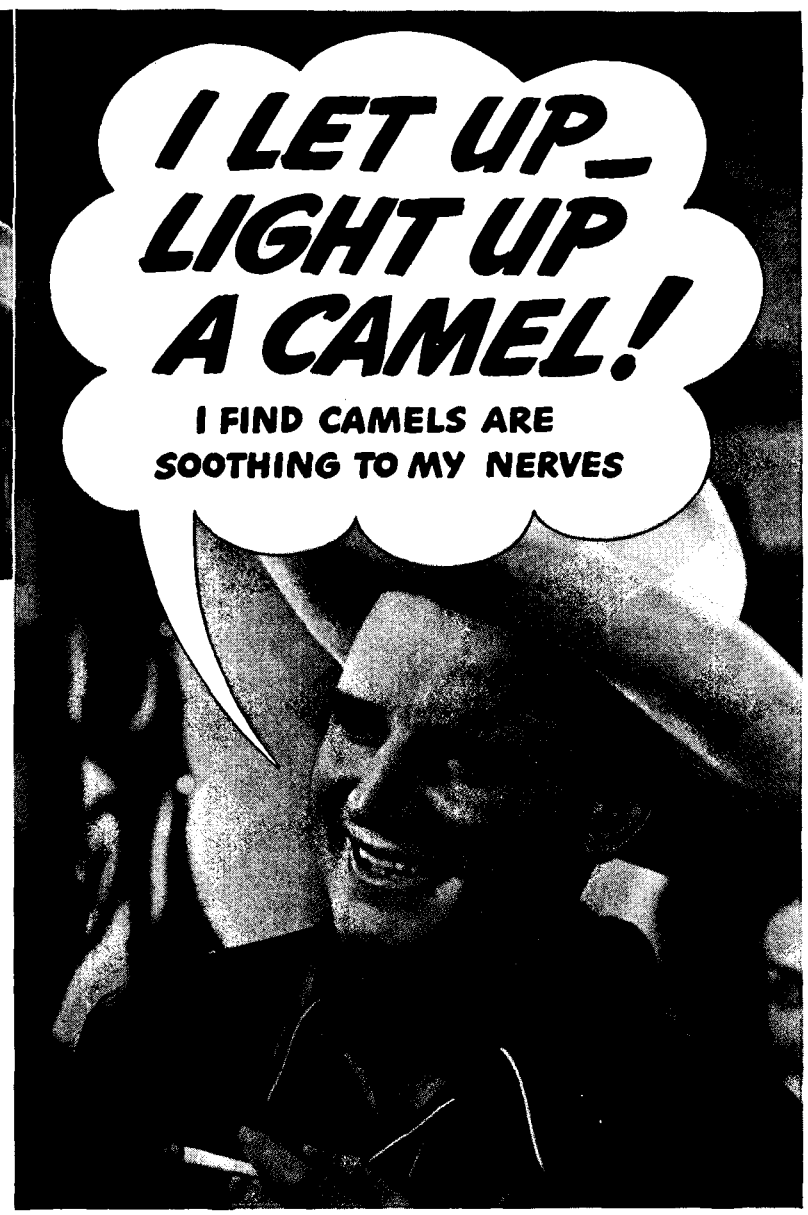
"You bet Stunt Riding is a strain on the Nerves!"

says Carl Dossey, CHAMPIONSHIP COWBOY AND RODEO STAR

HIS NERVES MUST BE UNDER TERRIFIC TENSION
GREAT RIDING, CARL, BUT IT MUST BE PLENTY TOUGH ON THE NERVES
SURE IS, BUT I BEAT NERVE TENSION BY EASING OFF WHEN I CAN—



"RIDE 'EM, COWBOY!"... and Arizona's Carl Dossey *does*—with the brilliant rodeo horsemanship that's won him two bareback championships in California, and a high-point cowboy title at the big Cedar City (Utah) show. He's pictured above in the midst of a breath-taking stunt at New York's Madison Square Garden. No room in *this* spectacular performance for tense, jittery nerves! Later, over a Camel, Carl explains his way of sidestepping nerve strain... a pleasant, easy way you'll certainly want to adopt yourself.

NO DOUBT about the nerve strain in Carl Dossey's strenuous life. It's easy to see. But often we don't realize just how tense nerves can get in every-day occupations—perhaps in your own—and certainly in Miss Ferril's job (*see below*). She avoids nerve strain as so many smokers do today..,. by letting up—lighting up a Camel!

THE English Springer Spaniel (*above*) is speedy, agile—an especially good gun dog. He has a highly developed nervous system. In fact, it's remarkably similar to our own... complex, sensitive, high-keyed. But, unlike so many humans, this dog doesn't ABUSE his nerves. Nor does any dog. When a dog feels tired, he stops and rests INSTINCTIVELY! We humans often let our will-power whip us on, deaf to the warning that nerves are getting frayed. Yet how much more pleasant and profitable life can be when nerves are rested now and then. Try it... pause frequently... LET UP—LIGHT UP A CAMEL! You'll welcome the pleasant comfort of Camel's mildness—rich, ripe flavor. Smokers find Camel's COSTLIER tobaccos are soothing to the nerves.

"ACCURACY IS VITAL in my job," says Elsie Ferril, who works all day at a complicated adding machine. "Naturally, my work requires intense concentration and quick thinking, especially at auditing time. I can't afford to have keyed-up, jittery nerves. So, when I feel nerve tension coming on, I let up—light up a Camel. I find this a simple, pleasant way to soothe my nerves."

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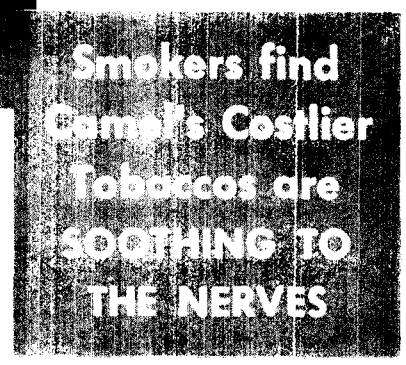
Smoke 6 packs of Camels and find out why they are the LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA



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